Horace Walpole

from a miniature in the possession of Mr Ralph Nevill

Stacey Walker Sc. sc.

SUPPLEMENT

TO

THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

FOURTH EARL OF ORFORD

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED

AND EDITED WITH NOTES AND INDICES

BY

PAGET TOYNBEE, M.A., D.Litt.
F.R.Hist.Soc.

IN TWO VOLUMES

WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

VOL. I: 1725—1783

OXFORD

AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

MCMXVIII

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LIST OF PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

VOLUME I

HORACE WALPOLE . . . . . *Frontispiece*
From miniature in possession of Mr. Ralph Nevill.

FACSIMILE OF LETTER TO LADY WALPOLE . *To face p.* 1
From original in Waller Collection.

FACSIMILE OF LETTER TO LADY WALPOLE . ,, 2
From original in Waller Collection.

DR. CONYERS MIDDLETON . . . . . ,, 60
From painting by Eckhardt *in* National Portrait Gallery.

HENRY FOX, LORD HOLLAND . . . . . ,, 106
From painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds *in possession of* Earl of Ilchester.

VOLUME II

HORACE WALPOLE . . . . . *Frontispiece*
From miniature in possession of Mr. Ralph Nevill.

LIST OF SUPPLEMENTARY LETTERS

VOLUME I

A†	[1725]	Lady Walpole.
B†	[1725]	Lady Walpole.
C†	Sept. 28, 1733 . .	Lady Walpole.
D†	Sept. 30, 1733 . .	Lady Walpole.
10*†	July 27, 1736 . .	Sir Robert Walpole.
12*†	Dec. 30, 1736 . .	Dr. Conyers Middleton.
12**	Dec. 3, 1736 [Jan. 3, 1737]	Richard West.
12***†	[Sept. 1739] . .	Dr. Conyers Middleton.
26*†	April 16, 1740 . .	Horace Mann.
27*†	April 23 [1740] .	Horace Mann.
28*†	[April 26, 1740] .	Horace Mann.
28**†	April 30, 1740 . .	Horace Mann.
28***†	May 2, 1740 . .	Horace Mann.
29*†	May 14, 1740 . .	Horace Mann.
29**†	May 14, 1740 . .	Horace Mann.
30*†	May 21, 1740 . .	Horace Mann.
31*†	June 4, 1740 . .	Horace Mann.
40*†	May 18, 1741 . .	Horace Mann.
40**†	June, 1741 . . .	Horace Mann.
40***†	[1741]	Horace Mann.
40****†	July 19, 1741 . .	Horace Mann.
40*****†	[August, 1741] .	Horace Mann.
50*†	Nov. 22, 1741 . .	Dr. Conyers Middleton.
100*†	Nov. 23, 1742 . .	Dr. Conyers Middleton.
113*†	April 9, 1743 . .	Dr. Conyers Middleton.
114*†	April 21, 1743 . .	Dr. Conyers Middleton.
125*†	July 28, 1743 . .	Dr. Conyers Middleton.
134*†	Nov. 19, 1743 . .	Dr. Conyers Middleton.
158*†	Aug. 18, 1744 . .	Dr. Conyers Middleton.
163*†	Nov. 22, 1744 . .	Dr. Conyers Middleton.
238*	Oct. 9, 1746 . .	Henry Fox.

† Now first printed.
* Asterisks imply duplication of numbers.

246*†	Feb. 21, 1747 . .	Dr. Conyers Middleton.
288*	1748	Lady Caroline Fox.
381‡	Dec. 19, 1753 . .	Richard Bentley.
391‡	April 30, 1754 . .	John Chute.
393‡	May 18, 1754 . .	Richard Bentley.
402*†	July 27, 1754 . .	Richard Bentley.
460*	Dec. 25, 1755 . .	Thomas Gray.
483*†	June 24, 1756 . .	Grosvenor Bedford.
486*	[July 31, 1756] .	Henry Fox.
487*†	Aug. 28, 1756 . .	Earl of Strafford.
493*	[Oct. 27, 1756] .	Henry Fox.
499*†	Dec. 4, 1756 . .	Henry Fox.
501*†	Dec. 20, 1756 . .	Henry Fox.
503*	[Dec. 1756] . .	Henry Fox.
540*	Sept. 17, 1757 . .	C. O.
555*†	[Jan. 1758] . .	David Garrick.
622*	March 11, 1759 . .	Henry Fox.
627*	May 8, 1759 . .	Henry Fox.
677*	Feb. 6, 1760 . .	Henry Fox.
703*	[Aug. 1760] . .	Thomas Gray.
705‡	Aug. 23, 1760 . .	Countess of Ailesbury.
712*†	Oct. 20, 1760 . .	Earl of Bute.
714*†	[Oct. 26, 1760] . .	Thomas Brand.
754‡	June 13, 1761 . .	Countess of Ailesbury.
762‡	July 20, 1761 . .	Countess of Ailesbury.
777‡	Sept. 27, 1761 . .	Countess of Ailesbury.
784‡	Oct. 10, 1761 . .	Countess of Ailesbury.
791‡	Nov. 28, 1761 . .	Countess of Ailesbury.
811‡	March 5, 1762 . .	Countess of Ailesbury.
812*†	March 16, 1762 .	Dr. Lort.
821*†	[May, 1762?] . .	John Ratcliffe.¶
828*	July 29, 1762 . .	Earl of Ilchester.
838*†	Aug. 31, 1762 . .	George Augustus Selwyn.
885‡	May 30, 1763 . .	George Montagu.
998*†	Dec. 1, 1764 . .	Rev. James Merrick.
1021*†	[April 26, 1765] .	Lady Hervey.
1026*	[May 21, 1765] .	Lord Holland.
1030*	[May 28, 1765] . .	Lord Holland.
1037*	July 15, 1765 . .	Lord Holland.
1037**	July 19 [1765] . .	Lord Holland.

* Asterisks imply duplication of numbers.
† Now first printed.
‡ Now first printed in full.
¶ See *Supplementary Addenda* (vol. ii, p. 248).

1037***	July 21, 1765 . .	Lord Holland.
1039*	Aug. 2, 1765 . .	Lord Holland.
1048*	Sept. 7, 1765 . .	Lord Holland.
1056‡	Oct. 3, 1765 . .	John Chute.
1070§	Nov. 19, 1765 . .	Thomas Gray.
1097*†	March 1, 1766 . .	Lady Hervey.
1102*†	March 10, 1766 .	Earl of Hertford.
1109*	[May 5, 1766] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1114*	[May, 1766] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1114**	[May, 1766] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1117*	[June, 1766] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1125*	July 17, 1766 . .	Lord Holland.
1127*	July 19 [1766] . .	Lord Holland.
1128*	July 22, 1766 . .	Lord Holland.
1130*	July 29, 1766 . .	Lord Holland.
1131*	Aug. 2, 1766 . .	Lord Holland.
1136*†	[Sept. 21, 1766] .	George Augustus Selwyn.
1140*†	Oct. 4, 1766 . .	Earl of Strafford.
1142*	[Oct. 10, 1766] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1145*	[Oct. 1766] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1146*	[Oct. 1766]. . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1155*	Nov. 14, 1766 . .	Lord Holland.
1160*	[Feb. 10, 1767]. .	Marquise du Deffand.
1160**	Feb. 10, 1767 . .	Lord Holland.
1164**	[March 13, 1767] .	Marquise du Deffand.
1170*	[April, 1767] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1173*	[May 30, 1767] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1174*	[June 2, 1767] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1174**	[June 29–30, 1767].	Marquise du Deffand.
1175*	[July 11, 1767]. .	Marquise du Deffand.
1181*	[Aug. 7, 1767] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1181**	Aug. 7, 1767 . .	Lord Holland.
1181***	Aug. 15, 1767 . .	Lord Holland.
1200*	[Jan. 1768] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1203*	[Feb. 1768] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1206*	[March, 1768] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1207*	March 8, 1768 . .	Thomas Gray.
1207**	[March 11, 1768] .	Marquise du Deffand.
1209*	[April, 1768] . .	Marquise du Deffand.

* Asterisks imply duplication of numbers.
‡ Now first printed in full.
§ Incomplete in C.; now printed in full.
† Now first printed.

1221*	[July, 1768] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1222*	[July 26–7, 1768] .	Marquise du Deffand.
1227*	[Aug. 1768] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1230*	Aug. 30, 1768 . .	Lord Holland.
1231*	[Sept. 1768] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1244*†	[1768]	George Augustus Selwyn.
1247*	[Feb. 1769] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1249*	[March, 1769] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1253*	[April 6–7, 1769] .	Marquise du Deffand.
1256*†	[April 28, 1769] .	Sir Edward Walpole.
1261*	[June, 1769] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1289*†	Jan. 17, 1770 . .	Lord Camden.
1292*	[Jan. 1770] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1294*	[Feb. 9, 1770] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1296*	[March, 1770] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1303*	[June 7, 1770] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1305*	[June 20, 1770] .	Marquise du Deffand.
1308*	[July 8, 1770] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1326*	[Nov. 13, 1770] .	Marquise du Deffand.
1329*	[Nov. 27, 1770] .	Marquise du Deffand.
1329**	[Dec. 1770] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1336*	[Jan. 18, 1771]. .	Marquise du Deffand.
1342*	March 25, 1771 .	Thomas Gray.
1343*	[April 24, 1771] .	Marquise du Deffand.
1379*	[Oct. 1771]. . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1380*	Nov. 7, 1771 . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1381*	Nov. 21, 1771 . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1396*	[Feb. 1772] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1396**	[Feb. 1772] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1397*	[March, 1772] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1397**	[March, 1772] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1398*	[April, 1772] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1439‡	Dec. 29, 1772 . .	Countess of Ailesbury.
1442*	[Jan. 1773]. . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1446*	[Feb. 1, 1773] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1450*	[Feb. 1773] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1450**	Jan. [Feb.] 25, 1773	Marquise du Deffand.
1452*	[March 5, 1773] .	Marquise du Deffand.
1457*	March 30, 1773 .	Marquise du Deffand.

* Asterisks imply duplication of numbers.
† Now first printed.
‡ Now first printed in full.

1458*	April 13, 1773 . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1463*†	[May, 1773] . .	George Augustus Selwyn.
1465*	May 18, 1773 . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1465**	[May, 1773] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1468*	[June, 1773] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1474*	July 1, 1773 . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1480*	[Aug. 1773] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1482*	[Aug. 1773] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1490*	Sept. 11, 1773 . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1491*	Sept. 19, 1773 . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1492*†	Sept. 24, 1773 . .	Benjamin Ibbot.
1493*	[Oct. 1773] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1496*	[Oct. 1773] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1499*	[Nov. 1773] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1501*†	Nov. 18, 1773 . .	Benjamin Ibbot.
1502*	[Nov. 1773] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1506*	[Dec. 1773] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1514*	[Dec. 1773] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1529*‡	Feb. 22, 1774 . .	Sir William Hamilton.¶
1530*	March 1, 1774 . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1531*	[March, 1774] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1535*	April 12, 1774 . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1536*	[April, 1774] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1537*	[May 1, 1774] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1540*	[May, 1774] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1544*	[July, 1774] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1545*	[July, 1774] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1549*	[Aug. 1774] . .	Marquise du Deffand.
1573‡	Nov. 7, 1774 . .	Countess of Ailesbury.
1580*	[Nov. 25, 1774] .	Marquise du Deffand.
1581*	Dec. 7, 1774 . .	
1608*	Feb. 24, 1775 . .	Robert Jephson.
1608**	[Feb. 1775] . .	Robert Jephson.
1608***	[Feb. 1775] . .	Robert Jephson.
1629*†	July 15, 1775 . .	George Augustus Selwyn.
1665‡	Dec. 12, 1775 . .	Countess of Ailesbury.

* Asterisks imply duplication of numbers.
† Now first printed.
‡ Now first printed in full.
¶ An extract from this letter (No. 1529*) is printed in vol. i (pp. 232–4); by the courtesy of Messrs. Maggs Brothers, of 109 Strand, owners of the original, the Editor was subsequently supplied with the missing portions which are printed in the *Supplementary Addenda* in vol. ii (pp. 244–5).

1759*†	April 21, 1777 . .	Sir Edward Walpole.
1759**†	April 22, 1777 . .	Sir Edward Walpole.
1759***†	April 22 [1777] .	Sir Edward Walpole.
1759****†	April 25, 1777 . .	Sir Edward Walpole.
1836*†	Feb. 11, 1778 . .	Lord North.
1836**†	Feb. 11, 1778 . .	Sir Edward Walpole.
1839*†	March 2, 1778 . .	George Colman.
1852‡	[1778]	Rev. William Mason.
1869‡	June 25, 1778 . .	Countess of Ailesbury.
1932*†	[March, 1779] . .	Lady Browne (?).
1957‡	July 10, 1779 . .	Countess of Ailesbury.
1986*†	[Oct. 28, 1779] . .	Countess of Ailesbury.
1995*†	Nov. 21 [1779] . .	— Tilson.
2158*	March 23, 1781 .	Duc de Guines.
2209*†	Sept. 7, 1781 . .	James Bindley.
2221*†	Oct. 22, 1781 . .	Miss Elizabeth Younge.
2224*†	Nov. 2, 1781 . .	Dr. Lort.
2324*†	[June 30, 1782] .	Benjamin Ibbot.
2328*†	July 3, 1782 . .	Benjamin Ibbot.
2371*†	Nov. 19, 1782 . .	Benjamin Ibbot.
2371**†	Nov. 22, 1782 . .	Benjamin Ibbot.
2393*†	March 8, 1783 . .	Benjamin Ibbot.
2393**†	[March 10, 1783] .	Benjamin Ibbot.

VOLUME II

2396*†	March 12, 1783 .	Benjamin Ibbot.
2400*†	March 19, 1783 .	Benjamin Ibbot.
2410§	May 12, 1783 . .	Earl of Buchan.
2478*†	May 13, 1784 . .	Edmond Malone.
2481‡	June 8 [1784] . .	Countess of Ailesbury.
2488*†	Aug. 4, 1784 . .	Benjamin Ibbot.
2497*†	Sept. 16, 1784 . .	William Fermor.
2509*	Nov. 25, 1784 . .	Lady Lyttelton.
2510*	Dec. 2, 1784 . .	Lady Lyttelton.
2523*†	March 1, 1785 . .	John Pinkerton.
2534§	June 26, 1785 . .	John Pinkerton.
2577*	April 2, 1786 . .	Princess Amelia.
2593*†	[Oct. 1786] . .	Sir Horace Mann the Younger.

* Asterisks imply duplication of numbers.
† Now first printed.
‡ Now first printed in full.
§ Incomplete in C.; now printed in full.

2603‡	Jan. 1, 1787 . .	Miss Hannah More.
2614*†	June 24, 1787 . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.
2615**†	July 20, 1787 . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.
2617*†	Aug. 9, 1787 . .	Charles Bedford.
2628*†	Dec. 19, 1787 . .	Dr. Burney.
2641*†	July 26, 1788 . .	Dr. Lort.
2646*†	Sept. 6 [1788] . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.
2654*†	Nov. 12, 1788 . .	Dr. Lort.
2654**†	Nov. 21, 1788 . .	Dr. Lort.
2661*	Feb. 11, 1789 . .	Mrs. Horace Churchill.
2670*†	May 1, 1789 . .	Dr. Nash.
2684*†	July 5, 1789 . .	Dr. Lort.
2684**†	July 7, 1789 . .	Dr. Lort.
2693*†	July 27, 1789 . .	Dr. Lort.
2698*†	Aug. 9, 1789 . .	Dr. Lort.
2726‡	Feb. 24, 1790 . .	William Parsons.
2732*†	June 5, 1790 . .	Dr. Lort.
2737*†	July 6, 1790 . .	George Nicol.
2752*‡	Oct. 20, 1790 . .	Miss Burney.
2767*†	Dec. 30, 1790 . .	Miss Jane Pope.
2784*†	March 13, 1791 . .	George Nicol.
2784**†	March 17, 1791 . .	Henry William Bunbury.
2802*†	June 16, 1791 . .	Marquis of Lansdowne.
2806*†	July 10, 1791 . .	Dr. Burney.
2832*†	Dec. 2, 1791 . .	Marquis Townshend.¶
2832**†	Dec. 6, 1791 . .	—Lucas (?).
2858**†	Aug. 5, 1792 . .	
2860**†	Aug. 20, 1792 . .	Bishop of Dromore.
2862*†	Aug. 30, 1792 . .	George Nicol.
2865*†	Sept. 12, 1792 . .	George Nicol.
2869*	Sept. 30, 1792 . .	Sir William Hamilton.
2879*	[1792]	
2891*†	Sept. 22, 1793 . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.
2919*†	Dec. 2, 1793 . .	Lady Diana Beauclerc.
2948*	Oct. 12, 1794 . .	Rev. Robert Nares (?).
2960*†	March 17 [1795] .	
2993*†	Feb. 20, 1796 . .	Dr. Burney.
3050*†	No date. . . .	George Augustus Selwyn.

* Asterisks imply duplication of numbers.
† Now first printed.
‡ Now first printed in full.
¶ See *Supplementary Addenda* (vol. ii. pp. 245–8).

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF CORRESPONDENTS

AILESBURY, Countess of.

705‡ Aug. 23, 1760.
754‡ June 13, 1761.
762‡ July 20, 1761.
777‡ Sept. 27, 1761.
784‡ Oct. 10, 1761.
791‡ Nov. 28, 1761.
811‡ March 5, 1762.
1439‡ Dec. 29, 1772.
1578‡ Nov. 7, 1774.
1665‡ Dec. 12, 1775.
1869‡ June 25, 1778.
1957‡ July 10, 1779.
1986*† [Oct. 28, 1779.]
2481‡ June 8 [1784].

AMELIA, Princess.

2577* April 2, 1786.

BEAUCLERC, Lady Diana.

2919*† Dec. 2, 1793.

BEDFORD, Charles.

2617*† Aug. 9, 1787.

BEDFORD, Grosvenor.

483*† June 24, 1756.

BENTLEY, Richard.

381‡ Dec. 19, 1753.
393‡ May 18, 1754.
402*† July 27, 1754.

BINDLEY, James.

2209*† Sept. 7, 1781.

BRAND, Thomas.

714*† [Oct. 26, 1760.]

BROWNE, Lady (?).

1932*† [March, 1779.]

BUCHAN, Earl of.

2410§ May 12, 1783.

BUNBURY, Henry William.

2784**† March 17, 1791.

BURNEY, Dr.

2628*† Dec. 19, 1787.
2806*† July 10, 1791.
2993*† Feb. 20, 1796.

BURNEY, Miss.

2752*‡ Oct. 20, 1790.

BUTE, Earl of.

712*† Oct. 20, 1760.

CAMDEN, Lord.

1289*† Jan. 17, 1770.

CHURCHILL, Mrs. Horace.

2661* Feb. 11, 1789.

CHUTE, John.

391‡ April 30, 1754.
1056‡ Oct. 3, 1765.

‡ Now first printed in full.
* Asterisks imply duplication of numbers.
† Now first printed.
§ Incomplete in C.; now printed in full.

COLMAN, George.

1839*†	March 2, 1778.

CONWAY, Hon. Henry Seymour.

2614*†	June 24, 1787.
2615**†	July 20, 1787.
2646*†	Sept. 6 [1788].
2891*†	Sept. 22, 1793.

DEFFAND, Marquise du.

1109*	[May 5, 1766.]
1114*	[May, 1766.]
1114**	[May, 1766.]
1117*	[June, 1766.]
1142*	[Oct. 10, 1766.]
1145*	[Oct. 1766.]
1146*	[Oct. 1766.]
1160*	[Feb. 10, 1767.]
1164**	[March 13, 1767.]
1170*	[April, 1767.]
1173*	[May 30, 1767.]
1174*	[June 2, 1767.]
1174**	[June 29–30, 1767.]
1175*	[July 11, 1767.]
1181*	Aug. 7, 1767.
1200*	[Jan. 1768.]
1203*	[Feb. 1768.]
1206*	[March, 1768.]
1207**	[March 11, 1768.]
1209*	[April, 1768.]
1221*	[July, 1768.]
1222*	[July 26–7, 1768.]
1227*	[Aug. 1768.]
1231*	[Sept. 1768.]
1247*	[Feb. 1769.]
1249*	[March, 1769.]
1253*	[April 6–7, 1769.]
1261*	[June, 1769.]
1292*	[Jan. 1770.]
1294*	[Feb. 9, 1770.]
1296*	[March, 1770.]
1303*	[June 7, 1770.]
1305*	[June 20, 1770.]
1308*	[July 8, 1770.]
1326*	[Nov. 13, 1770.]
1329*	[Nov. 27, 1770.]
1329**	[Dec. 1770.]
1336*	[Jan. 18, 1771.]
1343*	[April 24, 1771.]
1379*	[Oct. 1771.]
1380*	Nov. 7, 1771.
1381*	Nov. 21, 1771.
1396*	[Feb. 1772.]
1396**	[Feb. 1772.]
1397*	[March, 1772.]
1397**	[March, 1772.]
1398*	[April, 1772.]
1442*	[Jan. 1773.]
1446*	[Feb. 1, 1773.]
1450*	[Feb. 1773.]
1450**	Jan. [Feb.] 25, 1773.
1452*	[March 5, 1773.]
1457*	March 30, 1773.
1458*	April 13, 1773.
1465*	May 18, 1773.
1465**	[May, 1773.]
1468*	[June, 1773.]
1474*	July 1, 1773.
1480*	[Aug. 1773.]
1482*	[Aug. 1773.]
1490*	Sept. 11, 1773.
1491*	Sept. 19, 1773.
1493*	[Oct. 1773.]
1496*	[Oct. 1773.]
1499*	[Nov. 1773.]
1502*	[Nov. 1773.]
1506*	[Dec. 1773.]
1514*	[Dec. 1773.]
1530*	March 1, 1774.
1531*	[March, 1774.]
1535*	April 12, 1774.
1536*	[April, 1774.]
1537*	[May 1, 1774.]
1540*	[May, 1774.]
1544*	[July, 1774.]
1545*	[July, 1774.]
1549*	[Aug. 1774.]
1580*	[Nov. 25, 1774.]

DROMORE, Bishop of.

2860**†	Aug. 20, 1792.

FERMOR, William.

2497*†	Sept. 16, 1784.

FOX, Lady Caroline.

288*	1748.

* Asterisks imply duplication of numbers.
† Now first printed.

FOX, HENRY.

238*	Oct. 9, 1746.
486*	[July 31, 1756.]
493*	[Oct. 27, 1756.]
499*†	Dec. 4, 1756.
501*†	Dec. 20, 1756.
503*	[Dec. 1756.]
622*	March 11, 1759.
627*	May 8, 1759.
677*	Feb. 6, 1760.
1026*	[May 21, 1765.]
1030*	[May 28, 1765.]
1037*	July 15, 1765.
1037**	July 19 [1765].
1037***	July 21, 1765.
1039*	Aug. 2, 1765.
1048*	Sept. 7, 1765.
1125*	July 17, 1766.
1127*	July 19 [1766].
1128*	July 22, 1766.
1130*	July 29, 1766.
1131*	Aug. 2, 1766.
1155*	Nov. 14, 1766.
1160**	Feb. 10, 1767.
1181**	Aug. 7, 1767.
1181***	Aug. 15, 1767.
1230*	Aug. 30, 1768.

GARRICK, DAVID.

555*†	[Jan. 1758.]

GRAY, THOMAS.

460*	Dec. 25, 1755.
703*	[Aug. 1760.]
1070§	Nov. 19, 1765.
1207*	March 8, 1768.
1342*	March 25, 1771.

GUINES, DUC DE.

2158*	March 23, 1781.

HAMILTON, SIR WILLIAM.

1529*‡	Feb. 22, 1774.¶
2869*	Sept. 30, 1792.

HERTFORD, EARL OF.

1102*†	March 10, 1766.

HERVEY, LADY.

1021*†	[26 April, 1765.]
1097*†	March 1, 1766.

HOLLAND, LORD; *see* FOX, HENRY.

IBBOT, BENJAMIN.

1492*†	Sept. 24, 1773.
1501*†	Nov. 18, 1773.
2324*†	[June 30, 1782.]
2328*†	July 3, 1782.
2371*†	Nov. 19, 1782.
2371**†	Nov. 22, 1782.
2393*†	March 8, 1783.
2393**†	[March 10, 1783.]
2396*†	March 12, 1783.
2400*†	March 19, 1783.
2488*†	Aug. 4, 1784.

ILCHESTER, EARL OF.

828*	July 29, 1762.

JEPHSON, ROBERT.

1608*	Feb. 24, 1775.
1608**	[Feb. 1775.]
1608***	[Feb, 1775.]

LANSDOWNE, MARQUIS OF.

2802*†	June 16, 1791.

LORT, DR.

812*†	March 16, 1762.
2224*†	Nov. 2, 1781.
2641*†	July 26, 1788.
2654*†	Nov. 12, 1788.
2654**†	Nov. 21, 1788.
2684*†	July 5, 1789.
2684**†	July 7, 1789.
2693*†	July 27, 1789.
2698*†	Aug. 9, 1789.
2732*†	June 5, 1790.

LUCAS, —(?)

2832**†	Dec. 6, 1791.

LYTTELTON, LADY.

2509*	Nov. 25, 1784.
2510*	Dec. 2, 1784.

* Asterisks imply duplication of numbers.
† Now first printed.
§ Incomplete in C.; now printed in full.
‡ Now first printed in full.
¶ See note on this letter in *List of Supplementary Letters.*

MALONE, Edmond.

2478*† May 13, 1784.

MANN, Horace.

26*† April 16, 1740.
27*† April 23 [1740].
27**† [April 26, 1740].
28*† April 30, 1740.
28**† May 2, 1740.
29*† May 14, 1740.
29**† May 14, 1740.
30*† May 21, 1740.
31*† June 4, 1740.
40*† May 18, 1741.
40**† June, 1741.
40***† [1741.]
40****† July 19, 1741.
40*****† [August 1741.]

MANN, Sir Horace, the Younger.

2593*† [Oct. 1786.]

MASON, Rev. William.

1852‡ [1778.]

MERRICK, Rev. James.

998*† Dec. 1, 1764.

MIDDLETON, Dr. Conyers.

12*† Dec. 30, 1736.
12***† [Sept. 1739.]
50*† Nov. 22, 1741.
100*† Nov. 23, 1742.
113*† April 9, 1743.
114*† April 21, 1743.
125*† July 28, 1743.
134*† Nov. 19, 1743.
158*† Aug. 18, 1744.
163*† Nov. 22, 1744.
246*† Feb. 21, 1747.

MONTAGU, George.

885‡ May 30, 1763.

MORE, Miss Hannah.

2603‡ Jan. 1, 1787.

NARES, Rev. Robert (?).

2948* Oct. 12, 1794.

NASH, Dr. Treadway Russell.

2670*† May 1, 1789.

NICOL, George.

2737*† July 6, 1790.
2784*† March 13, 1791.
2862*† Aug. 30, 1792.
2865*† Sept. 12, 1792.

NORTH, Lord.

1836*† Feb. 11, 1778.

O., C.

540* Sept. 17, 1757.

PARSONS, William.

2726‡ Feb. 24, 1790.

PERCY, Bishop; *see* Dromore, Bishop of.

PINKERTON, John.

2523*† March 1, 1785.
2534§ June 26, 1785.

POPE, Miss Jane.

2767*† Dec. 30, 1790.

RATCLIFFE, John.

821*† [May, 1762?]

SELWYN, George Augustus.

838*† Aug. 31, 1762.
1136*† [Sept. 21, 1766.]
1244*† [1768.]
1463*† [May, 1773.]
1629*† July 15, 1775.
3050*† 'If you and Mr. Williams.'

SHELBURNE, Earl of; *see* Lansdowne, Marquis of.

STRAFFORD, Earl of.

487*† Aug. 28, 1756.
1140*† Oct. 4, 1766.

TILSON, —.

1995*† Nov. 21 [1779].

* Asterisks imply duplication of numbers.
† Now first printed.
‡ Now first printed in full.
§ Incomplete in C.; now printed in full.

TOWNSHEND, Marquis.

2832*† Dec. 2, 1791.

UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENTS.

1581* Dec. 7, 1774.
2858**† Aug. 5, 1792.
2879* [1792.]
2960*† March 17 [1795].

WALPOLE, Lady.

A† [1725.]
B† [1725.]
C† Sept. 28, 1733.
D† Sept. 30, 1733.

WALPOLE, Sir Edward.

1256*† [April 28, 1769.]
1759*† April 21, 1777.
1759**† April 22, 1777.
1759***† April 22 [1777].
1759****† April 25, 1777.
1836**† Feb. 11, 1778.

WALPOLE, Sir Robert.

10*† July 27, 1736.

WEST, Richard.

12** Dec. 3, 1736 [Jan. 3, 1736–7].

YOUNGE, Miss Elizabeth.

2221*† Oct. 22, 1781.

* Asterisks imply duplication of numbers.
† Now first printed.

[illegible]
[illegible]al sprands her
[illegible]ot and guis her
[illegible]arues to you
[illegible]and I dind ther
yester day

THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

SUPPLEMENT

A. To Lady Walpole[1].

[1725.][2]

Dear mama I hop you are wall and I am very wall and I hop papa is wall and I begin to slaap and I hop al wall and my cosans[3] liks thers pla things vary wall

and I hop Doly phillips[4] is wall and pray give my Duty to papa

Horace Walpole

and I am very glad to hear by Tom that all my cruataurs ar all wall

and mrs Selwen has sprand her Fot and gvis her Sarves to you and I dind ther yester Day.

Letter A.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection. The letter is endorsed by Horace Walpole, 'my first letter to my Mother.'

[1] Catherine Shorter, granddaughter of Sir John Shorter, Lord Mayor of London in 1688. She married Walpole (who was created Knight of the Bath in May 1725) in 1700, and died Aug. 20, 1737.

[2] The letter is not dated, but it was evidently written, at the age of 8, in 1725, in which year, as Walpole records in his *Short Notes of my Life*, 'I went to Bexley in Kent, with my cousins, the four younger sons of Lord Townshend, and with a tutor, Edward Weston, one of the sons of Stephen, Bishop of Exeter; and continued there some months.'

[3] George, Augustus, Horatio, and Richard Townshend, sons of Charles, 2nd Viscount Townshend, by his second wife (1713), Dorothy Walpole, sister of (Sir) Robert Walpole (see previous note).

[4] No doubt a family connexion, Horace Walpole's maternal grandmother having been the daughter of Sir Erasmus Phillips, Bart.

B. To Lady Walpole.

[1725.][1]

Dear Mamy I hope you and Papy are Wall my Duty to prince William[2] a my coussens[3] wats nothiing but I want yearl of assax[4] and Jan Shore[5] and I am very Wall. now pray my Servica to Dolle[6] and mrs gravenner[7] and mr nelson and mrs Sellwin and mrs neve is very wall and I sent the Dice for you becaus I thaght you had non and my cousens are all very wall. mr wesson[8] gives his Service to you and if you lik my chiken I will send you som more of them and pray Desire of mr Jankins[9] to send me som more paper

Horace Walpole

Letter B.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection. The letter is endorsed by Horace Walpole, 'my 2d letter to my Mother.'

[1] See note 2 on previous letter.

[2] Presumably William Augustus (afterwards Duke of Cumberland), third son of George II (then Prince of Wales). He was created Knight of the Bath, at the age of four, on the same day of this year (May 27, 1725) as Sir Robert Walpole.

[3] See note 3 on previous letter.

[4] Presumably *The Earl of Essex*, the play (better known as *The Unhappy Favourite*) of John Banks, to which Dryden wrote the prologue and epilogue (see note 2 on letter to Jephson of Feb. 1775—No. 1608*** below); or possibly a chap-book.

[5] Presumably Rowe's tragedy of *Jane Shore* (see note 9 on letter to Jephson referred to in previous note), or a chap-book.

[6] See note 4 on previous letter.

[7] Gravener, or Gravenor, was another form of the name Grosvenor—this 'Mrs. Gravenner' (whom Walpole speaks of as 'Grave' in his letter to Lady Walpole from Eton of Sept. 30, 1733) was doubtless identical with the Mrs. Grosvenor (apparently a nurse or housekeeper) mentioned in the letter to Montagu of April 15, 1769, as having given Walpole a prescription for the preservation of his teeth. She was probably the 'Mrs. G.' of Walpole's letter to Ashton of May 28, 1740; and the 'Mrs. Gr.' of Ashton's letter to Walpole of July 5, 1741 (see *Correspondence of Gray, Walpole, West, and Ashton*, edited by Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 309, n. 9).

[8] No doubt he means Mr. Weston, the tutor with whom he was residing (see note 2 on previous letter).

[9] Jenkins was the name of Sir Robert Walpole's steward (see letter to Mason of April 18, 1777); John Jenkins, Horace Walpole's coachman (see letter to Bedford of June 18, 1781) was probably of the same family.

nd Jan Shore and
ery Wall. now
y Servia to
d mrs gravenner
nelson and
win and mrs neve
wall and I sent
r you becaus I chap
l non and my
ve all very wall
n gives his Servia
d if you lik my
will Send you

ire of Mr Jenkins to send
som more paper

Horace Walpole

C. To Lady Walpole[1].

My Dearest dear Mama Eton[2] Sept: 28. 1733.

I can gladly let you know now that this last Dose has succeeded as well as the first & work'd the same; it is impossible it cou'd do ill as your dear hands mixt'd it, which made me take it with the greatest pleasure. I receiv'd my Dear Mama's present with all the joy that I cou'd anything from you: I have also receiv'd the box with the breeches. As to my Cousin Harry[3], Mr. Bland[4] has given you so exact an account, that I think it needless for me to mention him. My sentiments always sympathize so exactly with my Dear Mama's, that I dont doubt but you can read in your own heart how much I long to be with you.

I am my dear Mama
your most affect: Son
Hor: Walpole.

Letter C.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The letter is addressed 'To the Honourable the Lady Walpole at Chelsea, Middlesex.'

[2] Walpole went to Eton in 1727 (April 26), and left in 1734 (Sept. 23).

[3] His first cousin, Hon. Henry Seymour Conway (see note 15 on letter to West of April 21, 1739).

[4] His tutor, Henry Bland, eldest son of Dr. Henry Bland, Master of the School, and subsequently Dean of Durham and Provost of Eton.

D. To Lady Walpole[1].

My Dearest dear Mama Eton Sept: 30th: 1733.

I hope you are well, I am very well. my Love to Dolly[2] & Grave[3]. I was in hopes I had finish'd my Physick, but since my Dear Mama desires it, to be sure I will take it again, & I will send the box back to Morow. I cou'd

Letter D.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The letter is addressed 'To The Honourable the Lady Walpole at Chelsea, Middlesex.'

[2] See note 4 on Letter A.

[3] See note 7 on Letter B.

almost wish the Prince of Orange[4] hang'd for keeping me so long from seeing my Dear Mama. I gave Mr. Bland[5] your Letter, & he gave me the inclos'd for you.

I am my dear Mama
your most affect: Son,
HOR: WALPOLE.

I have no heats at all now.

1. TO CHARLES LYTTELTON.

Chelsea, August 7, 1732.

[Renumbered 2; correction of date—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 76.]

2. TO CHARLES LYTTELTON.

Eton, August 28, 1734.

[Renumbered 1—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 77.]

10*. TO SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

HON^D. SIR

The pleasure I receiv'd at Houghton[1] is compleated by hearing you return'd safe to Chelsea[2]; tho I cou'd always wish you there, where you are, & have so much reason to be, happy. As fine as it is, I shou'd not have felt half the satisfaction, if it had not been your doing: I wish all your other Actions cou'd afford you as much ease to enjoy their

[4] William Charles Henry, Prince of Orange (1711–1751); he had been installed Knight of the Garter at the Hague in July, and on Oct. 5 it was announced in the King's Speech that a treaty of marriage had been concluded between him and the Princess Royal (Anne); he arrived in England on Nov. 7, attended by Hon. Horatio Walpole. The marriage took place in the following year.

[5] See note 4 on previous letter.

LETTER 10*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] This was Walpole's first visit to his father's country seat in Norfolk (see letter to Charles Lyttelton of same date).

[2] See note 5 on letter to Lyttelton of Aug. 7, 1735 (No. 2, formerly No. 1).

Success, as Those at Houghton do: But as I know how little leisure You have, I will not detain you by endeavouring to express in a long Letter, what the Longest cou'd never do, my Duty & Admiration. I beg these Short Lines & all my actions may convince You how much

I am
Sir
yr. most dutifull Son,
HOR. WALPOLE.

King's Coll. July 27. 1736.

12*. TO DR. CONYERS MIDDLETON [1].

SIR, London, Dec. 30. 1736.

Mr. Rooke obliged me yesterday with a present from you; poor as you may please to call it (if it were such in itself)

LETTER 12*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] Conyers Middleton (1683–1750), D.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, author of a *Life of Cicero* (1741). His letter (preserved in the Waller Collection), to which the above is the reply, was as follows:—

SIR,

I take the liberty of conveying to you by the hands of Mr. Rook,* what I should have wished rather to deliver by my own at Cambridge, some original deeds or charters granted formerly by your ancestors. It may seem impertinent to offer them to a family like yours, so largely stocked with vouchers of the kind & whose splendor & antiquity are so amply attested by the most authentic records. But as these are ancient and entire, I could not but think them worth preserving; & tho' perhaps of little use, that they might yield at least some entertainment to your curiosity. You may observe from them, that before the honour of the Garter was in being, knighthood was familiar to your house; and what is more honourable still than titles, a spirit of charity & generosity, that, in the affluence of wealth, inspired a disposition to impart it to others.

I am forced to adorn my poor present, as well as I can, in order to raise it above contempt: but I must confess withal, what you will perceive before I have done, that I had a selfish view also in sending it. Parchments are seldom presented to the great, without a petition annexed to them: and since modesty would have restrained me from offering mine in person, I choose to send it by a messenger that cannot blush.

I remember, Sir, when you did me the honour of introducing me to

* Perhaps George Henry Rooke, Fellow of Christ's College, formerly of Trinity.

none, but Dr. Middleton, would reckon it so, when they knew from whom it came.

Your authority, Sir, is so good, that commendation of a family from you is sufficient to make it famous, & contradict a received opinion that 'stemmata nil faciunt'[2]: give me leave to apply two lines of a noble friend[3] of yours—

'Thus Trajan's character when Pliny rais'd,
'Twas better so to praise, than to be prais'd.'

your father, he was pleased to say at my taking leave, that if I had anything to recommend to him, *you should remind him of it.* I interpreted it as a favourable omen, that he appointed me an advocate so dear to himself: & since it was his pleasure to impose that task upon you, it would be arrogant in me not to claim the benefit of it; and a criminal indolence in my condition of life, not to attempt the advancement of it by such an intercessor.

My petition therefore is, that you would take the opportunity of a favourable hour, to insinuate to him, that you have a client, who, in the decline of life, would be proud to receive from him, what he never received or asked before from any minister, some mark of public favour, proper to his character & profession. You may say withal, for advocates may say anything that is useful to their cause, that tho' he has no abilities or merit to give him a pretension to that honour, you will be answerable for his being no disgrace to the power that shall confer it.

I beg to add my compliments to your brother, Mr. Edward Walpole, who, as he was so kind as to accompany us in that audience, may perhaps be so good as to join with you in endeavouring to procure me some beneficial effect from it.

I heartily wish you both, what the present season suggests, the annual return of everything joyful & prosperous, and am with great respect,

Sir
your obliged and
faithful servant
CONYERS MIDDLETON

Camb. Dec. 25. 1736.

[2] Juvenal, *Sat.* viii. 1: 'Stemmata quid faciunt?'

[3] John, Lord Hervey (see note 4 on letter to West of Sept. 28, 1739), to whom Middleton dedicated his *Life of Cicero.* The lines in question occur in an impromptu epigram by Lord Hervey, jotted down by Walpole on the back of a letter (preserved in the Waller Collection) from John Whaley (his Cambridge tutor), written on Sept. 19 of this year. Whaley had enclosed the following epigram 'To Lord Harvey on his Discourse on the Roman Senate':—

'How Roman Senates once were fill'd
From thy judicious pen we know;
That Virtue calls up Britain's Peers
Yourself to future times will show.

Walpole notes: 'On my reading Lord Hervey the epigram in this letter he composed this answer extempore':—

'I read your compliment, but there I see
Not what I am, but what I ought to be;
Thus Trajan's character when Pliny rais'd,
'Twere better so to praise, than to be praised.'

Indeed one of the best proofs of being descended from great ancestors, is the imitation of their virtues. You tell me, ours were conspicuous *for a spirit of charity and generosity, that in the affluence of wealth inspired a disposition to impart it to others.* That in this particular Sir Robert does not degenerate, you will allow me. That I may not, you are so much my friend as to give me an incitement; and what is a greater obligation, put it in my power to tread in their steps.

What use I have made of this admonition, you may judge, Sir, when I tell you, I have executed your commands to Sir Robert, and added my best requests in your favour. He assured me, that without my reminding him of it, he had remembered his promise of serving you.

When I am so happy as to succeed in assisting the fortunes of any indifferent person, I am apt to challenge some desert to myself: but whenever my little interest shall conduce to your emolument, tho' my solicitation may have been stronger, my merits in your service will appear much less, from your own character's being your warmest advocate.

You are pleased, Sir, to let me plead your cause, and I beg you will believe, that you have for ever retained

your friend,
and
very humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

12**. TO RICHARD WEST.

MY DEAR WEST, London, Dec. 3d. 1736 [1]. [Jan. 3, 1737.]

That poem you mention went once under my name; but you commend it, and its praise, cum recitas, incipit esse

LETTER 12**.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Correspondence of Gray, Walpole, West, and Ashton*, edited by Paget Toynbee, vol. i. pp. 118-21. The

tuus[2]. Yet I assure you 'tis the last thing of your writing that I would commend. As to myself, I assure you I don't think I am at all a poet, but from loving verses, try to make some now and then. There are few but try in their lives, and most of us succeed alike. In short as naturalists account for inzects in places where they can't tell how they got there, but cry the wind wafts their eggs about into all parts, and some perish, and some, meeting with proper juices, thrive; so nature, I believe, wafts about poetical eggs or seeds, and thence come poets, when the grain don't light upon a barren surface. But I'll give you some account of it, as far as my own experience goes, in verse; as the best way to describe a circle, is to draw it. You will perceive that my knowledge extends no farther than the miscarrying embrios.

1.

Seeds of Poetry and Rhime
  Nature in my Soul implanted;
But the Genial Hand of Time,
  Still to ripen 'em is wanted:
Or soon as they begin to blow,
My cold Soil nips the buds with Snow.

2.

If a plenteous Crop arise,
  Copious Numbers, swelling Grain,
Judgement from the Harvest flies,
  And careless spares to weed the Plain:

letter is addressed, 'To Mr. Richard West, at Christ Church College, Oxford.' For West's answer to this letter (dated from Christ Church, Jan. 12, 1736-7), see *Correspondence of Gray, Walpole, West, and Ashton*, vol. i. pp. 122-4.

[1] The postmark of this letter is Jan. 4; it is probable, therefore, that Walpole wrote Dec. 3 by mistake for Jan. 3. According to the old style, which was still in use in England, the year would still be 1736 in January, so that the correct date of the letter would be Jan. 3, 1736-7, just as West's reply is dated Jan. 12, 1736-7 (see previous note).

[2] Martial, 1 *Epig.* xxxviii. 2.

Tares of Similies choak the roots,
Or Poppy-Thoughts blast all the Shoots.

3.

Youth, his torrid beams who plays,
  Bids the Poetic Spirit flourish;
But tho Flowers his Ardour raise,
  Maggots too 'twill form and nourish;
And variegated Fancy's seen
Vainly enamelling the Green.

4.

First when Pastorals I read,
  Purling Streams and cooling breezes
I only wrote of; and my Head
  Rhim'd on, reclin'd beneath the Treezes:
In pretty Dialogue I told
Of Phœbus' heat and Daphne's cold.

5.

Battles, Sieges, Men and Arms,
  If Heroick Verse I'm reading,
I burn to write, with Myra's Charms
  In Episode, to show my breeding:
But if my Myra cruel be,
I tell Her so in Elegy.

6.

Tragick Numbers, buskin'd Strains,
  If Melpomene inspire,
I sing; but fickle throw my Trains
  And half an Act into the fire:
Perhaps Thalia prompts a Sonnet
On Chloe's fan or Cælia's bonnet.

7.

For one Silk-Worm Thought that thrives,
  Twenty more in Embrio die;
Some spin away their little lives
  In ductile lines of Foolery:
Then for one Moiety of the Year,
Pent in a Chrysalis appear.

8.

Till again the rolling Sun
  Bursts th' inactive Shell, and Thoughts
Like Butterflies their Prison shun,
  Buzzing with all their parent faults;
And springing from the Sluggish Mould
Expand their Wings of Flimzy Gold.

9.

But, my Dear, These Flies, They say,
  Can boast of one good Quality,
To Phœbus gratefully They pay
  Their little Songs and Melody:
So I to you this trifle give,
Whose Influence first bid it live[3].

Excuse this extempore jumble, and if you have not patience to read it through, [make][4] a present of it to the man at the Physick Garden[5]: 'twould make a great figure at the

[3] This poem had previously been attributed to Gray, owing to the existence of a copy in his handwriting, and signed by him 'Celadon, Dec. 1736,' among the Stonehewer MSS. at Pembroke College, Cambridge (see Gosse, *Works of Gray*, vol. i. p. 205).

[4] MS. torn.

[5] The Botanic Garden at Oxford, founded by the Earl of Danby in 1632.

front of a Monthly Calendar, or subjoined to the Prognostications in poor Robin's Almanack.[6] Poor dab!

Adieu!

My Dear,

yours sincerely

H. W.

12***. To Dr. Conyers Middleton.

Sir, [Rheims, September, 1739.][1]

When I was at Paris, I received a commission from Mr. Townshend to collect subscriptions there for the Life of Cicero[2]. I think I ought to complain a little at receiving such a commission from anybody but Dr. Middleton, who I hope knows with how much pleasure I shall undertake anything that relates to him.

Unluckily for me, Mr. Townshend had before sent another paper to my Lord Walgrave[3], who had engaged all the English at Paris when I began to ask them, so that I was only able to procure subscriptions from Lord Holderness[4], Lord Conway, Mr. Conway, and Mr. Brand[5], to which I beg to add three for myself. I may venture to say from the specimen which you were so good as to show me at

[6] *Poor Robin's Almanack*, said to have been originated by Robert Herrick, was first published in 1663, and was continued until 1828. Like most other almanacs of the kind, it contained 'prognostications' of the events of the year.

Letter 12***.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] This letter is undated, but was evidently written from Rheims, where Walpole and Gray had been joined by George Montagu and George Selwyn. From a letter of Gray to Ashton from Rheims on Aug. 25, 1739, it appears that Montagu and Selwyn were returning to England 'in about a week' (see *Correspondence of Gray, Walpole, West, and Ashton*, vol. i. p. 238), hence Selwyn's departure (referred to by Walpole in his P.S.), and the date of the letter, would be at the beginning of September.

[2] The work was published in 1741.

[3] James Waldegrave (1685-1741), first Earl Waldegrave, Ambassador at Paris, 1730-40.

[4] See note 6 on letter to West of April 21, 1739.

[5] See note 9 on letter to West of April 21.

Cambridge[6], that if you will write another book while I am abroad, I shall not fail of getting you an infinite number of subscribers in all the countries into which your Tully will travel.

If Mrs. Middleton, whose very humble servant I am, will favour me with any commissions in France, I shall execute them with a great deal of pleasure.

I hear, Sir, with great pleasure that it is too late to wish you vast success. I am only sorry that I was not in England at the time of the subscription, to distinguish myself among your zealous undertakers, and show you how much I am,

Sir,

your sincere humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. Mr. Selwyn[7], who brings this, will put the subscriptions into Lord Hervey's[8] hands.

26*. TO HORACE MANN.

Rome, April 16, 1740. N.S.

WELL, Sir Miny, you are a good creature, to send one such a long letter, such a large pacquet, and such a quantity of news. I would be as good as you if I had as much time; but you see how many letters I have and they must be answered. I have paid your little friend your debt of crowns; and have drawn for a hundred pound in all, 194 crowns for you and the rest for myself; as it is all put

[6] See letter to Conway of March 25, 1741.

[7] See note 1; and P.S. to letter to Conway of March 25, 1741.

[8] See note 3 on letter to Middleton of Dec. 30, 1736 (No. 12*).

LETTER 26*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection. The letter is endorsed by Mann, 'From Mr. H. Walpole Junr., answered April 19, 1740.'

in one note, and consequently will make a jumble, we must settle our accounts when we meet. The Princess[1] arrived on Sunday. The Prince and Princess of Santa Croce went to meet 'em, besides several English, and they came in at high Corso time with eight coaches and six, coaches and pair, chaises, etc. etc. I believe she put down the whole Corso to her own account; as a Mayor's wife that happened to come into a country church as the belief was repeating; she thought they all bowed and curtsied to her, and declared they were the best bred parish she had ever set foot into. Madame de Craon in half an hour's time was up to the ears in Roman Princesses and Dutchesses, and so for three nights. The Dutchess Salviati serves her. She and Lord Shrewsbury[2] are now in the very act of Tenebrae; 'tis a delicious week for them. I had the honour of kneeling with her upon St. Peter's pavement yesterday to see the relicks.

I am much obliged to Lady P.[3] for the honour she does me in thinking of medals; when I return to Florence, if I have not bought them here, I will take those. I beg you will tell my Lady that I have been looking out for Pope's testoons (or testicles as Lord Mansel[4] calls them) for her, but silver is so extremely scarce here, that I have not yet met with one with the head on it; but possibly before I leave Rome I may have better luck. My compliments to the young ladies[5].

I wrote you my sentiments by Mr. Williams[6] about the courier. Good night, child, I am in a violent hurry. Oh—

[1] Princesse de Craon.

[2] See note 2 on letter to Mann of Sept. 1741 (No. 41).

[3] Lady Pomfret—see note 6 on letter to Conway of July 5, 1740.

[4] Thomas Mansell (d. 1744), second Baron Mansell.

[5] Lady Pomfret's daughters, Lady Sophia and Lady Charlotte Fermor.

[6] Probably John Williams, who had been secretary to Richard West's father (see letter to West of April 16, 1740, *ad fin.*), and who after the death of the latter (1726) is said to have carried on a liaison with West's mother, and eventually (after West's death) to have married her.

Porto Bello [7], the delightful news!—Corradini [8] is certainly to be Pope and soon. Next post I shall probably be able to tell you he certainly is not.

yours ever,
H. W.

27*. To Horace Mann.

Rome, April 23 [1740].

Mr. the duellist [1] has brought me your letter of the 16th, and as I have some particular things to say to you, I shall make use of the direction you sent me. But I must first tell you something, which you may probably know by this time. Mr. Oswald [2] tells me in a letter of the thirteenth of March: *I carried the fans to Mr. Stone* [3], *his Grace of Newcastle's secretary, who promised to send them by the first conveyance, and that he thought it would be in a week's time, with a particular messenger to Mr. Mann directly, which messenger was to carry Mr. Mann's public character, which yet he has not had.* Have you had it yet? Well, however you see 'tis coming.

I imagine his Majesty and his minister ought to be pleased with Admiral Vernon's success [4], for there is such pains taken to undervalue it here, that I look upon it as very considerable. The Prince Santaboni was a great unbeliever about it; his father was a Spanish Governor in the West Indies; and having seen Porto Bello himself, he

7 See note 3 on letter to West of same date.

8 Pietro Marcellini Corradini (d. 1743), Cardinal-Bishop of Tusculum; he was not elected.

Letter 27*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection. Mann has noted on the letter, 'From Mr. Walpole, answered April 26, 1740.'

1 Probably Martin the painter, the hero of the duelling episode related in Walpole's letter to West of Feb. 27, 1740.

2 George Oswald, Sir Robert Walpole's steward.

3 Andrew Stone (see note 3 on letter to Mann of Jan. 6, 1743).

4 The capture of Porto Bello.

pronounced it impregnable, if there were any men in it: Lord Deskfoord[5] told him he did know that, but there were five hundred Spaniards. We abound in bons mots; Lord Hartington asked the Governor t'other night about the issue of the vessel. He replied, 'They had done justice'; to which my Lord answered, 'If you had not, we should have done it ourselves.' It seems we intended it, for this morning news is come that an English man-of-war has taken one of the Pope's ships coming from Pesaro laden with corn to the value of twenty-four thousand crowns, and belonging to a Portuguese banker here. It will show them, we are not to be trifled with. The commissary that was sent down to Civita Vecchia to adjudge the capture of our vessel, had pronounced it unlawful prize, and condemned it to be restored; but the Spaniard has appealed to the Conclave, and there it rests. All this you may depend on. What I am going to tell you now, is not so certain, but much affirmed, that Rufo[6] is to be Pope on Sunday evening. He is proposing now, and if ever, will be in two or three days.

Alex. Albani[7] has sent me sundry civil messages, and commissioned his friend Count Petronio to usher me about; and three days ago Lord D.[8] and I went to visit him at the door of the Conclave.

As to the Prince and Princess[9] 'tis certain, they have

[5] See note 4 on letter to Conway of April 23.

[6] Tommaso Ruffo (d. 1753), Cardinal-Bishop of Porto. 'Napolitain, homme de mérite et de crédit, l'un des Zelanti. Il est convaincu qu'on ne peut faire un meilleur choix que celui de sa personne au prochain conclave; peut-être a-t-il raison' (De Brosses, *Lettres Familières*, LI). He was not elected.

[7] Alessandro Albani (d. 1779), Cardinal-Deacon of Sant' Adriano, nephew of Clement XI (see note 3 on letter to Conway of April 23).

[8] Lord Deskfoord.—He was a sensible Scotchman with much knowledge, though 'twas difficult to say whether he sought more to acquire it or to show it. He seldom laughed, but when he related his own sayings, but that often. *Walpole* (note in a MS. *Common Place Book of Verses, Stories, Characters, Letters, &c.* in possession of Earl Waldegrave).

[9] De Craon.

been more than once at the Pretender's; and even at their door the servants say they are gone to the Rè d'Inghilterra. 'Tis much bragged of too, that he ordered coffee for them, which he has never done but once for anybody since he was in Rome. I did intend advertizing you of this, tho' now 'tis not so material as St.[10] designs to write it into England. However, my dear Sir, if you will give me leave to advise you, you shall still write it. As St. will do it, you can do no hurt by doing it too, and I know the King minds those things so much, that if he hears it from other hands, and not from you, it may do you hurt. Madame Bolognetti makes a great conversation for the Princess on Sunday, and the two Boys[11] are to be there; if they do not go to Albano to-morrow, which is talked of. Mr. S.[12] is not gone yet, but we have settled it so, that the person will have the money from one with me, while we stay here. He says, if they do go away, it will be publickly; but at least 'tis imagined they will stay to see who is Pope; tho' I don't see how that need affect the Boy. I having occasion for 50 pound more, have drawn for it on Comp. and Lib.[13], but they not having given orders to Mazzuoli, he would put your name in the receipt; tho' I think it would be right, that you should direct to have it done, without inserting your name; and let my note on them suffice.—I have received the news and your other letter. The Prince is to have the order[14], the first of May; Prince Beauvau[15] is gone to Naples with Mr. Bulstrode[16]. The former told

[10] No doubt Stosch, a spy for the Court of England on the Pretender (see note 4 on letter 42).

[11] The Pretender's two sons, Charles Edward and Henry Benedict Stuart.

[12] Probably Mr. Smith—see letter to Mann of April 30 (No. 28**).

[13] Compagni and Libri, Florentine bankers (see letter to Mann of Oct. 16, 1742).

[14] The Prince de Craon was invested with the Toison d'Or by the Prince Santa Croce on May 1 (see letter to Mann of May 2, No. 28***).

[15] Son of Prince de Craon (see note 5 on letter to Mann of Sept. 25, 1742).

[16] Tutor to Lord Shrewsbury (see note 4 on letter to Mann of Sept. 1741, No. 41).

me, that he went to the P.[17] as being in the service of France, but that he fancied his father would not go: this was before. I am informing myself if he introduced there Cardinal Zinzendorffe[18], who was the only one here since they came. As to the medal, I left it at Florence, so they must have patience till I return thither. I thought I had mentioned receiving the bridge; I beg your pardon. I don't know how to thank you enough for your civility to Mr. Williams, and thinking about wine and tea for me; the latter will be extremely acceptable, as that you gave me is just gone, and none tolerable to be got.

I am told Cardinal Zinzendorffe certainly was not at the P.'s and if he had gone, would not have condescended to accept Prince B.'s[19] introduction. The Primate[20] has hurt his leg and keeps his room. He sits on the side of his bed in his nightgown, without breeches, and tallies at pharaoh to all comers. You never saw so good a figure. The Princess Borghese says, she is persuaded he will never recover now, since he has found out this expedient to play from morning to night. The French ambassador[21] makes his entry to-morrow.—I will constantly let you know all I hear, and I would have you write it, that they may see you do not slacken your diligence, for having obtained your character. Adieu!

Yours ever.

17 The Pretender.

18 Philip Joseph Louis Zinzendorff (d. 1747), Bishop of Breslau.

19 Prince Beauvau.

20 The Primate of Lorraine, François Vincent Marc de Beauvau-Craon (1713–1742), eldest (surviving) son of the Prince de Craon; he died of small-pox in Paris on June 9, 1742. In a MS. *Common Place Book of Verses, Stories, Characters, Letters, &c.* (in possession of Earl Waldegrave) Walpole describes him as 'a young, lusty, ill-looking, proud, debauched, gaming, cheating Prelate. His learning contributes to his wit, and both to his impertinence.'

21 Cardinal Pierre Guérin de Tencin (1680–1758), who was sent (as Chargé d'affaires) to counteract the Jansenist influence at the Conclave. The election of Benedict XIV (Aug. 17) is said to have been due to his exertions.

28. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Rome, April 23, 1740. N.S.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 77.]

28*. To Horace Mann.

[Rome, April 26, 1740.] Tuesday morning, twelve o'clock

I send Englebert[1] away with this to give you notice, that the Pretender's two sons left Rome yesterday morning with several other people, to go towards Civita Vecchia under pretence of quail shooting. I have been told this morning that the eldest is to go off for Spain. Some time ago he had a travelling bed made in all haste. I cannot affirm it is true, but as he must pass thro' Tuscany, I hope this will be time enough for you to send to watch him at all the posthouses, or to take what measures you think proper, of desiring the government to stop him. I think you will do right to give Mr. Villette[2] immediate notice of this, to apply to the King of Sardinia to have him stopped, in case he pass that way. If he should venture by sea, it would be right to send a vessel from Leghorn to try to intercept him. You know all this better than me, my dear Sir, and will act accordingly.

Yours ever.

I fear Lord S.'s[3] man here is not the most faithful. He assured Mr. Sm.[4] yesterday, that there was nothing in *his*

Letter 28*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection. The letter is addressed, 'To Mr. Mann'; it is endorsed by Mann, 'From Mr. H. Walpole Junr, by his servant from Rome.'

[1] Walpole's servant, as appears from Mann's endorsement above quoted.

[2] Arthur Villettes, English Envoy at Turin.

[3] Presumably Lord Shrewsbury; his man was apparently the W. (i.e. Wiseman) mentioned below (see note 6).

[4] Mr. Smith (see note 12 on previous letter).

going off. He did not follow them himself, but said he would send another man to-day, that he might not be suspected himself. Perhaps I may suspect him wrongly, but hear my reasons. How came he not to know anything of this travelling bed! When the Boy used to go before, he had always accommodation prepared. Why not go himself? Why should he be more suspected now than formerly, especially when so many people are gone? or at least why not send the man yesterday? Besides, I don't like his entrusting it to another man. But what is worse than all, he had told Mr. S.[4] all along that they were to go to Albano. I happened to hear by chance on Sunday night that it was to Civita Vecchia, and made Mr. S.[4] send for him the next morning, and then he owned it was to Civita Vecchia—judge. You may imagine my notices cannot be very particular, therefore I would not have you believe entirely that he is gone off, but take all precautions, in case he should. I flatter myself this will be time enough, because Thursday is a great feast at Civita Vecchia, and perhaps he may go thither for a colour. If he goes by land, it must be thro' France, therefore you will do right to despatch a courier to Lord Walgrave[5] to make remonstrances against his being permitted to pass. If France is in the secret, as I conclude, they must mean something more; but I comfort myself that his being supported by Spain or France, will be the worst measures they could take, as the nation is so enraged against one, and no friend to the other. I would not willingly think so, but it certainly is not improbable, but their journey thro' Tuscany may have been a little concerted with our friends the Craons. Adieu, I have not time to say more. If I have acted rashly in despatching this man, it was merely for your

[5] English Ambassador at Paris.

satisfaction. Mr. S.[4] is this instant gone again to W.[6] to charge him to go himself or send a man to follow him; and if the Boy goes off, to ride on directly to you. I hope all this may be unnecessary, but 'tis best to err on that side. I forgot to tell you, that the Boys are gone from Rome for a fortnight: and moreover the Pretender's people have been bragging lately, that they were to be in England in May. At all adventures, if he is gone, send a courier to England.

28**. To Horace Mann.

Rome, April 30th, 1740. N.S.

I have stayed till the last minute, before I would sit down to write to you, in expectation of Englebert; he is not arrived, and I can't let the post go letterless. All is silent here, no more mention of a being gone off: however certain painters told me yesterday, that the return which was fixed for to-day is put off; this seems to confirm what I sent you word of. I could not meet with him to-day to know why he had not wrote to you, but will enquire. I think he plays the fool; did not go himself, but two days afterwards sent another man and him afoot, with orders to come back to him if anything happened—all this was trifling with one; it must be at least a week too late; and he is not come back yet. You see how little I am able to tell you.

As to the Pope's vessel, tho' it was certainly taken, yet the manner was different from what was first reported here. The crew were gone on shore, the English ship found it out

[6] No doubt the Wiseman mentioned in the letter to Mann of May 14 (No. 29**).

Letter 28**.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection. The letter is endorsed by Mann, 'From Mr. Walpole, Jun. April 30th, 1740.'

at sea, having been taken for a Turkish pirate by the Pope's seamen, who abandoned their vessel for fear of being made slaves; they carried it into Porto Spezza[1] in the Genoese dominions to take care of it, and have restored it to the owners. Lord Hartington and Mr. Smith are gone to Naples, from whence Prince Beauvau is returned to-day, for the installation[2] to-morrow. Prince Craon dined yesterday at the Pretender's. Last Sunday there was a very great conversation for the Princess at Madame Bolognetti's, where were the Pretender and his two sons. He played at pharaoh with the Princess. She has established an assembly Sundays and Thursdays, and has all the world; untoward Princesses, French Abbés, &c.

Cardinal Rufo was fixed for Pope; thirty-seven Cardinals had promised him their votes to the Camerlingo; but thirteen failed him. 'Tis probable still he will succeed, for they have enough sure to keep out any one else, which they are resolved to do. Cardinal Spinola[3] had yesterday twenty-eight, which frightened them, and roused their resolution.

I have received the tea and give you a thousand thanks; it was the most agreeable box in the world, and wanted nothing but dear Miny in one of the canisters. You will be so good as to give the fans the same conveyance.

You amaze me about the letter to the Prior; I have seen her eyes brighten up often upon his appearance, but never imagined it would go such lengths as Duke Leopold[4]. The Primate keeps his room and his pharaoh bank still; Monsr Legout has found out that he is like a river-god,

[1] Spezia.

[2] Of the Prince de Craon—see note 14 on letter to Mann of April 23 (No. 27*).

[3] Giovanni Battista Spinola (d. 1753), Cardinal-Deacon of Santo Cesareo.

[4] The Princesse de Craon (who apparently is referred to) had been mistress of Leopold, last Duke of Lorraine (see note 8 on letter to Conway of July 5, 1740).

with a green bonnet on his head, a blue nightgown, and no breeches; and there he lies flowing! Legout calls him, 'caro Fiume,' and the name takes extremely among the Italians.

I am sorry Haddock's[5] expedition to save Minorca, has let the Spaniards slip out into the West Indies; I use all my wishes for success in both parts.

Adieu, my dear Sir; I wish Englebert may come in, before I am obliged to send away my letter.

Yours ever.

28***. To Horace Mann.

Rome, May 2d, 1740.

'Tis half an hour after eleven at night, and I am forced to begin my letter, tho' without having anything to tell you. I catched at a little Lorrainer that sets out for Florence to-morrow, and made him promise to carry a letter for me. The *Boys* were to return to-night, which I was in hopes of telling you, but unless I had gone to the house and asked for the Master Stuarts myself, I could not know. I have enquired of every soul, but in vain, and your horrid W——[1] is not to be found. However if he returns to his own house to-night, I am determined to know. He says he wrote to you this last post, and that as Mr. *Duncombe*, who is the person he plays to, did not go, he should have been suspected; but at least he should have sent somebody on horseback, with orders to go on to Florence, not come back hither first. He protests they have not carried their travelling baggage,

[5] See note 1 on letter to West of May 7.

Letter 28***.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection. Mann has noted on the letter, 'From Mr. H. Walpole, Junr. May 2d, 1740.'

[1] Presumably Wiseman—see note 6 on letter to Mann of April 26 (No. 28*).

which was prepared a year ago for an intended expedition. I don't know, I wish one could have better intelligence; but I fear things are so closely transacted, and only between the Father[2], Lord Dunbar[3], and Cardinal Tencin[4], that it will be impossible to know more than their local existences. As far as I can serve you, you may trust I will. I must tell you a remarkable circumstance which by chance I discovered this evening. Dropping into Hamerani's, the Pope's medallist, I would go into his own room. He was gone out, and on the table lay a die, which he is now about. I cast my eye on it, and what should it prove, but for a medal of the eldest Boy, with this motto (and I think prettily modest) *Hunc saltem everso juvenem* from the end of the first Georgic.[5] Sure this adds weight to my suspicions. Unless intended as to usher his expedition, why strike a medal upon the Boy? If the Father was just dead, it might be proper. It seems too to agree with what you told me of Cardinal Tencin's having prevailed upon the Pretender to resign his pretensions to his son, in case of any enterprise. Has it not an appearance? The circumstance of the medal, which I am sure is not known, will make no mean figure in your next despatches.

I received Englebert and the pound of tea: you are extremely obliging about both; and about both I am in your debt.

We have news here, that I like much. In a private letter from Poland, 'tis said that the Czarina has put the Marquis de la Chétardie, the French ambassador, in prison. I hope 'tis true[6]; she is a delightful woman, and among

[2] The Pretender.

[3] See note 11 on letter to Ashton of May 14.

[4] French Chargé d'affaires at Rome (see note 21 on letter to Mann of April 23, 1740, No. 27*).

[5] *Georgic* i. 500–1 'Hunc saltem everso juvenem succurrere saeclo Ne prohibete.'

[6] It was not true—see notes 7, 8 on letter to Ashton of May 14.

a thousand other great and good qualities, hates the French. In truth she has reason. 'Tis an insolent nation; and if the world is to see a new empire, I pray it may be Russian. I must tell you three answers of three people I told it to to-night. The Princess said, 'c'est une entreprise bien hardie!' the poor Prince put in, 'ces sont des femmes!' and my Lord of Dunbar answered me with saying the Spaniard fleet was sailed to the West Indies. Each was in character.

The Prince received the toison d'or yestermorn from the hands of Prince Santa Croce, and to-day is one bit of tissue and toison. The Santa Croce gave a cantata and ball on the occasion, where were all the Roman, French, and German worlds.

'Tis said the King of France has announced to his brothers of Spain and Naples, that if they expect his present favour, they must influence their Cardinals, to choose a Pope of the French faction: so the Holy Ghost is likely to take wing from Paris.

I leave the rest of my letter for the arrival of good Mr. W——. My dear Sir, I am quite concerned not to be able to tell you certainly whether the Boys are returned or not. I have kept my letter till one o'clock; cannot meet with W——, and if I sent my letter later to Prince Craon's, all the family would be gone to bed, and I should miss sending it to you at all, for the little officer desired to have it to-night, as he goes early to-morrow morning. If I can find any possible means of sending you word before Saturday, I will.

Good night,

Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

29*. To Horace Mann.

Dear Child, Rome, May 14th, 1740. N.S.

You disturb me with writing me word every post, that you are out of order; I hope this bad weather is the only occasion of it, and that the sun will entirely recover you; but I don't like your being affected with bad weather. We have had extreme bad here; and I thought one day it was going to have some sort of effect upon me; but it seems it was not so.

I don't know what to determine; I want to go to Naples for fear of the heats and bad air arriving, but I dread a Pope being chosen in the interim; and they talk much of Cardinal Gotti[1]. Cardinal Portia[2] has occasioned great talk, having left the Conclave in a passion, upon a quarrel with the Benedictine Cardinals.

The Princess sets out in two days for Florence, by the way of Loretto; so keep the fans till I get to Florence; which I can't at all tell when it will be, tho I long to see you; but Rome is inexhaustible, and one would not slabber it over.

Prince Beauvau and the Primate will be at Florence next Friday; I shall write to you by them, and send a pacquet which I beg you will further to England.

Adieu! now; I am, in haste,

Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. Lord Hartington and Smith are come back, and set out for Venice on Tuesday. Continue my letters to the banker; he will keep them for me, if I should be gone.

Letter 29*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection. The letter is endorsed by Mann, 'From Mr. Walpole Junr., answered May 17th, 1740.'

[1] Vincenzio Luigi Gotti (d. 1742), Cardinal-Priest of San Pancrazio (see note 5 on letter to Ashton of May 14).

[2] Leandro Porzia (d. 1740), Cardinal-Priest of San Calisto (see note 3 on letter to Ashton of May 14).

29**. To Horace Mann.

Dear Sir, Rome, May 14th, 1740. N.S.

I have wrote you one letter to-day by the post; this goes to-morrow by Prince Beauvau, but will arrive three or four days later. I have no news in the world to tell you of the Pretender; everything seems quiet; Wiseman I have not seen this fortnight. Since the taking of Porto Bello, and the departure of the Spanish fleet from Cadiz, I fancy they can have no hopes or thoughts of departing; unless they may have any expectations from a war with France, on which the whole conversation of Rome turns at present. Whenever I hear the least thing of any motion you may depend upon knowing it.

I am concerned that you have had such uneasiness about your urns and figures, which you designed for Sir Robert; I dare to say all he meant was, that he thought it was putting yourself to an expence at a time when your circumstances were in so uncertain a situation. If you will stay till I am in England, I, who [know][1] the great honesty and goodness of your sentiments, will take care Sir Robert shall receive the group, and in the only light in which you meant to send it him.

I gave Lord Deskford his packet; he is quite convinced of your civilities to him; so another time you may behave just as well.

I am very glad your brother's letter is in so strong terms; if you are still uneasy, pray let it be against the Duke of Newcastle's people, for I am sure they are the sole cause of your having waited so long for your credentials: I am angry too, for I wanted the fans.

Letter 29**. Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection. The letter is endorsed by Mann, 'From Mr. Walpole Junr., answered May 24.'

[1] Word omitted in original.

I beg you will take an opportunity of saying both to the Prince and Princess, that I wrote you word how much pleased I am with their great goodness to me. I have really received the strongest and most distinguishing marks of friendship from the whole family.

I am much obliged to you, and design to thank you much for all the trouble you have had about the urns and tables.

You never wrote me word what you had done about the purchase of those gold medals; I have bought a few here, and if those were not extravagant, should be glad to have them.

I was more entertained than you can imagine at Richcourt's[2] simplicity; I always thought him a trifling fellow, but never so inconsiderable as to catch at such occasions to appear considerable. You must be happy no doubt with all your balls, and wisdoms of the Miladies; well, I don't envy you.

I am going to an assembly and will finish afterwards.

Last night all the world was at the Villa Patrizzi: there was musick, dancing, two banks at pharaoh, cards, &c. The Pretender & his two Babes, being present, none of the English would dance. The Princess sat by him the whole night; there is the strictest intimacy between the two families. She has proposed to the Prince to go to the Ascension at Venice, and he is not the man to refuse what she likes; so you must not expect to see them so soon. I shall know to-night, but too late to send you word.

Mr. Smith is much yours.

Adieu,

Yours ever

H. W.

[2] Count Emanuel Richecourt, First Minister at Florence (see note 20 on letter to Mann of Nov. 2, 1741).

30. To Thomas Ashton.

Rome, May 16, 1740. N.E.

[Collated with original—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 77.]

30*. To Horace Mann.

Dear Child, Rome, May 21, 1740.

I am not gone to Naples, but go in a week, where I will take particular care about your snuff-box. I can write you but three words, for 'tis nine o'clock, and we're but this instant come in from Tivoli, wet through. We lay there last night, went eighteen mile out of our way to see Palestrina, and when we came there, it rained so hard, we were forced to come away without seeing a scrap: was it not mortifying?

I wish you ten thousand joys! 10000, and 10000.

I have received all my letters, that for Lord D.[1] and the fat one of last week, which provoked me, having none for myself. There will never be a Pope, so I am not afraid of there being one before I come back.

Good night,
Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. I am angry about your own money affairs; shall I write to Sir R. to intercede with your father for you?

31. To Thomas Ashton.

Rome, May 28, 1740. N.S.

[Correction in text; additional note; substituted note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 78.]

Letter 30*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection. The letter is endorsed by Mann, 'From Mr. H. Walpole Junr., answered May 31st, 1740.'

[1] Lord Deskfoord.

31*. To Horace Mann.

Rome, June 4, 1740. N.S.

What a charming letter you have wrote me! so long, and so full of triumphs, national and your own. Don't think but I am as privately glad of the latter, as I am publicly of the former. I long to stop at the King's Arms. I'll tell you, for the heats I am not very apprehensive, but I may possibly leave Rome before the election of a Papa; for I have seen all that one can see; and am grown so immoderately tired of the conversations, that I think it will be impossible to support them long. Nay, I don't support them, for I have shed them all, and pass my evenings in silence and solitude to a degree of sanctity. 'Tis really not a compliment to the Princess, but since she went, I have scarce made three visits. However I can't say too much for all their civility to me; I should think myself partial about them, as they took such particular notice of me, but I really find every one charmed with them. The admiration of the Princess was astonishing; I believe she never had more universal applause in Lorrain in the height of her beauty. She was so genteel and well-bred among the untoward dames, that she was really more likeable than any of the young ones. When does she lose her son? are the loves renewed and the enmities continued between the two generations?

I am just come from Albano, not much content. The English court is there: the Lady of Inverness arrived last Sunday. She lodged over me for a few days, but I never saw her. There came with [her][1] a Countess Mahone[2],

Letter 31*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection. The letter is endorsed by Mann, 'From Mr. H. Walpole Junr., answered June 7, 1740.'

[1] Word omitted in original.

[2] Anne Clifford, second daughter of Charlotte, Countess of Newburgh

one of the Lady Neupergh's[3] daughters, who is married to an Irish Colonel in the Neapolitan service, and is going to her husband. The Earl of Sh——[4] is to go with her. 'Tis simple management of B——[5], but he is a simpleton. I certainly set out thither on Monday. I spoke at the Conclave t'other day to a Monsignore, who is somehow or other something that has somewhat to do with the roads, and [he][6] assured me there had been no murders; the courier was robbed, but there are soldiers kept patrolling on the road. I shall stay there for the Corpus Domini, and return hither for the St. Peter, consequently cannot be at Florence by the St. John: but I hope soon after. As to your box, 'twill certainly be a pretty one, if you think it enough for a present. I shall buy three or four for myself, and you shall choose, if you have resolved upon one against I see you.

As 'tis not the way to believe here, what is, but what is convenient, of course the taking of Porto's Bello and Ricco are of the number of heretical opinions, & consequently condemned. Well, I don't care how heterodox we are upon those conditions.

Good night. I have twenty things to do.

Yours ever

H. W.

P.S. I must tell you a decent step of this government: they have put down pharaoh, but stayed till all the English were gone who played at it. I never played except my threehalfpenny bits with the Princess.

by her first husband, Hon. Thomas Clifford (d. 1718), son and heir apparent of Hugh, second Baron Clifford of Chudleigh; she married the Count Mahoni.

[3] Charlotte Maria (1694–1755), Countess of Newburgh in her own right; after the death of her first husband (see above), she married (1724) Charles Radcliffe, titular Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1746 (see notes 1, 3 on letter to Mann of Nov. 29, 1745).

[4] Earl of Shrewsbury.

[5] Bulstrode, Lord Shrewsbury's tutor (see note 16 on letter to Mann of April 23, No. 27*).

[6] Word omitted in original.

33. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Radicofani, July 5, 1740. N.S.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 78.]

36. To Richard West.

Florence, Oct. 2, 1740. N.S.

[Correction in text—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 78.]

40*. To Horace Mann.

Dear Child, Reggio, May 18, 1741. N.S.

I will not mention any more the affair that has happened[1]; I would forget it, if I could at the same time the pain I have given you, but that will hurt me long. I will write you now a thousand trifles, that I should have done sooner, but I could not think of anything else, while I was uneasy about you.

Marquis Ludovico Rangoni told me it was true the Cardinal Cibo had made that memorial you speak of, but that it was not true there was any such person in Spain; this you must not depend upon, for there is the greatest secrecy & silence here upon all politics that relate to their own court, that ever I met with. This old Rangoni is the only one that I have been able to make own there was such a writing. I have had the most politics with the Duke[2] himself, tho' he is very reserved; partly out of grandeur, and partly not to discover how bounded his knowledge is. I had a long discourse with him t'other night about the

Letter 40*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] This is no doubt a reference to the quarrel between Walpole and Gray, who parted company at Reggio, Gray proceeding to Venice, whence he returned home alone.

[2] Francis III of Este, Duke of Modena (1737–1780).

Pretender, who is his second cousin; we were both at a loss how to call him, but compounded all by saying, 'Quello à Roma.' He was not displeased with my thinking him really King James's son.—Our conversation gave rise to another between the Dutchess[3] and one of her ladies, who had been Maid of Honour to James's Queen. The Dutchess would not believe the genuineness of the *Quello*; and asked her how she could be sure the Queen did not counterfeit a labour. The lady replied, 'She was incapable of such dealing.'—'Why?'—'Because she was a Princess of Este'[4]—voilà qui est fini.

The whole Ducal family are most notoriously civil to me—at the Rivalta[5] they placed me at supper between the eldest sister[6] and eldest daughter[7], who helped me, and took such care of me, that I should not much have liked my situation, if they had not given me such draughts of champagne, that I really grew to be not at all ceremonious with my two Princesses. Last night was another fine entertainment there; I in humility and Gospel obedience placed myself at the lower end; after supper the Dutchess told me, they had sought me to sit by her, but was told I was gone; and Madame Benedette[8] sent me such a glass of Barbadoes, that I was choked.—Among all these honours, I don't forget my own Princess[9]—not even among Princesses indeed, for I suppose my good Lady P.[10] will allow these to be such at least.

Here is the fine Brignoli, for whom His Serenity feels a feel; he asked me t'other night if I ever saw a handsomer

[3] Charlotte Aglaé of Orleans, Duchess of Modena (d. 1761).

[4] Maria Beatrice Eleonora, eldest daughter of Alphonso III of Este, Duke of Modena (1658–1662).

[5] A villa of the Duke's.

[6] Benedetta Ernestina, born 1697.

[7] Matelda, Princess of Modena, born 1729.

[8] See note 6.

[9] Elisabetta Capponi Grifoni, a Florentine beauty, whose picture, painted by Ferd. Richter in this year, afterwards hung at Strawberry Hill in 'Mr. Walpole's Bedchamber'.

[10] Lady Pomfret.

woman; I replied, I left one at Florence, as I could show him by her picture[11]—was not this sacrificing my good breeding to my sentiments?

I have seen the Montecuculi and the Forni, as you may tell Madame Suares. The former is little, has a red face, and does not make the figure you would expect from his name, for his person is insignificant; the other, whom I have but just seen, is handsomer. Of the latter I yet know nothing; the Montecuculi has a very good character, and is very rich.

I received the melon seeds several hours after Mr. Hervey[12] was gone; what shall I do with 'em?—I don't know how, but to carry them with me.

I sent you a trifling fairing t'other day of six chocolate cups, with a muff and tippet for Pandolfini; I hope you received them.

Here has been high contests between the Giuditta and the Rosa Paganini for the heart of the Marquis Giov. Rangoni—if it is not better than his head, 'tis not worth scratching for. The former is the declared cicisbea, but the Rosina is evidently the favourite.

I believe I did not mention how shocking, brutal, and villainous I think Richc——[13] speech to my Lady ——.[14] If she can command one man in the world out of her many, she should have him caned. The Tesi says (but the Tesi will say) that he made strong love to her, and that my Lady told her she was jealous of her; indeed he is capable of such proceeding, and so is my Lady, and so is the Tesi, and so it may be true or not.

Lord! I forgot to tell you—poor Bettina tumbled out of the balcony into the street this morning, and died in

[11] See note 9.

[12] Probably Hon. George William Hervey, subsequently second Earl of Bristol (see note 4 on letter to West of Sept. 28, 1739).

[13] Count Richecourt.

[14] So in MS.

three minutes—was it not shocking—and is [it] not cruel to have all ones creatures come to such untimely ends?

Thank Madame Antenori violently for her kind expressions to me, and Madame and Mad. and Mad. &c. and Mr. and Mr. —fill up all these, and draw upon me for more as you find occasion.

There are not the quantity of strangers I expected; few Ladies and not many men. Some Piemontese officers that make a show with tawdry coats and deep play. The Dutchess does but piddle. I a little at biribis, for I neither mask nor dance. Madame Pucci does better than Lady Sophy[15]—she is the only woman here that is not frightful, and for the men, but one degree above Giovanardi; excepting Rangoni, who offered to be her cicisbeo. She foolishly asked Giovanardi's advice, who counselled her, no: she as foolishly took his counsel.

The Dutchess asked me t'other night after Monsr. de Sade, and whether he was not in debt at Florence? 'Gnora sì'[16].

They affirm to me that we have beat extremely four French vessels and killed the three chief officers; that it was in the night by mistake for Spanish vessels, and that it is not to have any consequence. This the Duke confirmed to me. I hear too D'Antin[17] is dead, and all the French fleet returned to Brest and Toulon. I offered the Duke the King's speech, for which I thank you extremely, but he had received it that morning. Sure our Monarch must cackle, with the Parliaments insuring his Hanover.

I have been told by a Florentine in the service here, that Massa[18] will yield them nothing for some years; there are

[15] Lady Sophia Fermor, who was at Florence with her mother, Lady Pomfret (see note 1 on letter to Conway of March 6, 1740).

[16] 'Yes, Madam.'

[17] Antoine François de Pardaillan, Marquis d'Antin, Vice-Admiral of France; died April 24, 1741.

[18] The Duke's eldest son, Ercole Rinaldo, Hereditary Prince of Modena, was engaged to Maria Teresa da Cibo, daughter and heiress

great debts, great pensions to the old Dutchess and to the Cardinal, and fortunes to be given to the two younger daughters.

Adieu, my dear Child, write me word you are quite well, and believe me most sincerely and affectionately,

Yours ever

H. W.

I send you another letter open to the Grifona[19], as you seemed to have a mind to have seen the other; I am horribly straitened in my Italian. Seal, give it her, and tell her what I said to the Duke about her.

40**. To Horace Mann.

[Venice, June[1], 1741.]

* * * * * *[2]

concern I was in about you, yet he does not tell me a word of how he found you. You say, you are going to the Opera; is it that you are cured and only want to recover your strength; or is it that they wait till you are stronger? If you love me, write to me sincerely; I will not stir from hence, till I know particularly how you are.

* * * * * *

* * * * * *[3]

Mr. Chute[4] says, with great pains 'tis possible he may arrive at knowing what he ought to like, but not at liking it. The Chutes are in the house with me, so I never want company; that is his, for Whitehead[5] is as silent as ever. They will be with you in

of the Duke of Massa-Carrara; the marriage took place on Sept. 29 following.

[19] See note 9.

Letter 40**.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] After June 17 (see note 9 below).

[2] Beginning cut off.

[3] Piece cut out.

[4], [5] John Chute and Francis Whithed (see note 12 on letter to Mann of Sept. 1741, No. 41).

a fortnight or three weeks. Oh! that I were to go with them! My dear Sir, how can you talk to me of that charming terreno![6] how happy I should be there, and how different will be my

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* * * * * *[7]

The Princess Eleanora[8] returned here the last week with a kennel of dogs; she wanted the only room we have on the Canal for her chambermaids, which we did not care to part with. Mr. Chute diverted us excessively, with asking, if the Princess wanted so many rooms, why she did not stay in her own Palace? However she would not stay; not to prejudice the man of the house, we sent to offer her the room, she thanked us, said she had engaged the boat for Padua, so could not stay, but would return on Friday; she packed up her dogs and went away at midnight. You see how mad she continues!

The Doge[9] was buried last Monday; the procession was as any holy procession; the catafalque was infinitely superior to Jadis's, as you may imagine. We have been in confusion about the new election: no one would stand for it, no one would accept it. The Barnabotti or poor nobles who live at St. Barnabas have been distracted; they used to sell their votes, and here was no chapman. The Procurator Grimani, formerly Ambassador to England, has been prevailed on to accept the dignity, with the addition of three thousand ducats a year, and the privilege of giving the long sleeve to his nephew or grandson, which formerly was confined to the Doge's son or brother. He will be chose on Saturday; there will be three feasts for him, and three for a new Procurator. He is rich and powerful, for which

[6] See letter to Conway of July 9, 1740.

[7] Piece cut out.

[8] See note 7 on letter to Mann of Sept. 25, 1742.

[9] Luigi Pisani, Doge of Venice, 1735-1741; he died on June 17.

reasons they wanted him Doge; he has five brothers and two nephews in the Senate, who all lose their votes on his election.

We hear the peace is made between the Prussian and Queen of Hungary by our Monarch's mediation; I say, in the cant of Admiral Vernon: *It is the King's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.* On this occasion, I design to propose a match between Patapan[10] and the second Arch-dutchess; as she has been laid out for all the marriageable Princes, I think it would be an affront to his dignity to leave him out of the number. If this negotiation does not succeed, he shall go to England, where I will get him naturalised and created a peer by the title of Viscount Callington[11], for I will have him take place of Bromley.

Your fanali will be finished by Saturday, when I will send them by the procaccio[12] and finish this letter—good night.

Saturday, July 1st. 1741.

The Procurator Grimani[13] was chosen yesterday morning Doge without opposition, indeed against his inclination. He is about sixty-four, was Ambassador in England, is rich and had five brothers and two nephews in the Senate, who all lose their posts; but 'twas so universally desired that he should be Doge, that he would not refuse. There were fine fireworks and bonfires last night in the place, with a ball in the Palace and concerts in every room. This morning he was crowned; and to-night and to-morrow the diversions continue. I mask to avoid dancing. The new Procurator will be chosen on Monday, and then three more feasts.

Your fanali go to-night by the procaccio; I hope they are

10 Walpole's dog.

11 Walpole had just (May 14) been elected M.P. for Callington.

12 Postal courier.

13 Pietro Grimani, Doge, 1741–1752.

right. The Princess Eleanora returned last night; she sees nobody, but a Paduan lady that she brought with her, and only goes out upon the Canal in her gondola or in mask.

You cannot imagine what benefit I have received from the air of * * * *[14]

40***. To Horace Mann.

[Venice, 1741.]

* * * * * *

* * * * * *[1]

I have waited to seal my letter in hopes of hearing by the Dutch post the taking of Cartagena; but there are no news of it. 'Tis said assuredly that the Venetian Ambassador at Madrid writes word that the galleons are arrived at Cales: and 'tis added that Admiral Haddock[2] missed 'em but by three hours. 'Tis bad news!

The Queen of Sardinia[3] is dead in childbed; he will take to him a fourth wife, and having got rid of the Great Duke's[4] sister, will certainly join now with France and Spain, to which he has seemed very prone of late. How can he be so weak to forget their treatment of him in the late war?

We have had a poor man beheaded here this morning for stealing a cup out of a church. I was told it just at going to bed, and could not sleep for thinking of the unhappy creature, who was to suffer for so trivial a fault. Had he murdered, or broke open a house, he might have escaped; but to have taken from the Church was death *without benefit*

[14] The rest is wanting.

Letter 40***.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] Beginning lost.

[2] See notes 1, 2 on letter to West of May 7, 1740.

[3] Elisabeth Theresa of Lorraine, third wife (1737) of Charles Emmanuel III, King of Sardinia, 1730–1773.

[4] Francis of Lorraine, Grand Duke of Tuscany, afterwards (1745) Emperor as Francis I.

of the clergy, for they never pardon where they are concerned. And a poor man dies unpitied, with the vulgar and bigoted crying out, 'the sacrilegious wretch!' To me 'tis shocking, that what they have branded with this formidable title *sacrilege*, should be a capital crime. Only think, some dying usurer, or some superannuated old whore gives God a pair of silver candlesticks, and if a famished poor creature takes away one, he is to die for it. God gives us everything to use, and we think we make him a fine present, by laying up some pounds of plate in an old sacristy, never to be used! I remember an old superstitious parson by Cambridge who met his daughter one night going up to bed with a farthing candle in her hand; he asked her where she was going? She replied, 'to bed.'—'Well,' says [he][5], 'and you design to say your prayers first, I'll warrant you!'—'Yes, Sir!'—'Yes, Sir! and are you going to talk with God with only a farthing candle? if any foolish visiter or gossiping Madam was to come to you, you would light up two tallow candles—pray go light up two to say your prayers by.'

Lord Lincoln[6] is this instant come in, and desires his compliments to you: so good night, my dearest Child: I must repeat to you to take care of yourself for the sake of

Yours ever and sincerely,
H. W.

40****. To Horace Mann.

Genoa, July 19, 1741. N.S.

* * * * * *

* * * * * *[1]

so good, that I should have been transported [to have][2] heard it from any other hand—why would you not make

[5] Word omitted in original.

[6] See note 6 on letter to West of Nov. 11, 1739.

Letter 40****.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] Beginning cut off.

[2] Words omitted in original.

Dr. Cocchi[3] write to me? Be more obedient I beseech you in whatever he orders you to do or not to do. Have . . .

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* * * * * *[4]

You will laugh to hear how we shortened the tediousness of the last day; as Lord Lincoln rode, Mr. Spence[5] and I went together in the chaise, and employed ourselves the whole day in counting the number of loaded mules &c. that we met on the road. They amounted to eight hundred and forty seven. I once counted only on the Bouquet[6] four hundred and fifty, but that was earlier in the morning. We were so intent on this diversion that we were literally sorry when ever we came within sight of the posthouse; would you believe that possible?

Lord Lincoln, I told you, rode most of the way, *pour se dissiper*. He is quite melancholy, and one day that we went together, talked to me the whole time of Lady Sophia[7]. He says he is determined not to engage with her again on his return, unless he can settle his affairs so as to marry her. He is resolved to try all ways to have her; 'for,' says he, 'nobody can say she wants anything but fortune': and added, 'till now I never wished for riches.' I pity his determination of marrying much more than his present pain.

Who do you imagine we found here? Lady Mary Wortley[8], of three months' standing, full of abuse on Turin, where, I suppose, she was found out as well as at Florence, Rome, Naples, Venice, &c. &c. &c. She was here three weeks without receiving a visit, when to get company she took it into her head to offer her mediation in this affair

[3] See note 4 on letter to West of Oct. 2, 1740.

[4] Piece cut out.

[5] See note 7 on letter to West of Nov. 11, 1739—he was travelling with Lord Lincoln.

[6] La Bocchetta, a pass in the Ligurian Apennines between Genoa and Novi.

[7] Lady Sophia Fermor; she married (1744) Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville.

[8] Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu (see note 10 on letter to West of July 31, 1740).

of the Genoese and the English captain. Rather, their defence, for she says she will have the captain broke; and accordingly has wrote her pleasure to Lord Hervey[9]. Don't you like her taking Genoa under her protection? I don't know whether is greater, her impudence in pretending an interest, or the stupidity of the Genoese in believing she has it. I have been told that at Florence she tried to persuade Buondelmonti[10] to write an English satire on the English then there, and offered to assist him, proposing at the same time to father it on Lord Pomfret. She was at that time in his house, not to mention what a soul for the supposed author of a satire. She has sent to desire to see us, and we shall go. We are now going to dine with the Consul, who is as unlicked a poor cub as ever I saw.

I can tell you nothing yet about our staying here or going from hence; but you shall hear more next post. I see my second ship is arrived safe; 'tis charming news.

I scarce know how to mention Cartagena; 'tis an ominous word in an Englishman's mouth. After all the mad bonfires, as if we had taken it, I believe the French will light as many for joy we have not. What bad blood it will set in motion in England! You know there, that to tell the people it was an impossible thing, will be no argument with them.

Good bye, my dear Child, I could repeat ten thousand times how happy I am to know you safe. I forgot to say I am astonished my letter should miscarry; I have never once missed writing to you. Direct to me once more hither; I will send you afterwards farther directions. Adieu!

Yours ever
H. W.

[9] At this time Lord Privy Seal.
[10] See note 5 on letter to West of Oct. 2, 1740.

Lord L. begs you will send to Louis[11] and order three pair of gold scissors, and send them to Charles Selwyn the banker at Paris. You will pay for them and put it to my account.

40*****. To Horace Mann.

[Paris, August, 1741.][1]

[Fragments cut out of a letter.]

* * * * * *

Here's an epigram on a statue of the King to be set up at Bourdeaux—

Que le Bourdelois s'evertue,
Son destin est au notre egal,
D'avoir Louis Quinze en statue,
C'est de l'avoir en original.

The lady[2] I mentioned in my last to be brought to bed of a Fitz—— is dead—they say poisoned by her sister[3]. A gentleman said, it was not that she was jealous of her for being more handsome, but for being more ugly.

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* * * * * *

after so violent an illness! Jesus! could they let you! My good Mr. Chute [should really take][4] more care of you for my sake; let him assist . . . . .[5]; you may trust him securely. Divert you I am [sure he will; he][6] has more

[11] Louis Siriez, a jeweller at Florence (see note 5 on letter to Mann of April 22, 1755).

Letter 40*****.—Not in C.; fragments of letter, now first printed from original in Waller Collection. The portions of this letter which have been preserved have been cut out with scissors.

[1] Walpole was in Paris on his way home, after nearly thirty months' absence abroad.

[2] Mad. de Vintimille. *Walpole.*—Pauline Félicité de Mailly-Nesle (1712–1741) married (1739) Jean Baptiste Félix Hubert de Vintimille.

[3] Mad. de Mailly. *Walpole.*—Louise Julie de Mailly-Nesle (1710–1751) married (1726) Louis Alexandre, Comte de Mailly.

[4] Piece cut out—the missing words are supplied conjecturally.

[5] Piece cut out—perhaps, Dr. Cocchi.

[6] Piece cut out—the missing words are supplied conjecturally.

wit than anybody[7]; and then he knows all our common acquaintance, all the people in our cipher[8], and can talk over that whole affair with you, for you will want somebody. I shall not mention it to him myself, because I don't know if you approve it, but you may if you will. His two brothers[9] . . . .

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

Grevil[10], and Mr. Vernon[11]. The former lost near fifteen thousand pounds to Janson[12], you know a professed sharper; and the latter, on his pretty person and an opera girl, has spent about four thousand. Then he exposed himself in laying monstrous wagers for the taking of Cartagena; you must understand, that he had great ambition to pass for the nephew, instead of the cousin of Admiral Vernon. Mark the sequel. He had been introduced by Lord Bolinbroke to the Duchesse du Maine. The conversation continually fell on Cartagena. At last he said, 'En verité, Messieurs, je m'ennuye à cela'—a gentleman replied, 'Monsieur, si cela vous ennuye, vous n'avez qu'à lever le siège, comme a fait Monsr votre oncle.'—

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Mr. Dashwood has had a letter from Sturges[13], who says

7 See letter to Mann of Oct. 2, 1746, and note 2 on that letter.

8 Walpole in his correspondence with Mann referred to certain people by means of numbers; an instance ('58 is in Swisserland') occurs below.

9 His elder brothers Francis (d. 1745) and Antony Chute (d. 1754).

10 Presumably Fulke Greville (see note 4 on letter to Mann of May 17, 1749).

11 Perhaps Henry Vernon, of Hilton Park, Staffs. (see note 14 on letter to West of April 21, 1739).

12 Henry Janssen (see note 14 on letter to Mann of Aug. 28, 1742).

13 Mr. Sturges, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, who after having had the greatest obligations to Lord Walpole, went abroad with his wife under pretence of her health, was for some time in personal intimacy with her, but at length turned off for others, only enjoyed a miserable pension from her. *Walpole* (note in a MS. *Common Place Book of Verses, Stories, Characters, Letters,* &c. in possession of Earl Waldegrave).—The individual in question was no doubt Thomas Sturges, Fellow of King's, B.A. 1719, M.A. 1723.

my Lady[14] is at Venice; I imagined, on the road to Vienna, but the Primate who . . . . . me a visit, says that 58[15] is in Swisserland; he thinks

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quarrel. He was extremement lié with Knight's[16] wife, but the Duke of Orleans[17] cut that affair very short, by declaring he must quit his livery, ou cette Angloise. The Duke of Orleans' son, the Duke de Chartres[18] is soon to be married to the second Madame. The King has given Trianon to the Queen; it will cost the poor woman twenty thousand pounds to put it in repair. That was the scheme, but 'tis cruel; she has so little!

Write to me soon, & direct for me at Sir Robert's in Downing Street; I set out the twenty-seventh of this month[19].

50*. To Dr. Conyers Middleton.

Sir, London, Nov. 22d, 1741.

I was extremely pleased with receiving from your printer the new edition of your Letter from Rome[1]; I had already bought it, but this gives me an opportunity of repeating to you how much I admire everything of yours. I can only speak in general, for after the encomiums which you must have received on your Tully, it is not for me to pretend to praise you without or his pen or yours.

[14] Lady Walpole (see previous note, and note 9 on letter to West of July 31, 1740).

[15] See note 8 above.

[16] Probably Robert Knight, a banker in Paris (see note 9 on letter to Mann of June 17, 1742).

[17] Louis, Duc d'Orléans (d. 1752).

[18] Louis Philippe d'Orléans, Duc de Chartres; he married (Dec. 1743) Louise Henriette de Bourbon-Conti.

[19] Walpole records in *Short Notes of My Life* that he landed at Dover on Sept. 12, 1741. O.S.

Letter 50*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] A fourth edition of Middleton's *Letter from Rome* (first published in 1729) was issued this year.

The strongest mark of praise that I can give you, and perhaps not the meanest, is to assure you that my esteem for your works makes me impatient to renew a friendship which I had contracted for your person. They are such strong pictures of the sensible honest mind, that I shall always look on them rather as your qualities than your productions.

The most natural proof of admiration, is imitation: to show you how proud I am of adopting your sentiments I enclose a poem wrote from Florence[2]. The same ridicule, the same offences, struck me that provoked you. The subject was not new, and I have made it less so by borrowing several thoughts from your Letter: I knew a copy of you was more likely to succeed than any my own original. For any faults that there are, and consequently my own, I hope you will excuse them: I expect they will pass pardoned by others for the merit of what good I have taken from Dr. Middleton.

I have one favour to beg; that you will not let copies slip about the University. You are sensible, dear Sir, that any zeal against popery is not so meritorious with our clergy, as any liberty taken with priests of whatsoever profession, is heinous.

Be so good as to let me know if you have any thoughts of coming to London; there is no one will be more glad to see you and Mrs. Middleton (to whom I beg my compliments) than, Sir,

Your sincere humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

2 This was Walpole's *Epistle from Florence to Thomas Ashton, Esq., Tutor to the Earl of Plimouth*, written in 1740. It was first printed in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems by Several Hands* in 1748, and was subsequently included by Walpole among his *Fugitive Pieces* printed at Strawberry Hill in 1758 (see *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. i. pp. 4-16).

60. To Horace Mann.

London, Jan. 7, 174½. O.S.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 78.]

88. To Horace Mann.

Downing Street, July 14, 1742.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. pp. 78-80.]

89. To Horace Mann.

[Undated.]

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 80.]

95. To Horace Mann.

Houghton, Sept. 25th, 1742.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 81.]

100*. To Dr. Conyers Middleton.

Sir, Arlington Street, Nov. 23d, 1742.

I am extremely sensible of your kind way of remembering me. The present[1] I received from your bookseller persuades me that you are convinced of my great regard for you. Besides the general share of satisfaction I have in everything you undertake for the public, I may thank you more particularly as a friend and professed admirer of your writings. You have already let the world know how Cicero acted—indeed his fame they might have learned from meaner

Letter 100*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] This, as appears from the references in the letter, was Middleton's 'The Epistles of M. T. Cicero to M. Brutus and of Brutus to Cicero,' with a prefatory dissertation in defence of the authenticity of the epistles, in reply to James Tunstall, who had attacked the use of the epistles in Middleton's 'Life of Cicero.'

pens—but you now begin to show how he spoke, and I don't know any pen but yours that could convey that knowledge to those who do not understand Cicero's own language.

You have been very kind to Mr. Tunstall[2] in leading him step by step thro' a confutation of his errors—your first argument would have been sufficient for all other readers, when you prove that no one but Cicero and Brutus could have wrote those letters—tho' I believe Mr. Tunstall when he began his Latin epistle to you had a mind to show how easy it was to imitate Tully's style—I would rather say counterfeit it—yours is imitating it.

I beg my compliments to Mrs. Middleton; it would oblige me vastly to let me know when you are likely to be in London.

I am, Sir,
Your most obliged
and obedient humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

104. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 6, 1743.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 82.]

113*. TO DR. CONYERS MIDDLETON.

SIR, Arlington Street, April 9, 1743.

You will easily forgive my deferring writing to you so long, when you know what has prevented me. We were obliged last spring to leave the house[1], where I had just begun to settle myself and get my things in some sort of

[2] James Tunstall (1708-1762), D.D., of St. John's College, Cambridge, at this time Public Orator.

LETTER 113*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] Sir Robert Walpole's official residence in Downing Street, which he vacated in consequence of his resignation in February of the previous year.

order: all this winter while the Parliament sat, I had not time to unpack them. I was the more impatient to do it, that I might see if there was anything worth communicating to you. For you will imagine from what I have already read of yours, that I should be extremely happy, if I could by any method promote your writing more.

On opening my boxes, I find what I suspected, that there is little new, or curious enough, to deserve your notice, my chief purchases having lain in medals and pictures. I must mention to you, tho' I don't know whether that sort of antiquity comes under your description, a bust of Vespasian of the finest black marble. I bought it at Cardinal Ottoboni's sale, and it was allowed in Rome inferior to nothing but the Caracalla. I have half a dozen smaller busts; one very rare of Antonia, the mother of Claudius; an Antinous, and a Julia Titi.

I will mention some few antiquities, which if they can be of any use in your work, I will send you a farther description of; or rather should wish you would see them yourself. I am far from thinking anything in my little collection worth your taking a journey to town for, but there are so many things in London in your way which I could procure you the sight of, that I flatter myself you may be tempted hither. Your friend Lord Hervey has a numerous collection of bronzes; and Lord Duncannon and Mr. Frederic and the Duke of Richmond have several very curious ones.

For my own; I have a small Diana of Ephesus; an Etruscan patera; an Apis; a Harpye; an Etruscan Mars; several vows and lamps; an Egyptian hand with hieroglyphics; a Fortune; a talisman; a small sistrum, which is very uncommon,—I believe there are not four great or small known; a Ceres with silver eyes and a cow in her lap; some weights; some Etruscan urns; a Roman one of a beautiful shape, but of the latter Empire I imagine,

for the name in the inscription is *Paliovi Ritio,* which does not sound very Roman. It was dug up while I was at Rome.

In medals, I have a few of great value; one unique, a medagliuncino of Alexander Severus with the Amphitheatre; and another, if it is what it is thought, invaluable —an Antony, with the head of Octavia the reverse. There is no head of her known, in bust or medal. This is certainly not a Cleopatra, the dress and features being quite unlike all of her, tho' the inscription is the same, as in some with her head, where her name is not mentioned; that is, his third consulship.

If you can make any use of any of these, I shall be extremely glad: I have been very unlucky in my most earnest desires to serve you; but should have a little satisfaction to make any remains useful to you of a city, of which your writings have established you a citizen, and which would have known [how] to prize such a citizen better than that from which you have deserved so much and received so little!

I am, dear Sir,
Your sincere
humble servant
HOR. WALPOLE.[2]

[2] Middleton's reply to this letter is preserved in the Waller Collection:—

Sr

I perceive from the obliging letter, with which you lately favoured me, yt I was not mistaken in my notion of your manner of spending your time as well as money in Italy; and congratulate you on the importation of those curious pieces both of ancient and modern art, wch may help to improve the tast and learning also of your countrymen. I give you many thanks for your generous offer, of the use of such of them, as may serve to enrich my intended work, but as you have many curiosities, I see, of singular rarity, and your collection, if you should ever be disposed to publish it, would make a reputable volume of itself, so it would be a pity to injure any design of that sort, by a prior and separate edition of any part. I have now almost finished what I think sufficient to be said on each particular of my little stock, wch when engraved, will, as near as I can compute, fill about twenty copper plates, and my comment upon them will swell out the rest to a reasonable

114. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 14, 1743.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 82.]

size in 4to or small folio. for this reason I find myself disposed at present to meddle with nothing but what is my own, and tho this will make my work less perfect, yet it will lessen also the trouble, as well as expence of it to me and be the best excuse for my attempting such a work, as it is the proper use and natural effect of my making such a collection. as soon as I have published it, if the specimen be approved, and you have any inclination to employ me for the publication of your museum, I shall be always at your command, and proud to serve you in it as far as I am able. as for my own antiquities, they were not collected out of any regard to their beauty or sculpture, but as containing, what the Italians call, some erudition in them, and illustrating some rite or custom of old Rome, alluded to by the ancient writers. but y^{t} I may give you the better notion of my scheme I have taken the liberty to trouble [you] with a short abstract of the principal pieces, on wch I propose to add as many distinct dissertations. 1. An antique picture of six figures, cut away from the wall of an old sepulcher. 2. an original bulla aurea. 3. a little round picture on glass, of a woman with a boy in her arms wearing the bulla. 4. a little brass figure of a woman with a child in swadling cloaths in one hand, and a pig in the other for a sacrifice. 5. two brass figures of the Priapus, with rings to hang about children's necks. 6. a Calcedonian ring, with magical characters upon it, worn by way of amulet or charm. 7. a glass urn intire, of handsome shape, and painted with several figures relating to the rites of funerals. 8. Lacrymatory vessels, and other vessels of glass. 9. Sepulchral lamps, with figures upon them. 10. Two brass pateræ with figures. 11. a little brass figure of a man, in mimic habit, masked, and playing upon a bagpipe. 12. a brass figure of an Ægyptian ibis, above a foot high upon a pedestal or altar, wch had been gilt. 13. a brass figure of a cup bearer or waiter at table in his proper dress. 14. the first brass coins of the earliest ages of Rome; viz. the As, and its several parts, of wch I have a fair series sufficient to fill two copper plates. 15. a figure of Æsculapius with Telesphorus in marble, about a foot and half high. 16. a brass figure of Antinous, upon an antique base of very curious sculpture, near a foot and half high. 17. little brass figures of Bacchus, Mercury, Bacchante, with silver eyes, an Etruscan or Ægyptian figure, the bust of a testa incognita, or rather Germanicus. 18. an altar of incense to the Lares or domestic gods, being a brazen stem, like that of a lilly, rising near two feet high, out of a triangular base of very neat sculpture. 19. a pound weight in brass, of a globular form, with some little weights of the same form. I have several other curiosities to intersperse, but too minute to describe, and shall add one plate of such intaglios and cameos, as I take to be worth the engraving. You will observe from this detail that some of your smaller antiquities may fall in properly enough with my scheme, viz. *vows*, *lamps*, *talisman*, *weights*, and if you have no intention of publishing them yourself, or think any of them of no great ornament to your cabinet, I should be glad to make an exchange for them with some things of mine, that might be as agreeable to your tast; but if you are inclined rather to strengthen your own collection, and, as I hinted above, to publish it, I shall be very willing to give up all my stock to

114*. To Dr. Conyers Middleton.

Sir, Arlington Street, April 21, 1743.

I don't know how to thank you for the great offer which you make me [1] without being aware of it. But as desirous as I always am to promote your writing, I am too jealous of your fame, to let you throw away any of your time in writing for me. When I offered you any of my collection, it was merely with a view of their being of use to you—but can you believe I would let the world think I had the vanity to employ Dr. Middleton in describing—whose museum? mine! I stop here for my own sake, for the prosecution of this thought might be somewhat mortifying to me.

For your other offer of letting me have your antiquities,

you for a reasonable consideration, and to publish all together under the title of your museum, wch has often been done by the noble and curious abroad, but never yet by any one in England.—We have just received a *mummy*, a present to our University from Captain Townshend, who imported it from Constantinople; it draws a large concourse about it at present, and if its emblematic figures and hieroglyphics should inspire us with a resolution to understand and unriddle them, and make us learned, like Moses, in all the wisdom of the Ægyptians, it would be of excellent use to us. the present however is very agreeable and very proper to the place. I shall ever think myself obliged to you for the endeavours wch you have used to serve me; and have had many effectual proofs of the sincerity of your good wishes towards me, but have always found reason to believe, yt those who had power, never had any inclination to do me any real service. Whenever I come to town, it will be one of my chief pleasures to pay my respects to you, but I am somewhat more confined to this place at present than ever, having been persuaded by the pressing desire of an old acquaintance, my Ld. Radnor, to take a pupil into my house for some time, a very good natured youth, who is his Lordship's nephew, and probably the heir of his title* and fortunes. but I ask pardon for troubling you so long upon my particular affairs, and beg leave to subscribe myself with the greatest respect

Sr

your most obliged
and faithful servt
Conyers Middleton

Camb. Apr. 15. 1743.

Letter 114*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] See Middleton's letter of April 15 (to which this is the reply) quoted in note 2 on letter to him of April 9 (No. 113*).

* The title became extinct on the death of John Robartes, fourth Earl of Radnor, Middleton's friend, in 1757.

as great an obligation as it is, I am hardy enough to accept it, I mean when you have published them: I am not virtuoso enough to buy Charles the Fifth's helmet, or Queen Elizabeth's one spur, but I should have a satisfaction in showing any one—this piece of painting was brought from Rome by Dr. Middleton; this is the urn that he describes in such a page.—I dare to say we shall not differ about the purchase [2].

I believe the generality of your people are mightily pleased with their mummy [3]—for my part I think it a most unnecessary present for a University—why is an old mouldy unintelligible bit of learning dug out of an Egyptian, or Turkish tomb, of more value, than one seared up in a college-cell? When I was at Cambridge, I could have directed a pick-axe to great treasures in Trinity-Lodge, St. Johns or Christ-Church. Bentley [4] only wanted to be embroidered with a few sphinxes and ibises, to be inestimable.

I beg to know any further steps you take in your work—if you publish it by subscription, I beg I may make up for the opportunity I lost of serving you, by being out of England, at the publication of your Cicero.

I am, dear Sir,
your most sincere
humble servant
HOR. WALPOLE.

[2] Walpole purchased Dr. Middleton's collection in 1744 (see letter to Mann of June 18, 1744). In the *Description of Strawberry Hill* the objects which came from this collection are marked M. Middleton's account of his antiquities (*Germana quædam Antiquitatis eruditæ Monumenta*) was published in 1745.

[3] The mummy presented to the University by Captain Townshend (see Middleton's letter referred to in note 1).

[4] The famous Master of Trinity, father of Walpole's friend, Richard Bentley.

125*. To Dr. Conyers Middleton.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, July 28, 1743.

I was obliged to come to town on some particular business of my Father's[1], which prevented my receiving and answering your letter immediately.

I enclose a print of a new work coming out by Mr. Spence, of which you must have heard, on the correspondence between the ancient sculptors and poets[2]. He is out of town, or I would have let you know the particulars of who made his drawings, tho' I am almost sure they were done in France and Italy. As to the engraving, I think you will be pleased with it for your own book. My business makes it uncertain how long I must stay here, I believe not above another week, and will prevent a visit which I assure you I talked of as I came up, before I received your most obliging invitation. If I leave Houghton before my Father, I will certainly wait on you at Cambridge. I wish you would think it worth your while to pass over to us for a few days, nay for one or two, if more would be inconvenient. Lord Orford I know from his great esteem for you would take it as a great favour, and I need not say how happy it would make me. I shall infallibly be at Houghton from the end of August to the middle of October. The moment I get there I shall enquire for and beg to see Mr. Robertson.

Give me leave to offer you here again more particularly my service for promoting you a subscription. It is a debt I absolutely owe you—and if I may judge, your other book,

Letter 125*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] This was to receive the picture by Domenichino which had been purchased in Italy for Lord Orford by Mann, and which had just arrived in the *Pembroke* (see letters to Mann of July 11 and 19).

[2] Spence's *Polymetis: or an Enquiry concerning the Agreement between the Works of the Roman Poets and the Remains of the Antient Artists*; it was not published until 1747.

instead of being hindrance to this, should make a subscription much more easy. For myself, I can say, every friend I have in the world shall be in your list.

I beg my compliments to Mrs. Middleton, and am,

Dear Sir,

Your most sincere

humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

127. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Aug. 14, 1743.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 82.]

134*. TO DR. CONYERS MIDDLETON.

SIR, Arlington Street, Nov. 19, 1743.

I have examined your drawings several times, and approve extremely your design in publishing them, as they all will illustrate some rite or some custom, except the Antinous, and the two unknown figures in p. 14, which yet as they are in your collection, I do not see why [you] should not join with the rest.

For the obscenities, as by the index I suppose you design your work to be in Latin[1], I am entirely for your not suppressing the description, tho' I would not engrave the figures. Many of your enemies would take offence at them perhaps if your book were in English; but as the Latin is only the province of the learned, I believe the gravest of your antagonists would take it ill to have anything kept in the dark from them of that sort.

I have one or two fibulas, which I think would be properly

LETTER 134*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The work was published in Latin in 1745 under the title *Germana quædam Antiquitatis eruditæ Monumenta.*

adjoined to your bulla; and some sacrificing instruments, which you have not; besides a very perfect patera like yours in p. 15. I have several vows and lamps, particularly a spintria of the latter sort; and an original spintria medal: the latter is historic; the former very particular to be upon a sepulchral urn, I don't mean uncommon, but very observable: you know there is a famous sarcophagus at Bolsena in the same stile: Mr. Addison mentions it to show how lightly the ancients thought of death[2]; but as he was a much better Christian than antiquarian, I should be glad to see the subject treated by you.

I have seven weights of different impressions from yours, but of the same parts; indeed I had forgot, for I think you have all the parts, so I need not mention that.

As you design your antiquities shall come to London to be engraved, am I to hope to see yourself with them? I do not send your book till I know whether you would have it back, or whether stay here for the originals. Any of mine you may command.

If you design your work in Latin, I am entirely against its being published by subscription, as the language excluding the women, would reduce the number too much to make it worth your while.

I must say the end of your letter gave me the most pleasure, even from the distant hint of your continuing writing after the completing this.—My living at such a distance from you makes your works the sole pleasure I receive from your acquaintance, except your letters, which

2 Walpole's memory was at fault here; what Addison wrote (in his *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy*, in the chapter on 'Towns within the neighbourhood of Rome') was: 'I saw in the church-yard of Bolsena an antique funeral monument (of that kind which they called a sarcophagus) very entire, and what is particular, engraven on all sides with a curious representation of a bacchanal. Had the inhabitants observed a couple of lewd figures at one end of it, they would not have thought it a proper ornament for the place where it now stands.'

I would except for no consideration but seeing you. I am ranging my medals, which I have never had time to do since I came to England—I should be glad to show you them—in short, I would catch at any opportunity of tempting you to London. If I cannot be so happy, let me know how I shall return your book; I am very careful of it, and the more, as it was in some danger in coming.

Adieu! dear Sir,
I am
most truly
Your obliged humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

137. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 26, 1743.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 82.]

147. TO HORACE MANN.

April 2, 1744.

[Correction in note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 82.]

156. TO HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 22, 1744.

[Corrections in note, and in text—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 82.]

158*. TO DR. CONYERS MIDDLETON.

DEAR SIR, London, Aug. 18, 1744.

I have deferred writing to you, till I could have the pleasure I am now going to give myself. I set out for Houghton on Monday, and must put you in mind of the promise you made me of passing two or three days there.

LETTER 158*. Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

I shall stay till the beginning of October, and any time between this and that shall be most happy to see you there.

I have received almost all the antiques from Mr. Manby, and have seen most of the plates, but as I hope to see you, I will not talk to you of them now. I beg my compliments to Mrs. Middleton, and am [1]

162. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 19, 1744.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 82.]

163*. To Dr. Conyers Middleton.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, Nov. 22, 1744.

I must thank you for the present that Mr. Manby brought me yesterday from you; you know how to oblige me, and at the same time to silence my thanks, for the particular honour you have done me in your book [1], prevents my telling you that I admire every part of it.

I am mightily content with the beauty of the book, and with the engraver. I shall endeavour to make your collection as lasting as I am able, I was going to say, as you have made them, by always keeping them together; I don't

[1] Signature cut off.

Letter 163*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] In the Preface to his *Germana quædam Antiquitatis eruditæ Monumenta* Middleton wrote: 'Ex his autem agri Romani divitiis, neminem profecto de peregrinatoribus nostris, thesaurum inde deportasse credo, et rerum delectu et pretio magis æstimabilem, ac quem amicus meus nobilis Horatius Walpole in Angliam nuper advexit; Juvenis non tam generis nobilitate, ac paterni nominis gloria, quam ingenio, doctrina, et virtute propria illustris. Ille vero haud citius fere in patriam reversus est, quam de studiis meis, ut consuerat, familiariter per literas quærens, mihi ultro de copia sua, quicquid ad argumenti mei rationem, aut libelli ornamentum pertineret, pro arbitrio meo utendum obtulit. Quam quidem ejus liberalitatem libenter admodum amplexus essem, ni operis hujus, jam prope absoluti, fastidio quodam correptus, atque ad alia festinans, intra terminos ei ab initio destinatos illud continere statuissem: attamen præclaram istam Musei Walpoliani supellectilem ab interprete aliquo peritiore propediem explicandam, edendamque esse confido' (pp. viii–ix).

think I can make our family seat so great a present as by bequeathing it Dr. Middleton's museum. I please myself with thinking that many years hence some master of Houghton will be proud of showing your antiquities along with your book, and saying, 'a great-uncle of mine was so happy as to be a friend of Dr. Middleton's, who used now and then (I wish he could say oftener) to make him a visit here.'

Adieu! dear Sir, I am in manuscript what you have been so good as to tell the world in print,

Your sincere friend,
and humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. I beg my compliments to Mrs. Middleton.

190. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

August 1, 1745.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 82.]

195. To HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Sept. 20, 1745.

[Collated with copy of letter as originally sent—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 84.]

197. To HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Oct. 4, 1745.

[Collated with copy of letter as originally sent—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 84.]

203. To HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 29, 1745.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 85.]

223. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, June 24, 1746.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 85.]

226. To Henry Fox.

Mistley, July 19, 1746.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 85.]

236. To Horace Mann.

Windsor, Sept. 15, 1746.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 87.]

238*. To Henry Fox.

Dear Sir, Windsor, Oct. 9, 1746.

You will think me very far gone, when even curiosity about this new battle[1] can't fetch me to town, but it is charity that keeps me here; poor Mr. Montagu[2] has lost his only remaining brother, and I cannot bring myself to leave him and his sisters in the extremest distress I ever saw. Tho' I know writing to you is securing an answer, yet I know too how unreasonable it is to trouble you, but if you could find a moment to tell me the material particulars, I should be infinitely obliged to you, and more if you would send your friend the Duke[3] to repair this misfortune, unless one of the Grenvilles should insist on the command.

I am dear Sir

Your obedient servant,

Hor. Walpole.[4]

Letter 238*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters to Henry Fox, Lord Holland*, edited by Earl of Ilchester, p. 18.

[1] At Roucoux, near Liège (see note 1 on letter to Mann of Oct. 14).

[2] George Montagu, at this time a neighbour of Walpole's at Windsor (see letter to Conway of Oct. 3).

[3] The Duke of Cumberland.

[4] Fox's answer to this letter is preserved in the Waller Collection:—

243. To Horace Mann.

Windsor, Nov. 12, 1746.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 87.]

246*. To Dr. Conyers Middleton.

Sir, Arlington Street, Feb. 21, 1747.

You must give me leave to thank you for the present of your new Treatise on the Roman Senate[1], which I received this week from Manby. You are one of those

Dear Sir,

I send you Mr. Stone's* letter to me and will add all the particulars I know.

There were two English battalions and six Hessian and Hanoverian, in all sixteen, attack'd, as Legonier writes, by no less than fifty-five battalions, which they repuls'd more than once. One of these Hanover regiments lost evry officer; the two English were Graham's and Douglas's, in the first of which your friend's gallant brother lost his life, and is exceedingly lamented, Major Sowle was wounded and taken, and Captains Debrizé and Sir Harry Nisbett, and several subalterns not nam'd were kill'd. Of Douglas's Major Kendal had his leg shott and cut off in the field. Houghton's brigade came up and was of great use in the retreat but did not lose a man. The Dutch fought extremely well, and suffer'd much, being attack'd on three sides. A great deal is laid to the treachery of the Bishop of Liege who admitted the French thro' Liege in the night, and to the generalship of the Marshal Saxe, who kept the main of our army *en respect* whilst with advantages besides the vast superiority of numbers, he attack'd our left. What the Gazette Extraordinary (which I send you) will call it, I don't know. The other newspapers make a victory of it on our side, however for fear of such another we are got beyond Maestricht, and on the other side of the river. No express from Lestock —we have done great damage at Port L'Orient as letters from Paris thro' Holland say, tho' they got time to carry very valuable effects to Port Louis, which we were beseiging. If we take that place, I believe the damage will indeed be prodigious and absolute ruin to their E. Ind. trade. But I am a coward—for so ev'ry body is who is afraid of France.

I am, dear Sir, your
most obedt and most
humble Servt
H. Fox.

Octr. 9, 1746

Have you sent any verses to D. Edgecumbe about Nanny Day. If you have pray inclose a copy of them to me, as well as of Mr. Grey's.†

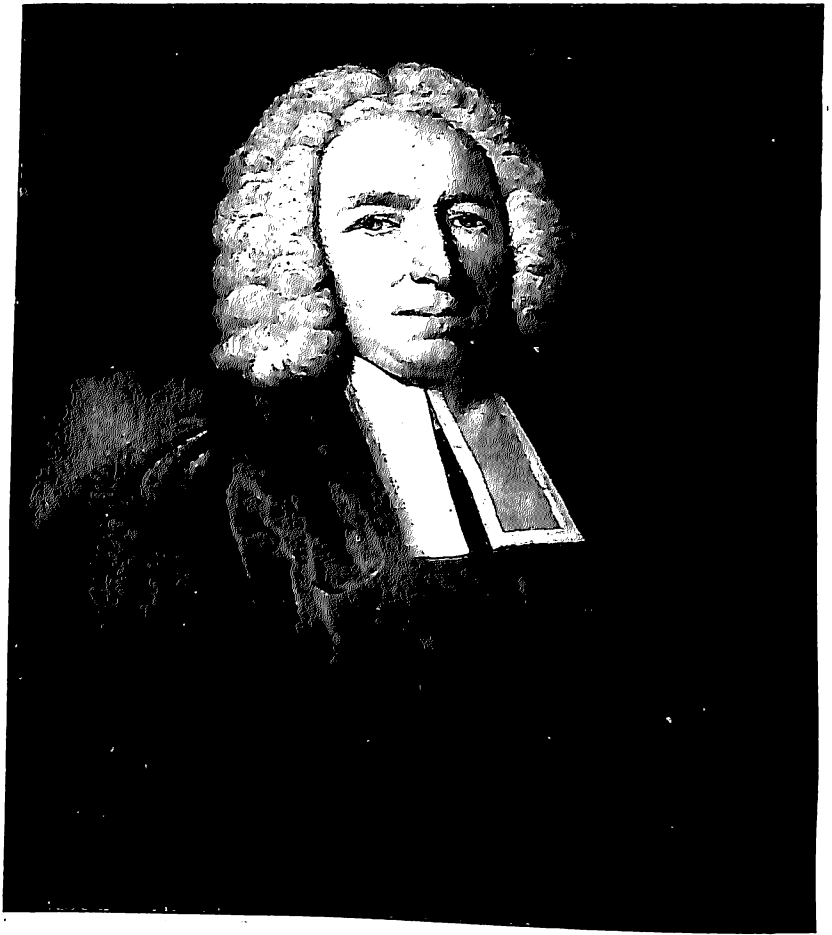
Caroline was brought to bed of a boy yesterday morning, and is very well.

Letter 246*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] *A Treatise on the Roman Senate*, published this year.

* Andrew Stone, Secretary to the Duke of Newcastle.

† Gray's *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, which was printed by Dodsley in the following year.



Emery Walker Ph.sc

Conyers Middleton, D.D.
from a painting by J. G. Eckhardt in the National Portrait Gallery.

great friends to mankind, who are such enemies to many particulars; you let other people know as much as yourself, and write to inform, not to notify what you understand. Other antiquarians are as mysterious as chymical writers, who give hints at the discoveries they have made, but take due care that nobody shall be as wise as themselves. But you are like other truths, conscious that you will be only better liked for being known to the bottom.

I flatter myself, that now you will set about the publication of the miscellaneous tracts, which you told me you thought would make a couple of volumes. I am greedy of everything that ever came from your hand, and catch at the least design you mention of that sort as a promise. You did not disapprove my thought of a print from your portrait by Eckardt[2] to prefix to such a work; I shall be very glad to lend it with such a view.

I am,
Sir,
Your sincere
humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

256. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, July 2, 1747.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 88.]

287. To HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 15, 1748.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 88.]

[2] An engraving of this portrait (now in the National Portrait Gallery) is prefixed to the editions of Middleton's *Miscellaneous Works* published in 1752 and 1755.

288*. To Lady Caroline Fox [1].

Madam, Strawberry Hill, 1748 [2].

I have been attempting to draw a picture of one of your friends [3], and think I have in some degree succeeded; but as I fear natural partiality may make me flatter myself, I choose to submit to your judgment, whose prevention for the person represented is likely to balance what fondness I may have for my own performances. As I believe you love the person concerned as much as ever other people love themselves, the medium between the faults you shall find, and the justness that I see in the following portrait, is likely to be an exact image.

The gentleman I am going to draw is about three and forty [4]; as you see all the fondness, and delicacy and attention of a lover in him, perhaps your Ladyship may take him to be but three and twenty; but I, whose talent is not flattery, and who from his judgment and experience and authority should at first set him down for threescore, upon the strictest enquiry can only allow him to be in the vigour of his age and understanding. His person decides rather on my side, for tho' he has all the ease and amiableness of youth, yet your Ladyship must allow that it has a dignity in it which youth might aim at in vain, and will scarce ever be exchanged for. If I were like common painters, I should give him a ruddy healthful complexion, and light up his countenance with insipid smiles and unmeaning benevolence.

Letter 288*.—Not in C.; this letter, in a revised form, was printed as an extraordinary number of *The World* in 1756 (see note 1 on letter to Henry Fox of Dec. 20, 1756, No. 501*). The above, original, version is now first printed from the original (or a copy made by Walpole himself) in the Waller Collection.

[1] Lady Georgina Caroline Lennox, eldest daughter of second Duke of Richmond; married (1744) Henry Fox (afterwards first Baron Holland), by whom she was the mother of the second Lord Holland and of Charles James Fox.

[2] Place and date were added at a later period by Walpole.

[3] Her husband, Henry Fox.

[4] Fox was born on Sept. 28, 1705.

But this would not be a faithful portrait: a florid bloom would no more give one an idea of him, than his bent brow at first lets one into the vast humanity of his temper, or than an undistinguishing smile would supply the place of his manly curiosity and penetration. To paint him with a cheerful open countenance would be a poor return of compliment for the flattery that his approbation bestows, which by not being promised, doubly satisfies one's self-love. The merit of others is degrading to their friends; Mr. —— makes his open upon you, by persuading you that he discovers some in you.

Mr. —— has that true characteristic of a great man, that he is superior to others in his private, social, unbending hours. I am far from meaning by this superiority that he exerts the force of his genius unnecessarily: on the contrary, you only perceive his superiority in those moments by his being more agreeably good-natured and idle with more ease than other people. He seems inquisitive as if his only business were to learn, and is unreserved as if he were only to inform; and is equally incapable of mystery in pretending to know what he does not, or in concealing what he does.

In the House of Commons he was for some time an ungraceful and unpopular speaker, the abundance of his matter overflowing his elocution: but the force of his reasoning has prevailed both over his own defects and those of his audience. He speaks with a strength and perspicuity of argument that commands the admiration of an age apt to be more cheaply pleased. But his vanity cannot satisfy itself on the terms it could satisfy others, nor would he thank any man for his approbation unless he were conscious of deserving it. But he carries this delicacy still farther, and has been at the idle labour of making himself fame and honours by pursuing a regular and steady plan, when art and eloquence would have carried him to an equal height,

and made those fear him who now only love him—if a party can love a man who they see is only connected to them by principles[5].

In another light one may discover another littleness in his conduct: in the affairs of his office[6] he is as minute and as full of application as if he were always to remain in the same post; and as exact and knowing as if he always had been in it. He is as attentive to the solicitation and interests of others in his province as if he were making their fortune not his own; and to the great detriment of the ministry, has turned one of the best sinecures under the government into one of the most laborious employments, at the same time imagining that the ease with which he executes it will prevent the discovery of his innovation. He receives all officers who address to him with as little pride as if he were not born their equal or inferior: yet this defect of birth is a blemish which some of the greatest men have wanted to make them completely great. Tully had it, had the happiness and glory of raising himself from a private condition, but boasting of it, might as well have been noble. A patrician's daughter would have degraded herself by marrying a man who usurped that privilege of nobility, pride of what one can neither cause nor prevent.

I say nothing of his integrity, because I know nothing of it, but that it has never been breathed upon even by suspicion; it will be time enough to vindicate it when it has been impeached. He is as well-bred as those who colour over timidity with gentleness of manners, and as bravely sincere as those who take or would have brutality taken for honesty; but tho' his greatest freedom is polite, his greatest condescension is dignified with spirit, and he can no more

[5] After 'by principles' Walpole originally added 'not by choice,' but he crossed it through. In the version subsequently printed he wrote 'not by prejudices.'

[6] He was Secretary at War, 1746–1755.

court his enemies than relax in civility to his friends. But tho' he has more spirit than almost any man living, it is never looked upon as flowing from his passions, by the intimate connection that it always preserves with his understanding. Yet his passions are very strong; he loves play, women more, and one woman more than all. The amiableness of his behaviour to her, is only equalled by hers to him—but as your Ladyship would not know a picture of this charming woman, when drawn with all her proper graceful virtues; and as that engaging ignorance might draw you even into an uncertainty about the portrait of the gentleman, I shall lay down my pencil, and am

Madam,

Your Ladyship's

most obedient humble servant,

VANDYKE.

291. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, May 3, 1749.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 89.]

303. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 28, 1749.

[Additional note, and substituted note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. pp. 89-91.]

312. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 19, 1750.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 91.]

319. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 18, 1750.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. pp. 91 and 118.]

335. To George Montagu.

Daventry, July 22, 1751.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 91.]

337. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Oct. 8, 1751.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 91.]

361. To Thomas Gray.

Arlington Street, Feb. 20, 1753.

[Collated with original—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 92.]

365. To Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, April 27, 1753.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 92.]

381. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, Dec. 19, 1753.

[Now first printed in full—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 93.]

382. To Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 28, 1754.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 93.]

391. To John Chute.

Arlington Street, April 30, 1754.

[Now first printed in full—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 94.]

393. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, May 18, 1754.

[Now first printed in full—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 95.]

402*. To Richard Bentley.

Arlington Street, Saturday, July 27, 1754.

Tho' I wrote to you but last Tuesday, besides a letter on the 11th[1], I must send away another to-night in haste; as I am uneasy at the last paragraph of your great dispatch of the 15th, which I received but this morning at Strawberry Hill, from whence I am just arrived on business. I don't want tenderness for you, my dear Sir, so much as to make a merit of more than I had: I do assure you, I wrote no such letter to Mr. Seward as his wife mentioned to you, and I very much fear it was some wicked art of Miss Vavassor's[2]. Keep on your guard, till I am able to tell you farther. I am going to write to Seward, to desire he will send me *that letter*. As I have received no answer from him to *that* inquiry, he must have been desired to direct to some other place than Arlington Street, which may give a clue to an eclaircissement. I shall not grieve if I can detect Miss Vavassor in counterfeiting my hand; it will be such a check on her ecclesiastic processes, as can only effectuate that return, about which you seem to make to yourself your old visions, overlooking what I said to you about Doctors' Commons. Without her iniquity will be so good as to entrap itself, I don't see upon what foundation we can build, tho' sure nobody ever meditated more schemes than I do for seeing you, tho' unfortunately mine prove to have as little stability as yours.

As I have not yet received Mabland[3], which I suppose travels at its leisure, I have nothing to soften a little stock

Letter 402*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] Neither of these letters apparently has been preserved.

[2] This lady appears to have been in some way connected with Bentley's pecuniary embarrassments, on account of which he was at this time living in retirement in Jersey—see below, and also letter to Bentley of April 13, 1755, where the name is left blank.

[3] Apparently a book of drawings by Bentley (see letters to him of June 10, July 5, Sept. 18, 1755).

of peevishness, which is very ready to break out. In the first place, my chairs! if you had taken a quarter of the time to draw what they might be, that you have employed to describe what they must not be, I might possibly have had some begun by this time. Would not one think that it was I who make charming drawings and designs and not you? I shall have very little satisfaction in them, if I am to invent them! My idea is, a black back, higher, but not much higher than common chairs, and extremely light, with matted bottoms. As I found yours came not, I have been trying to make out something like the windows—for example

[here is a drawing of a chair with a back resembling a three-light ecclesiastical window.][4]

I would have only a sort of black sticks, pierced thro': you must hatch this egg soon, for I want chairs in the room extremely.

In the next place, you send me a letter to Captain Lis to take care of fish and fowls for you, at the very time you believe him sailed, and without allowing me any time to get them ready. However, as I have a little more thought and contrivance than you (luckily for us both!) I have written to him to advertise me against his next sailing, and then you shall have bantams and gold fish: for the latter, (for their sakes) I must insist on their being delivered to the Governor; I can't allow you to reserve one for yourself, to be kept in a pan like a water souchy. I told you I was peevish—now you will believe it.

I will not insist on any particular colour for the granite[5]. I was afraid you could not find pieces large enough to answer my dimensions, but I perceive that my Lilliputian

[4] In the *Description of Strawberry Hill* the chairs in 'The Refectory or Great Parlour' are described as black, of a gothic pattern, designed by Mr. Bentley and Mr. Walpole.'

[5] Walpole had asked for a slab of granite for a sideboard for Strawberry Hill (see letter of July 9, 1754).

castle might stand upon one of your shelfs of Brobdignag granite. I do not mean to put you to any expense about it, my dear Sir, but desire to pay for everything of that kind, exclusively of your quarters—I would certainly give you no commissions upon any other condition. I shall now bid you good-night, and go write to Seward.

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. You shall have Indian ink and colours soon.

423. To Richard Bentley.

Strawberry Hill, April 13, 1755.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 95.]

435. To Richard Bentley.

Strawberry Hill, August 4, 1755.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 95.]

452. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 8, 1755.

[Additional note, and addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 95.]

460*. To Thomas Gray.

Advice of Dr. Oliver[1] *to Sir John Cope*[2] *on his getting St. Antony's fire by drinking the Bath waters out of Miss Molly's hand.*

By Lord Bath[3].

See gentle Cope with gout and love opprest,
Alternate torments raging in his breast,

Letter 460*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Correspondence of Gray, Walpole, West, and Ashton*, edited by Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. pp. 155–7.

[1] William Oliver (1695–1764), the famous Bath physician, inventor of the well-known 'Bath-Oliver' biscuit.

[2] 'Johnnie Cope,' the General (d. 1760) who in command of the Royal forces was routed by the Young Pretender at Prestonpans on Sept. 21, 1745.

[3] In the article on Dr. Oliver in the *Dictionary of National Biography* these lines are said to have been written by him.

Tries at his cure, but tampers still in vain;
What lessens one, augments the other pain.
The charming Nymph, who strives to give relief,
Instead of comfort, heightens all his grief:
For health he drinks, then sighs for love, and cries,
Health 's in her hand, destruction in her eyes.
She gives us water, but each touch, alas!
The wanton girl electrifies the glass.
To cure the gout, we drink large draughts of love,
And then, like Aetna, burst in flames above.

The Advice.

Sip not, dear knight, the daughter's liquid fire,
But take the healing bev'rage from the sire:
'Twill ease thy gout—for love no cure is known;
The God of physic could not cure his own.

On Lord Darl——'s[4] *being made joint paymaster.*

Wonders, Newcastle[5], mark thy ev'ry hour;
But this last act 's a plenitude of pow'r:
Nought but the force of an almighty reign
Could make a *paymaster* of Harry V——.

On splitting the Pay Office[6].

Holles[7], not past his childhood yet, retains
The maxims of his nurse or tutor's pains:
Thence did the mighty babe this truth derive,
Two negatives make one affirmative:
But ah! two dunces never made a wit,
Nor can two Darlingtons compose a Pitt[8].

[4] Henry Vane (c. 1705–1758), first Earl of Darlington (1753), was appointed Joint Paymaster of the Forces, with Viscount Dupplin (afterwards eighth Earl of Kinnoul) in this year (1755).

[5] Thomas Pelham-Holles (1693–1768), Duke of Newcastle (1715), who became Prime Minister on the death of his brother, Henry Pelham, in the previous year.

[6] See note 4.

[7] See note 5.

[8] Pitt had been Paymaster-General of the Forces from 1746 till November of this year.

To draw poetry from you, I send you these mediocre verses, the only ones in fashion. The first lines indeed are pretty, when one considers they were writ by a man of seventy, Lord Bath[9]. The first epigram was a thought of George Selwyn[10], rhymed; the last is scarce a thought at all.

Ministers, patriots, wits, poets, paymasters, all are dispersed and gone out of town. The changes are made, and all preferments given away[11]: you will be glad to hear that our Colonel Montagu[12] has got a regiment. Lord Waldgrave last night hearing them talk over these histories, said with a melancholy tone, 'alas! they talk so much of giving places for life, I wish they don't give me mine[13] for life!'

Adieu! I expect prodigious interest for my pômes.

Yours ever,

H. W.

Arlington Street,
Christmas Day, 1755.

463. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Jan. 22, 1756.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 96.]

483*. To Grosvenor Bedford[1].

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, June 24, 1756.

As I cannot be in town for some days I should be obliged to you if you would call at Mr. Le Gros's and Le Cras's,

[9] At this time 71; he died in 1764, aged 80.

[10] See letter to Bentley of Dec. 17.

[11] See letters to Montagu of Dec. 20; and to Mann of Dec. 21.

[12] Colonel Charles Montagu (see note 2 on letter to Montagu of Dec. 20).

[13] Of Governor to the Prince of Wales. *Walpole.*—He was Governor of the Prince (afterwards George III) from 1752 to 1756.

Letter 483*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Mr. W. V. Daniell, 33 King Street, St. James's.

[1] Horace Walpole's Deputy in the Exchequer (see letter to Bedford of Aug. 21, 1755). The letter is addressed 'To Grosvenor Bedford Esq, in Palace Yard near Westminster Hall Gate, London,' and franked 'free H. Walpole.'

Bankers in Bishopsgate Street, and with some of my money in your hands pay them three notes drawn on me in the names of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard, amounting in all to £53. 10*s*. I hope Mrs. Bedford and all your family are well. I will thank you too for what news you pick up relating to Byng and Minorca.

Yours ever,
H. WALPOLE.

486*. To HENRY FOX.

[July 31, 1756.][1]

GREAT poets have a right to command, and none are so much their subjects as great men. I know you think Mr. Gr.[2] the greatest poet we have, and I know he thinks you the greatest man we have[3]; judge if you can disobey him.[4]

487*. To THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

MY DEAR LORD, Arlington Street, Aug. 28, 1756.

After such civilities, such kindnesses, as you honoured me with at Wentworth Castle, it is impossible not to trouble you with my thanks and gratitude. I cannot, nor for your sake, would try to make them in proportion, but I shall always remember with the utmost satisfaction the agreeable fortnight I have passed in Yorkshire, and must reproach myself for having so long deferred indulging myself in such

LETTER 486*.—Not in C.; draft of letter, reprinted from *Correspondence of Gray, Walpole, West, and Ashton*, edited by Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. pp. 160–1, n. 13.

[1] Gray had written from Stoke on July 30, requesting Walpole to use his influence with Fox on behalf of the candidature of James Brown for the Mastership of Pembroke Hall, on the rumoured death of the Master, Dr. Roger Long.

[2] Gray.

[3] Gray's opinion of Fox underwent considerable modification later—witness his savage *Impromptu*, written in 1766, three years after Fox's peerage, on the ruins at Kingsgate, his country-seat in Kent.

[4] Walpole's letter to Fox was not sent, as the rumour of Dr. Long's death turned out to be untrue.

LETTER 487*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

pleasure. However, my Lord, as much as I think myself obliged to you, I must be allowed to own how much my Lady Strafford contributed too to make me think this the most agreeable fortnight of my life—don't you think, my Lord, you are a little to be envied who have a wife whose chief pleasure is to distinguish your friends?

Had I not regretted leaving Wentworth Castle, the disagreeableness of my journey would have made me sigh after it: deluges of rain, execrable roads, fractures of my chaise, and tumbles of postilions were all I had in change for the prospects, the buildings, the amusements I had left. At Nottingham I could not stir about the town; I did not even see the Castle, which like its master[1], promises so much and, they say, contains so little; nor did I visit the hole where the *Lord Mortimer* was, *or is to be* caught, I forget which. I did go to Clifton[2], that is I swam thither, and as one can't swim post, I lost half a day in that expedition. The prospect has all the extent and magnificence of Wentworth Castle, with all the beauty of our poor little Thames: no spot ever wanted so little to be made enchantment. I was disappointed in the church; though there are many monuments, their ruins are ruined, and their place no more. In the house, there are about three pictures standing on the ground, of which one is a very fine Vandyke. I passed Newstead[3] and Wollaton[4] literally in the dark, and another place where, though quite night, I started at the vision of one of my own towers. I was sure it did not appear to me to tell me there was money buried under it, and I hoped it had not been murdered—I soon recollected that it must be Boughton.[5]

The Thames is more overflowed than in the depth of

1 The Duke of Newcastle. *Walpole.*
2 Seat of Sir Robert Clifton, Bart.
3 Seat of Lord Byron.
4 Seat of Lord Middleton.
5 Seat of Lord Strafford, where he had copied a tower of Strawberry Hill. *Walpole.*

winter: a coach full of ladies were overturned into it t'other day just at your Lordship's door at Twickenham: if these floods continue, one shall be forced to travel in post-Arks. Mr. Bentley has got the ground-plan and is most proud to be employed for Wentworth Castle; though I have frightened him with the accounts of the good taste that predominates there. If he produces an ugly design, I have threatened that it shall be pounded in a paddock with half a dozen colts and temples at Wentworth House[6].

I called yesterday at Chiswick, and found the Duke of Norfolk, but the Duchess was at Tunbridge; I thanked abundantly for myself[7], and as much as was proper for my friends. I commended all I could remember, but found I did not make my court about the new menagerie; he cut me short with, 'I think the old one was pretty enough'—I immediately thought so too.

The enclosed cards are the newest productions of this new producing season; the two portraits are droll, and undoubtedly G. Townshend's; the other card is dull and obscure. Adieu! my dear good Lord, I hope your seeds of kindness will always fall in as thankful ground as they have with

Your most obliged
and most devoted humble servant
HOR. WALPOLE.

493*. To HENRY FOX.

DEAR SIR, Wednesday night. [Oct. 27, 1756.]

I sent to Holland House, but they told me you dined in town and was not expected home till very late.

[6] Seat of Lord Rockingham.

[7] And General Conway had been two days at Worksop with Lord and Lady Strafford with the Duke's permission. *Walpole.*

LETTER 493*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters to Henry Fox, Lord Holland*, edited by Earl of Ilchester, p. 96.

After what you know this morning, it would be impertinent in me to tell you what I heard. I only trouble you with this, to apprize you of one thing which you certainly ought to know. The King, Lady Yarmouth, and the Chancellor[1] are persuaded that you would not take the Treasury. I should hope you had made no such resolution. You may depend upon this information.

I know another very particular circumstance, which not being immediately necessary, I should choose not to put upon paper; but if you give me leave, I will see you in the evening and tell it you.

Is it worth your knowing that the Duke of Newcastle yesterday (Tuesday) told my Lord Orford that he was going out[2]?

I am
most truly yours,
H. W.

499. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 29, 1756.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 96.]

499*. To Henry Fox.

Dear Sir, Dec. 4. 1756

To my great surprise and concern Lord Hilsborough[1] has just told me that you go out of town to-morrow for a long time, giving up the House of Commons[2]. If I could have hoped to find you to-night, I should have come to you directly: I am now reduced to trouble you with a few lines.

1 Lord Hardwicke.

2 He resigned on that day (Oct. 26).

Letter 499*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

1 Afterwards (1789) Marquis of Downshire.

2 Fox had resigned the office of Secretary of State and the leadership of the House of Commons in the previous October.

Had you stayed, I should have had no rule for my behaviour in Parliament, but in doing whatever you did. As that is not to be the case, I must intreat that you will leave me your commands. Let me but know how you wish me to act and vote, and I shall obey it. I have too mean an opinion of myself to think I can be of service to you, but I shall be proud of showing that it is the ability not the inclination that is wanting.

Should you be unwilling to give me any directions in writing, I shall be as ready to obey the least hint that you send me at any time by any person that you trust most. I hope you have many friends that can do you more honour; you have none more unalterably attached to you than

Your most faithful,
and obedient humble servant,
H. W.[3]

[3] Fox's reply to this letter is preserved in the Waller Collection :—

Dec. 5. 1756.

My dear Hori,

I can never sufficiently thank you for your very kind letter, and am glad Lord Hilsborough put my journey in so much a more serious light than it deserves, since it produced it. It is true that I go two days sooner than I intended, to avoid expostulations which Sir William Temple observes may do well between lovers, but never between friends. But my remaining out of town longer or less while, shall be determined by the occasion there may be for my appearance in the House of Commons. Indeed I foresee none, and rather think my situation when I am there will be awkward, and therefore believe I shall stay 5 or 6 weeks. But no design is more changeable than this. If you have any thoughts arise against it, I beg you would oblige me with them in a letter left with the porter here, I shall move so from place to place, that unless I knew the very day you would write I can't send you my direction. The mention of Sir William Temple puts me in mind of the likelihood there is that my political life may soon end like his in total retirement. If it does I'll write memoirs too, if not frighten'd from it, by thinking that the just characters I should give and the true facts I should relate, would be such as might make the readers think than an uneasy and disappointed mind exaggerated them.

At the close of this letter you won't expect any wishes from me of what your conduct should be in Parliament, other than what I am sure it will be whenever there is opportunity of showing that you are my friend, which is a very great honour and happiness, and the greater because you are not, like some men, everybody's.

Your ever oblig'd
H. Fox.

501*. To Henry Fox.

Dear Sir, Monday night, Dec. 20, 1756.

I have written out and inclose the character[1], and have added a little preface[2], in which, as is apt to be my case, my heart speaks. If you should order it to be printed, be so good as to let me have the proof sheet to revise: but as it is a most incorrect composition, and as you know designed for and confined to a private letter, it is most unfit I fear to appear in public. However, as it is a testimonial of my attachment to you out of power, my passionate principle, I could no more refuse my own inclination than your request, and trust that the faults of the author will be forgiven to the friend[3].

Yours ever
H. Walpole.

503*. To Henry Fox.

Dear Sir, [December, 1756.]

By your note I imagined that I should find you at home, and came hither to prevent your having the trouble of coming to Arlington Street. I agree entirely in thinking that the paper[1] to which you do too much honour, and which the world will certainly treat very differently, will

Letter 501*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

1 The character of Fox written by Walpole for Lady Caroline Fox in 1748 (see letter 288*), and printed as an extraordinary number of *The World*, which came to an end in December of this year (see *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. i. pp. 190–4).

2 This preface is in the form of an epistle to the editor of *The World* (see previous note).

3 On the back of the present letter Walpole has written, 'best proof that people don't think want of birth a real objection, is, that no man would set his name to that objection. Must merit have three or four descents before it can be noble! can it never be so of itself!'

Letter 503*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters to Henry Fox, Lord Holland*, edited by Earl of Ilchester, p. 99.

1 See note 1 on letter to Fox of Dec. 20 (No. 501*).

do better in Dodsley's paper[2], and I don't see how he can with any decency refuse it. I am sensible too of the incorrectness of it, and could easily mend it, I left it exactly as I sent it to Lady Caroline, to prove that it was, what it really was, a genuine careless letter: It would be hard if I could not make it better when I have known the subject eight years longer! I would call to-morrow morning on you, but my brother sends his daughters at twelve to breakfast with me, and whatever I might think, he would not allow any engagement to be of greater consequence. I will therefore hope to have the pleasure of seeing you at eleven.

Yours ever,
H. W.

505. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 17, 1757.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. pp. 96-98.]

507. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Feb. 13, 1757.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 98.]

508. To John Chute.

Feb. 27, 1757.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 99.]

524. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, June 20, 1757.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 100.]

[2] *The World* (see previous note).

536. To Lord Lyttelton.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 25, 1757.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. pp. 100–102.]

537. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 25, 1757.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 102.]

540. To Lady Hervey.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 13, 1757.

[Collated with original—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 102.]

540*. To C. O., Esq.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 17, 1757.

I should have thanked you the instant I received the honour of your obliging letter[1], if you had not told me you

Letter 540*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. i. pp. 210–17. Walpole subsequently made additions to the letter originally addressed to C. O., and printed it, in the form in which it is here reproduced, among his *Fugitive Pieces*.

1 C. O. had communicated to Walpole the subjoined letter, to which Walpole prefixed the following explanatory note:—

'Having a few years ago had a curiosity to inform myself of the particulars of the life of the very aged Countess of Desmond, I was much surprised to find no certain account of so extraordinary a person; neither exactly how long she lived, nor even who she was; the few circumstances related of her depending on mere tradition. At last I was informed that she was buried at Sligo in Ireland, and a gentleman of that place was so kind as to procure for me the following inscriptions on the monument there; which however soon convinced me of that supposition being a mistake, as will appear by the observations in my letter, in consequence of this which contained the epitaph.'

To C. O. Esq.

Nymphsfield, August 23, 1757.

Dear Sir,

I have made, I think, as accurate an extract of all the inscriptions on O'Connor's monument as can be, even to copy the faults of the carver: I was many hours on a high ladder, and it cost much time to clear the letters. The lowest inscription is this; but you are to observe, all the letters in the original are capitals, and could not come in compass to give it to you in that manner, as you will perceive.

'Hic jacet famosissimus miles

was setting out for Ireland: I am now in pain lest this should not come to your hands, as you gave me no direction, and I should be extremely sorry that you should think me capable, Sir, of neglecting to show my gratitude for the trouble you have given yourself. I cannot think of taking

Donatus Cornelianus* comitatus Sligiæ dominus cum suâ uxore illustrissimâ dn̄a Elinora Butler comitissa Desmoniæ que me fieri fecit A° 1624 post mortē sui mariti qui obiit 11 Aug. A° 1609. Itm̄ ejus filia & primi mariti vizt comitis Desmoniæ noie † Elizabetha valdè virtuosissima dn̄a sepulta fuit hoc in tumulo 31° Novem. anno Domini 1623.'

Just above this is O'Connor in armour kneeling, and his hands raised up and joined as at prayer, his helmet on the ground behind him: a tree in an escutcheon, which is the arms of O'Connor, and a trophy on one side, and over his head this inscription:

'Sic præter cælum quia nil durabile sistit,
Luccat ‡ ambobus lux diuturna Dei.
Donato Connor Desmond Elinora marito —'

On the west side is the Countess with a coronet and her beads, kneeling, and over her head this continuation of the preceding lines:

'Hunc fieri tumulum fecit amena suo.
Cum domino saxis Elinoræ filia cumbit,
Et comitis Desmond Elizabetha virens.'

Between the two tablets, which contain the inscriptions, is a boar, and a coronet over it of five balls, which I suppose belonged to Desmond.

On the side of the Countess is an escutcheon with the arms of Butler, and under them a book open and a rose on it, crossed by a spade and flambeau, and an urn at bottom.

Above there is a table with this inscription that runs from each end and over both the former, and ornamented with an angel's head at each end. It does not pay any respect to the poet's arrangement, as you will perceive.

'Siccine Conatiæ per quod florebat eburna
Urna tegit vivax corpora bina decus!
Siccine Donati tumulo conduntur in alto
Ossa, que Momoniæ siccine cura jacet!
Martia quæ bello, mitis quæ pace micabat,
Versa est in cineres siccine vestra manus!
Siccine Penelope saxis Elinora sepulta est,
Siccine marmoreis altera casta Judith!
Mater Ierna genis humidis quæ brachia tenda §,
Mortis ero, vestris luctibus aucta, memor.'

Over this is O'Connor's arms, viz. a tree; and crest, a lion crowned. The motto is, QUO VINCI, VINCOR. On one side of these is a figure with a key lying on the breast, a sword in the left. On the other is a figure with a sword in the right, and a book in the left lying on the breast; and the whole is surmounted by a crucifix.

I am Sir,
Yours, &c.

* Cornelianus is the descendant of Cornelius, which in Irish is *Conagher* or, in the short way, *Connor*.

† For *nomine*. ‡ Read *Luceat*. § Read *tendo*.

the liberty to give you any more, though I own the inscriptions you have sent me have not cleared away the difficulties relating to the Countess of Desmond[2].—On the contrary, they make me doubt whether the lady interred at Sligo was the person reported to have lived to such an immense age. If you will excuse me, I will state my objections.

I have often heard that the aged Lady Desmond lived to one hundred and sixty-two or sixty-three years. In the account of her picture at Windsor[3], they give her but one hundred and fifty years. Sir William Temple[4], from the relation of Lord Leicester, reduces it to one hundred and forty; adding, 'That she had been married out of England in the reign of Edward the Fourth, and, being reduced to great poverty by the ruin of the Irish family into which she married, came from Bristol to London towards the end of the reign of James the First to beg relief from court.'

This account by no means corresponds either with the monument at Sligo, or the new *Irish Peerage* by Lodge[5]. The great particular (besides that of her wonderful age) which interested me in this enquiry, was the tradition which says that the long-lived Lady Desmond had danced with Richard the Third, and always affirmed that he was a very

[2] The 'old Countess of Desmond' was Catherine Fitzgerald, second wife of Thomas Fitzthomas Fitzgerald, 12th Earl of Desmond, who died in 1604, at the age, as is alleged, of 140. Walpole, as is evident from his letter, identified the 'old Countess' with Eleanor Butler (d. 1636), second wife of the 15th Earl of Desmond (see n. 8), after whose death (1583) she married Denogh O'Connor of Sligo.

[3] See Pote's *Account of Windsor Castle*, p. 418.—Having, by permission of his Grace the Lord Chamberlain, obtained a copy of the picture at Windsor, called The Countess of Desmond, I discovered that it is *not* her portrait. On the back is written in an old hand, *The Mother of Rembrandt, given by Sir Robert Carr.* In the Catalogue of King Charles's Collection of Pictures, p. 150, No. 101, is described the portrait of an old woman with a great scarf upon her head, by Rembrandt, in a black frame; given to the King by my Lord Ankrom. This was the very Sir Robert Kerr, Earl of Ancram, mentioned above, and the measures answer exactly. *Walpole.*

[4] See his Essay on Health and long Life. *Walpole.*

[5] *The Peerage of Ireland*, by John Lodge, 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1754.

well-made man. It is supposed that this was the same lady with whom the old Lady Dacre[6] had conversed, and from whose testimony she gave the same account.

In the catalogue of the ancient Earls of Desmond, inserted in the pedigree of Kildare, I can find no one who married an Englishwoman near the period in question: but that we will waive; it might have been a mistake of Sir William, or his authority, the Earl of Leicester. Her poverty might be as erroneous, if Lodge's account[7] be true, that she left three hundred pounds to the chapel at Sligo, the tomb in which, as the inscription says, she erected in 1624. But here is the greatest difficulty: if she was one hundred and forty in 1636, according to Lodge, the æra of her death (which by the way was in King Charles's and not in King James's reign), she was born in 1496. Gerald Earl of Desmond[8], her first husband, died according to the *Peerage* in 1583. She was therefore eighty-seven when she married O'Connor of Sligo.—That is possible.—If she lived to one hundred and forty, she might be in the vigour of her age (at least not dislike the vigour of his) at eighty-seven. The Earl of Desmond's first wife, says Lodge (for our Lady Eleanor was his second), died in 1564: if he re-married the next day, his bride must have been sixty-eight, and yet she had a son and five daughters by him. I fear, with all her juvenile powers, she must have been past breeding at sixty-eight.

These accounts tally as little with her dancing with Richard the Third: he died in 1485, and by my computation she was not born till 1496. If we suppose that she died twelve years sooner, viz. in 1624, at which time the tomb was erected, and which would coincide with Sir William

[6] Hon. Dorothy North (d. 1698, aged 93), second wife of 13th Baron Dacre (see note 5 on letter to Mann of Feb. 23, 1747).

[7] Vol. i. p. 19. *Walpole.*

[8] Gerald Fitzjames Fitzgerald, 15th Earl of Desmond, the 'Rebel Earl'; he married, as his second wife, Eleanor Butler, daughter of Edmond, 1st Baron Dunboyne (see n. 2).

Temple's date of her death in the reign of James; and if we give her one hundred and fifty years, according to the Windsor account, she would then have been born in 1474, and consequently was eleven years old at the death of King Richard: but this supposition labours with as many difficulties. She could not have been married in the reign of Edward the Fourth, scarcely have danced with his brother; and it is as little probable that she had much remembrance of his person—the point, I own, in which I am most interested—not at all crediting the accounts of his deformity, from which Buck[9] has so well defended him, both by the silence of Comines, who mentions the beauty of King Edward, and was too sincere to have passed over such remarkable ugliness in a foreigner, and from Doctor Shaw's[10] appeal to the people before the Protector's face, whether his Highness was not a comely Prince and the exact image of his father. The power that could enslave them, could not have kept them from laughing at such an apostrophe, had the Protector been as ill-shapen as the Lancastrian historians represent him. Lady Desmond's testimony adds great weight to this defence[11].

But the more we accommodate her age to that of Richard the Third, the less it will suit with that of her first husband. If she was born in 1474, her having children by him (Gerald Earl of Desmond) becomes vastly more improbable.

It is very remarkable, Sir, that neither her tomb, nor Lodge, should take notice of this extraordinary person's age; and I own, if I knew how to consult him without trespassing on your good-nature and civility, I should be

[9] Sir George Buck (d. 1623), author of a *History of Richard III.*

[10] Dr. Ralph Shaw (d. 1484), who preached a sermon at St. Paul's Cross on June 22, 1483, claiming that the crown belonged of right to the Protector Richard.

[11] Walpole subsequently repeated these arguments in his *Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of King Richard the Third*, published in 1768 (see *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. ii. p. 166).

very glad to state the foregoing difficulties to him. But I fear I have already taken too great freedom with your indulgence, and am, etc.,

H. W.

P.S. Since I finished my letter, a new idea has started, for discovering who this very old Lady Desmond was, at least whose wife she was, supposing the person buried at Sligo not to be her. Thomas the sixth Earl of Desmond was forced to give up the Earldom: but it is not improbable that his descendants might use the title, as he certainly left issue. His son died, says Lodge[12], in 1452, leaving two sons, John and Maurice. John, being born at least in 1451, would be above thirty at the end of Edward the Fourth. If his wife was seventeen in the last year of that King, she would have been born in 1466. If therefore she died about 1625, she would be one hundred and fifty-nine. This approaches to the common notion of her age, as the ruin of the branch of the family into which she married does to Sir William Temple's. A few years more or less in certain parts of this hypothesis, would but adjust it still better to the accounts of her. Her husband being only a titular Earl solves the difficulty of the silence of genealogists on so extraordinary a person.

Still we should be to learn of what family she herself was: and I find a new evidence, which agreeing with Sir William Temple's account, seems to clash a little with my last supposition. This authority is no less than Sir Walter Raleigh's, who in the fifth chapter of the first book of his *History of the World*, says expressly, that he himself 'knew the old Countess of Desmond of Inchiquin, who lived in the year 1589, and many years since, who was married in Edward the Fourth's time, *and held her jointure from all the Earls of Desmond since then*; and that this is

[12] Vol. i. p. 14. *Walpole.*

true, all the noblemen and gentlemen of Munster can witness.' Her holding a jointure from all the Earls of Desmond would imply that her husband was not of the titular line, but of that in possession: yet that difficulty is not so great, as no such lady being mentioned in the pedigree. By Sir Walter's words it is probable that she was dead when he wrote that account of her. His *History* was printed in 1614; this makes the æra of her death much earlier than I had supposed; but having allowed her near one hundred and sixty years, taking away ten or twelve will make my hypothesis agree better with Sir William Temple's account, and does not at all destroy the assumption of her being the wife of only a titular Earl. However, all these are conjectures, which I should be glad to have ascertained or confuted by any curious person who could produce authentic testimonies of the birth, death, and family of this very remarkable lady; and to excite or assist which was the only purpose of this disquisition.

Having communicated these observations to the Reverend Doctor Charles Lyttelton, Bishop of Carlisle, he soon afterwards found and gave me the following extract from page 36 of Smith's *Natural and Civil History of the County of Cork*, printed at Dublin 1750, 8vo.[13]

'Thomas[14] the thirteenth Earl of Desmond, brother to Maurice, the eleventh Earl, died this year (1534) at Rathkeile, being of a very great age, and was buried at Youghall. He married, first, Ellen[15], daughter of McCarty of Muskerry, by whom he had a son, Maurice, who died *vitâ patris*.—The Earl's second wife was Catherine Fitzgerald, daughter of the Fitzgeralds of the house of Drumana in the county of

[13] Presumably *The Antient and Present State of the County of Cork*, by Charles Smith (c. 1715–1762), 2 vols. 8vo. Dublin, 1750.

[14] His name was James, and he was the twelfth Earl. *Walpole.*—His name was Thomas, and he was 12th (not 13th) Earl. His brother Maurice was 10th (not 11th) Earl. James was 13th (not 12th) Earl.

[15] See Lodge's *Peerage*, vol. i. p. 16. *Walpole.*

Waterford. This Catherine was the Countess that lived so long, of whom Sir Walter Raleigh makes mention in his *History of the World*, and was reputed to live to one hundred and forty years of age.'

This is the most positive evidence we have; the author quotes Russel's MS. If she was of the Fitzgeralds of Waterford, it will not in strictness agree with Sir William Temple's relation of her being married out of England; by which we should naturally suppose that she was born of English blood.—Yet his account is so vague, that it ought not to be set against absolute assertion, supposing the Russel MS. to be of good authority enough to support what it is quoted to support in 1750.

Upon the whole, and to reduce this lady's age as low as possible, making it at the same time coincide with the most probable accounts, we will suppose that she was married at fifteen in 1483, the last year of Edward the Fourth, and that she died in 1612, two years before the publication of Sir Walter Raleigh's *History*, she will then have been no less than one hundred and forty-five years of age[16], a particularity singular enough to excite, and, I hope, to excuse this enquiry[17].

[16] Lord Bacon, says Fuller, computed her age to be one hundred and forty at least; and added, that she three times had a new set of teeth; for so I understand *ter vices dentisse*, not that she recovered them three times after casting them, as Fuller translates it, which is giving her four sets of teeth. *Worthies in Northumb.* p. 310. *Walpole.*

[17] I cannot omit an anecdote, though too extraordinary to be given as authentic, relating to this lady. In an original MS. written by Robert the second Earl of Leicester (from whom Sir W. Temple says he received the account of Lady Desmond) and containing memorandums of remarkable facts, it is said that that old Countess came to England to solicit a pension at the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and was so poor that she walked from Bristol to London; her daughter being too decrepit to go on foot, was carried in a cart. 'The Countess, adds Lord Leicester, might have lived much longer had she not met with a kind of violent death; for she would needs climb a nut-tree to gather nuts; so falling down, she hurt her thigh, which brought a fever, and that fever brought death.' Lord Leicester fixes her death to the end of that reign. *Walpole.*

541. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 29, 1757.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 102.]

547*. To Grosvenor Bedford.

Strawberry Hill, Wednesday, 9th [Nov. 1757].

[Misplaced in C.—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 112.]

548. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 20, 1757.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. pp. 103-105.]

549. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

[Nov.] 1757.

[Collated with copy of original—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 105.]

550. To Grosvenor Bedford.

Saturday [Nov. 1757].

[Substituted note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 105.]

555*. To David Garrick.

[Jan. 1758.][1]

I could almost wish that Leach[2] were in fault, that I might show you my readiness to comply with any request

Letter 555*.—Not in C.; now first printed from draft written on the back of the following letter of Garrick (to which it is the reply), preserved in Waller Collection:—

Dear Sir

I have taken the liberty to trouble you in behalf of Dryden Leach the printer—a man, to whom I have done some service, and who has ever behav'd himself with ye greatest integrity—I have been very uneasy at ye offence which, he tells me, you think him guilty of, and therefore I have taken some pains to get at ye bottom of it—I have now accomplish'd it, and when I have ye pleasure of seeing you, I will tell you ye particulars—The copy of the Itinerary, that was made use of for

of yours, but I have no right to call it forgiving him when he is innocent. He must forgive me. I had already heard that Mr. Murphy[3] was the person who hurried Hentznerus[4] to the printer. Another time I should hope he would not be so eager to inflict upon me the honours of the Magazine[5]. Your time is precious, even mine is much occupied, and therefore I will now only bid you good night.

Yours &c.

572. To Sir David Dalrymple.

Strawberry Hill, June 29, 1758.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. pp. 105–108.]

579. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, July 21, 1758.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 108.]

ye extracts in ye Magazine, was that, you gave to *Lord Bath*—I could wish that you would take no notice of this information till I have seen you, as there is something of consequence to a very ingenious young man may depend upon it—Leach is very unhappy at his suffering so much in your opinion, and I assure you, that I w^d. not have undertaken his justification had not I undeniable proofs of his innocence.

I am
D^r. S^r.
Your most oblig'd
and most obedient
humble Servant
D: Garrick

Drury Lane Theatre
Jany 23. 1757

P.S. Our theatrical pens and paper are execrable: and I am writing with ye whole Dramatis personæ about me.

[1] Garrick's letter is dated Jan. 23, 1757; but he must have written 1757 by mistake for the new year 1758, since Walpole's edition of Hentznerus, to which Garrick refers as the *Itinerary*, was not issued till October of the former year, and the extracts of which Walpole complains were not published till December of that year (see notes 4, 5 below).

[2] Dryden Leach, the printer, as appears from Garrick's letter. Leach printed for the Tonsons.

[3] Presumably Arthur Murphy (1727–1805), the actor, who is probably the 'very ingenious young man' referred to by Garrick.

[4] *A Journey into England. By Paul Hentzner, in the year 1598*, was printed at the Strawberry Hill press in October 1757. The printing was begun on August 8 of that year and completed (220 copies) on October 17, as appears from Walpole's MS. *Journal of the Printing-Office at Strawberry Hill* in the Waller Collection.

[5] Extracts from Hentzner were published in the *London Magazine* for December 1757 (vol. xxvi. pp. 595–6, 631–2).

600. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 24, 1758.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 109.]

607. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Strawberry Hill, Jan. 12, 1759.

[Substituted note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 109.]

608. To Dr. Robertson.

Jan. 18, 1759.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. pp. 109–111.]

618. To Thomas Gray.

Arlington Street, Feb. 15, 1759.

[Collated with original—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 111.]

621. To Dr. Robertson.

March 4, 1759.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 111.]

622*. To Henry Fox.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, March 11th, 1759.

I will not trouble you with an apology for sending *you* one of the inclosed volumes[1]: almost every one of the pieces in it wanted an apology so long ago, that now it would do them no service. The best excuse for them is that they are here assembled as the last of their race—at least (for I don't trust myself with making author's

Letter 622*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters to Henry Fox, Lord Holland*, edited by Earl of Ilchester, pp. 141–2.

[1] His *Fugitive Pieces*, which had been printed at Strawberry Hill in the previous year.

resolutions) if I write any more, it will be nothing that will appear a great while. The real business of this letter is to beg you to offer one of the volumes to Lord Berkeley—I cannot have the confidence to send it him myself, and am ashamed to do it even by you. But as you told me he did me the honour to order me to send him anything I should write, it would be more arrogant to decline sending than to send this. He will see by the dates that several things here were written before I could almost be expected to write well—some when I certainly ought to have written better. However I will not do still worse.

As I have printed very few copies[2], I could wish you would not mention it to anybody. I want to depart as an author without noise or ceremony; I have taken a thorough aversion to the profession, and I will play the fool for the future in a less serious way.—Adieu! Dear Sir, I wish I could hear a better account of your son.

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

627*. To HENRY FOX.

DEAR SIR, Arlington Street, May 8th, 1759.

It is not worth troubling Lord Marchmont[1] with a letter on purpose, and would look too officious about a trifle, as I have not the honour of knowing him, but if you see him, and remember it, will you be so good to tell him, that in the new catalogue of the Harleian MSS.[2] Numb. 1073. 8.

[2] In his MS. *Journal of the Printing-Office at Strawberry Hill*, in the Waller Collection, Walpole records: '1758. April 24. Began to print my own fugitive pieces . . . . July 13. The fugitive pieces were finished. 200 copies printed.'

LETTER 627*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters to Henry Fox, Lord Holland*, edited by Earl of Ilchester, pp. 143-4.

[1] Hugh Campbell (1708-1794), third Earl of Marchmont.

[2] *Catalogue of the Harleian Collection of MSS.*, by Humphrey Wanley (1672-1726) of which the first volume had been published in this year.

mention is made of the original warrant of *Charles 2d* for the coronets of Barons. For Sir G. Mackensie, it was a blunder of my own, and a very careless one, as I have the book itself.

I cannot help mentioning to you another curiosity, relating to yourself. In the same Harleian collection is a book of arms and pedigrees: In Numb. 1072. 51. are recorded *twenty-seven* different coats borne by the name of *Fox*. I would ask any one who questions your family, whether they believe that you are not descended of any one of these twenty-seven branches? if they doubt it, their faith is as great per contra as that of any genealogist that ever existed! Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. WALPOLE.

629. To GROSVENOR BEDFORD.

Strawberry Hill, Wednesday, 9th.

[Renumbered 547*—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 112.]

640. To SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE.

Strawberry Hill, July 11, 1759.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 112.]

654. To THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 14, 1759.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. pp. 112–114.]

659. To THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 30, 1759.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 114.]

663. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, Nov. 17, 1759.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 115.]

677*. To Henry Fox.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, Feb. 6, 1760.

I told you, I think, that my Lord Lyttelton had heard of a monument to be placed in the Abbey for Sir Charles Williams[1]. As I loved him, it naturally came into my head to make an epitaph[2] for him; but I don't intend it should be seen; nor were it necessary, would the Dean and Chapter, I suppose, allow Semele Christian burial. Here it is; you are not obliged to like it.

Adieu! bright genius, dangerously great!
Like the fond Theban Maid's thy signal fate.
Lightnings or inspiration are the same,
Alike th' ambitious Bard, th' ambitious Dame.
Too near to madness are fine parts allied:
Both wish'd the glorious blaze by which ye died!

I propose sometime or other with your leave to come to Holland House and write a few notes to his poems[3]; and I shall in the mean time draw up a little account of him, and will give it you for your manuscript. I need not say to you, that all this will be a secret to everybody else.

Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

694. To Sir David Dalrymple.

June 20, 1760.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 116.]

Letter 677*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters to Henry Fox, Lord Holland*, edited by Earl of Ilchester, p. 144.

[1] Sir Charles Hanbury Williams; he died by his own hand on Nov. 2, 1759, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

[2] Walpole records the composition of this epitaph in his *Short Notes of my Life*, under the year 1760.

[3] These notes were eventually printed in the edition of *The Works of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams* published in 3 vols. in 1822.

697. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 4, 1760.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 116.]

700. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 19, 1760.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 117.]

703*. To Thomas Gray.

[August, 1760.][1]

* * * * * *

P.S.

I forgot to tell you the only thing I had worth telling you, that in a pocket-book of Vertue[2], who you know was a rigid Catholic, and who would no more have invented a falsehood on that side, than he could invent, there is an extract from a copy taken by Martin Folkes[3] of a letter in the possession of the late Duke of Montagu[4]; it was to the Duke's ancestor, Sir Ralph Winwood[5], from the Duke of Buckingham[6], telling him how impatient the King[7]

Letter 703*.—Not in C.; portion of letter (the first half-sheet having been torn off), reprinted from *Correspondence of Gray, Walpole, West, and Ashton*, edited by Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. pp. 185–6.

[1] The letter, which is not dated, was written in August, 1760, at a time when Walpole was busy over his *Anecdotes of Painting*, during an attack of the gout (see letter to Montagu of Aug. 12, 1760); the date is fixed by Gray's letter to Walpole of Sept. 2, 1760, in which he thanks him for the anecdote about Sir Walter Raleigh.

[2] George Vertue (1684–1756), engraver and antiquary. During the last forty years of his life he collected materials for a history of the fine arts in England. His note-books (now in the British Museum) were bought from his widow in 1758 for £100 by Walpole, who compiled from them his *Anecdotes of Painting in England*.

[3] President of the Royal Society, 1741–1753; President of the Society of Antiquaries, 1750–1754; died, 1754.

[4] John Montagu (1689–1749), second Duke of Montagu.

[5] Sir Ralph Winwood (*c.* 1563–1617), Secretary of State, 1614–1617. His daughter, Anne, married in 1633 Edward Montagu, second Baron Montagu, grandfather of the second Duke of Montagu.

[6] George Villiers (1592–1628), first Duke of Buckingham.

[7] James I.

was, and how much he complained that Winwood had not yet disclosed to Gondomar[8] the purport and design of Sir Walter Raleigh's expedition to the West Indies[9]!

705. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Whichnovre, Aug. 23, 1760.

[Now first printed in full—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 117.]

712*. To the Earl of Bute[1].

My Lord, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 20, 1760.

When one has been very negligent of one's duty, there is nothing so awkward as to know how to set about correcting one's self. Your Lordship's goodness, I must trust, will supply what I really cannot frame a set of words to excuse. The privacy of my situation, the little consequence I am of, a total want of ambition, content and indolence, have all concurred to make me so faulty as never to have had the honour of kissing his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's hand; and having omitted it on the first opportunity, I was

[8] Diego Sarmiento de Acuña (1567–1626), Count of Gondomar (1617), Spanish Ambassador in England, 1613–1618, 1619–1622.

[9] In 1617; Raleigh returned to England in June 1618, and was beheaded on Oct. 29 following, in compliance with the demands of Gondomar.

Letter 712*.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy kindly supplied by Messrs. Maggs Brothers, 109 Strand, W.C., owners of the original.

[1] The name of the addressee of this letter does not appear, but it was Lord Bute (see letters to Montagu of Oct. 14 and 26, 1760). Lord Bute's answer is preserved in the Waller Collection:—

London, Oct. 22, 1760.

Sir,

I can with truth assure you that the perusal of your letter gave me great pleasure; gentlemen of your birth and character ought not to be unknown to the Prince of Wales. I rejoice therefore at the accidental visit that draws you out of your retirement. Though you may entirely depend on any good office of mine, yet I must not lay claim to merit I have no pretensions to. Such is the Prince's disposition that you could not have failed of meeting with a gracious reception, though you had not previously intimated your intentions to me; not but I feel most sensibly the polite and flattering attention you show me.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
With great regard,
Your most obedient
humble Servant,
Bute.

ashamed to ask permission without any pretence to do it afterwards. I must beg your Lordship's favour to obtain that leave for me now; and you will forgive my troubling your Lordship with explaining the reason of my present request.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York did me the unexpected honour of coming the week before last to see my small house here.[2] It was certainly my duty to wait on his Royal Highness immediately and offer him my most humble thanks. But not having had the honour of being presented to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, I was afraid that an abrupt intrusion of myself without asking leave, woud be thought an impertinent and officious forwardness. As no want of duty or affection for the Royal Family has prevented my showing myself among the number of their servants, and as I am most glad of embracing any opportunity of expressing my zeal and gratitude, I flatter myself that his Royal Highness the Prince will admit me to the honour of kissing his hand next Sunday[3]; and that gracious leave will be heightened to me, if I have the satisfaction of owing it to your Lordship's kindness.

As my behaviour is dictated by the most respectful and disinterested duty to his Royal Highness the Prince, her Royal Highness the Princess, and their Family, and this application suggested by personal regard for your Lordship, I presume to hope that both will be graciously and favorably interpreted.

I am, my Lord,
Your Lordship's
most obedient
humble Servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

[2] See letter to Montagu of Oct. 14, 1760.

[3] Walpole never kissed hands, as George II died the day before the date fixed for the ceremony.

714*. To Thomas Brand.

Dear Brand, [Arlington Street, Oct. 26, 1760.]

You love laughing; there is a King dead; can you help coming to town?[1]

730. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Jan. 7, 1760.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 118.]

746. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, April 10, 1761.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii p. 118.]

754. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Strawberry Hill, June 13th, 1761.

[Now first printed in full—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 119.]

757. To the Earl of Strafford.

Strawberry Hill, July 5, 1761.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 119.]

762. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Strawberry Hill, July 20, 1761.

[Now first printed in full—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 120.]

768. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 5, 1761.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. pp. 120-122.]

Letter 714*.—Not in C.; now first printed from transcript by Walpole in Waller Collection.

[1] When George 2d died, Mr. H. W. wrote this note to Mr. Brand, who was a remarkable laugher. *Walpole.* —See letter to Mann of June 5, 1754, where Brand is described as 'naturally all cheerfulness and laughter.'

777. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 27, 1761.

[Now first printed in full—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 122.]

784. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 10, 1761.

[Now first printed in full—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 123.]

791. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Arlington Street, Nov. 28, 1761.

[Now first printed in full—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 123.]

804. To the Rev. William Cole.

Feb. 7, 1762.

[Additional notes—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 124.]

811. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Strawberry Hill, March 5, 1762.

[Now first printed in full—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 124.]

812*. To Dr. Lort.

Sir, Arlington Street, March 16, 1762.

After your former obliging favours, I am the less surprised at the repetition of them; yet indeed, Sir, you are by much too partial to me and my compilations. You who show me how much more you know and have inquired, must be sensible how little merit I have in the share I have taken of Vertue's labours; and could I fear make me feel how

Letter 812*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection. This and nine other letters to Dr. Lort were preserved in a packet endorsed, 'Honble H. Walpole, with Mrs. Lort's compliments'; beneath which Walpole has written, 'My letters to Dr. Lort returned by his Widow after his death. Two or three about Chatterton are very particular and worth preserving. Hor. Walpole.'

imperfect they are: but you are too tender on this head, and I wish had pointed out the faults; for in a work calculated for use and to inform, and which by the nature of it must last, I should be very glad to leave it as complete and correct as might be. If I have rescued this kind of writing from the imputation of dry and dull, I am fully content as far as relates to myself; but am not so easily satisfied with regard to the public, and therefore I must repeat it, the kindest part any man can act towards me, is to tell me my mistakes. At the same time I must renew my thanks for your goodness and the trouble you have taken. Give me leave to say a few words to your observations.

Renè of Anjou lived in the reigns of Charles 6th and Charles 7th of France; I have no books in town to consult, but at latest he died in the reign of Lewis 11th, undoubtedly did not live to give a picture to Francis 2nd. Montaign must be mistaken. Hollar's prints of the Dance of Death I firmly believe taken from drawings by Holbein. They are not only in the dresses of Holbein's age, but exactly in the style of other genuine prints from him. I have a drawing by Vertue of the painting in the Hungerford chapel; it is nothing, as you observe, but Death and a young man, and has nothing in common with the Dance of Death. Mr. Johnson's book mentioned by Ames is undoubtedly an adoption of the vulgar error. I have at Strawberry Hill Hollar's prints, and will have the pleasure of convincing you if I ever am so happy as to see you there. Holbein's original drawings were probably in Lord Arundel's collection; may be still preserved, tho' we do not know where.

Two or three of the cartoons executed in tapestry are I think at Hampton Court (I speak to-day all on memory, rather than defer answering your obliging letter); somewhere I know I have seen them.

Several heads of Elizabeth by Vicentino[1] are extant besides what I have mentioned; the Duke of Devonshire has two; the Duchess of Portland, one; and the Duchess of Leeds another. Rowland Lockie[2] I do not know by his works.

Of Rotier[3] I shall make much mention in my third volume, which is finished. More discoveries of our medallists will, I hope, be made; as there is now in hand a new exhibition by cuts of all our medals that can be met with. Merelst[4] is entirely a new name to me, and I should be much obliged to you for any farther account of him, and for telling me where you found that anecdote of his unhappy catastrophe.

The Growth of *Painting* by Atkins, was a blunder of my own or of Vertue, I do not know which; it should be the Growth of *Printing*[5], as I am informed. Have you found my extract in it?

I have lately bought a very curious edition of Wheeler's travels[6], which seems to corroborate your account of Lord Winchelsea[7] purchasing Lord Arundel's medals. On the margins are neatly drawn and described by Lord Winchelsea's own hand many coins exemplifying Wheeler: but who Mr. Hall was or into what possession the collection since passed, it is difficult at this distance to discover. Probably into the Earl of Pembroke's.

I will trouble you, Sir, with no more at present, but to

[1] Valerio Belli, known as Valerio Vicentino (see *Anecdotes of Painting*, in *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iii. pp. 138-9).

[2] Rowland Lockey (fl. 1600), painter; he is mentioned by Francis Meres in his *Wit's Commonwealth* (1598), among the eminent artists then living in England.

[3] See *Anecdotes of Painting*, in *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iii. pp. 350 ff.

[4] *Sic* in MS.; no doubt an error for Verelst—Simon Verelst (1644-1721), flower and portrait-painter, of whom Walpole gives an account in *Anecdotes of Painting*; he went out of his mind towards the end of his life, and had to be confined (see *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iii. pp. 302-4).

[5] *The Original and Growth of Printing* (London, 1664), by Richard Atkyns (1615-1677).

[6] *A Journey into Greece* (1682), by Sir George Wheler (1650-1723).

[7] Heneage Finch, 3rd Earl of Winchilsea (d. 1689).

thank you for the justice you do me with regard to King Charles. Indeed it is what I have always meant to show to his character, accordingly as it fell in with my subjects. Every man ought to be impartial; a writer has perhaps still greater obligation to be so, as he may be accessory to the opinions of others. I never could think Charles 1st a good king, because he was a great collector. I cannot reckon him a bad virtuoso, because he sought too great power. It is not being a Whig or a Tory, to lump virtues and defects, and turn one into t'other, because a man's principles agreed with one's own: but it is being a party-man, a term that in my opinion denotes nothing but prejudice and bigotry. I would wish to act, in a moderate degree, according to the rule which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Brutus,

'As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him.'

You see, Sir, with what slight variations this is applicable to the whole of what I have ever said of Charles 1st.

I am, Sir,
Your much obliged
humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

828*. TO THE EARL OF ILCHESTER [1].

MY LORD, Strawberry Hill, July 29th, 1762.

When people disoblige one, they hate one; when they oblige one, they are full of thanks. The latter is some amends for the former, and therefore I take it as of course.

LETTER 828*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters to Henry Fox, Lord Holland*, edited by Earl of Ilchester, pp. 153–4.

[1] Stephen Fox (1704–1776), afterwards (1758) Fox-Strangways, elder brother of Henry Fox; created (1747) Baron Ilchester, and (1756) Earl of Ilchester.

Otherwise I must be miserably ashamed, when I find your Lordship thanking me for passing the most agreeable fortnight imaginable. Why, if you was the crossest of beings, and Lady Ilchester[2] the worst bred, and Lady Susan[3] the most disagreeable, do you think that showing me Redlinch[4], Melbury[5], Sherburn[6], and Mr. Hoare's[7], would not have contented me? Come again? Yes, I will, and shall like it so much, that I expect you will be all gratitude. But you are not quite so well with Strawberry as with me; I have done nothing but abuse it since I came home; and have called it hovel and cottage, and told it that it was not worthy of standing in the house-keeper's room at Melbury. I have mortified the Thames, that used to fancy itself the only water in the world, with asking for its cascades[8], and telling it how paltry it looked without the ruins of a castle[9] on Richmond Hill. I have broken all my orange-trees with hunting for goldfinches' nests[10], and tore my sheets with hanging them cross my cows[11]. In short, I am so out of humour since I came home, and so envious, that I believe I shall murder a couple of my neighbours and cram them

[2] Elizabeth Strangways; she was married in 1736.

[3] Lady Susan Fox-Strangways, the eldest daughter; she married in 1764 William O'Brien, an actor.

[4] Redlynch House, near Bruton, in Somersetshire, seat of Lord Ilchester.

[5] In Dorsetshire, another seat of Lord Ilchester.

[6] Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, seat of Lord Digby.

[7] Stourhead, in Wiltshire, seat of Richard Hoare, afterwards (1786) first Baronet.

[8] This and the following references are explained by passages in an account by Walpole of his 'Journey to Stourhead, Redlynch, Longleate, Haselgrove, Melbury, and Abbotsbury in July 1762,' preserved in the Waller Collection:—(At Melbury) 'a charming wood of 200 acres, cut into wild walks, with a natural water, and two beautiful cascades.'

[9] (At Sherborne) 'opposite to the house, across the lake, is that fine object, the ruins of Sherburn Castle, the seat of the ancient Bishops of Sherburn.'

[10] (At Melbury) 'There is a pretty aviary; and in one of the orange trees in the court, I saw a goldfinch sitting on its nest, close to the house.'

[11] (At Redlynch) 'The park is filled with a particular breed of cows, which have a pretty effect. Their whole fore and hinder parts are black or brown, and the bodies milk white, divided in such strait lines, that they look as if they had a sheet flung over them, whence they are called, sheet-cows.'

into a pit with a grate over them[12], that I may have something at least like what I have been seeing. If you have a mind, my Lord, to make me any reparation for the damage you have done me, you must at least send me Lady Fanny[13]. My compliments to her and all Paradise, my love to Miss Cheek[14], and my hate to Mr. Berkeley.

I am, my Lord,
Your Lordship's
most obliged, tho' angry
humble Servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

838*. To GEORGE AUGUSTUS SELWYN.

DEAR GEORGE Strawberry Hill, Tuesday [Aug.] 31st [1762].

You, Lord March and the Countess, flattered me with the hopes of a visit, as soon as the world was delivered of all its big events. The Queen is almost up again[1], so is scrip, the Duke of Bedford kisses hands[2] to-morrow, and for the Havannah[3], I trust you are weary of expecting it. After Friday next I have no engagement till Saturday sennight. Bed or beds will be ready as they are commanded. Only let me know a day before, that I may not be abroad.

[12] (At Stourhead) 'On the edge of the lawn before the house is a grate over a cave into which Charles Lord Stourton thrust the bodies of the two Hargills, whom he had murdered, and for which he was executed in the reign of Queen Mary.'

[13] Lady Frances Muriel Fox-Strangways, Lord Ilchester's youngest daughter, at this time seven years old; she married in 1777 Valentine Richard Quin, afterwards (1822) Earl of Dunraven.

[14] A friend of the Ilchester family; she subsequently (1763) married a Mr. Melliar (see note 3 on letter to Lady Ossory of July 30, 1774).

LETTER 838*.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy kindly supplied by Messrs. Dodd & Livingston, of New York, owners of the original.

[1] Queen Charlotte had given birth to a prince (afterwards George IV) on Aug. 12.

[2] He had been appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to France.

[3] The news of the capture of Havana, which had been besieged since June by Admiral Sir George Pocock and the Earl of Albemarle, was daily expected; it surrendered on Aug. 12.

If Williams[4] is in town, perhaps he will accompany you. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

845. TO THE REV. WILLIAM COLE.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 30, 1762.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 125.]

877. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, May 1, 1763.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 125.]

882. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, May 17, 1763.

[Addition to note; correction in note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. pp. 125-6.]

885. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Huntingdon, May 30, 1763.

[Now first printed in full; additional notes—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 126.]

926. TO GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, Jan. 11, 1764.

[Correction in text—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 126.]

928. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, Jan. 22, 1764.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 126.]

976. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 27, 1764.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 127.]

[4] 'Gilly' Williams (see note 11 on letter to Bentley of Dec. 24, 1754).

977. To William Pitt.

Arlington Street, Aug. 29, 1764.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 127.]

998*. To the Rev. James Merrick [1].

Sir, Arlington Street, Dec. 1st, 1764.

It was a very sensible affliction to me to hear of your brother's [2] death, for whom I had a real and very great value. His worth, humanity and good sense were very uncommon, and are a peculiar loss to any man whom he honoured with his friendship, as I flatter myself he did me; and nobody would have done more, willingly than I would [3], to preserve so valuable a life. His consummate knowledge in his profession convinced him *that* was impossible; and his philosophic resignation and tranquillity made *that* conviction no pain to him.

He was so kind as to insist on my taking the picture [4]

Letter 998*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Mr. Thomas Loveday, great-great-grandson of the antiquary, John Loveday (1711–1789), to whom the addressee bequeathed his books and MSS.

[1] Poet and scholar (1720–1769), second son of Dr. John Merrick, physician, and sometime Mayor, of Reading (d. 1757). He was Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford (1745), and was ordained, but never held a living; he resided for some years in college, where among his pupils was Lord North.

[2] His eldest brother, Dr. John Merrick, physician of Reading, who had died on the previous Nov. 10; he is described in his will (dated Sept 18, 1764, a copy of which was kindly supplied by Mr. Thomas Loveday) as 'late of Isleworth and now of Reading, Batchellor in Physic.'

[3] So in MS.

[4] James Merrick no doubt had written to inform Walpole of his brother's bequest to him of the picture in question; the clause in the will runs: 'Also I Give to the Honourable Horatio Walpole my large Picture of a Church by Antoine de l'Orme.' The artist named would be presumably Antoine Delorme (1653–1723), best known as an engraver. In the *Description of Strawberry Hill* Walpole describes the picture as 'The inside of a church, a very good Flemish picture on board; a legacy to Mr. Walpole from doctor Meyrick at Isleworth'; it was hung in 'The Round Bedchamber, two Pair of Stairs' (*Works*, ed. 1798, vol. ii. p. 505). In the Catalogue of the Strawberry Hill sale of 1842, in which this picture figures as Lot 20 of the 21st day (May 18), and when it fetched £36 15*s.*, the artist's name is given as 'Steinwick' (i. e. Hendrik van Steenwyck, 1550–1604).

before he left Isleworth, much against my inclination, and only upon condition that he would let me restore it if he lived to return; a condition I heartily wish could have been accomplished! I shall now preserve it in memory of him with the highest esteem; but should you ever, Sir, come to Twickenham or to London, I hope you will give me an opportunity of showing my regard to Dr. Merrick's memory, by expressing my satisfaction in seeing anybody so nearly related to him.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

turn over.

I beg pardon, Sir, if this letter is not properly addressed: I have an imperfect idea, Sir, that you are a divine[5]; but my uncertainty and the fear of occasioning any miscarriage to my letter, which would mortify me extremely, is the cause of so simple and indefinite a superscription[6], which I hope you will be so good as to excuse.

1006. TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

Arlington Street, Jan. 27, 1765.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 127.]

1007. TO THE REV. THOMAS PERCY.

Arlington Street, Feb. 5, 1765.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 127.]

1014. TO ÉLIE DE BEAUMONT.

Strawberry Hill, March 18, 1765.

[Collated with original—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 127.]

[5] See note 1.

[6] The letter, which is written on a 4to sheet (two leaves) of note-paper, apparently must have been enclosed in a cover, as no address nor superscription of any kind appears on the letter itself, nor on the blank leaf; nor is there any trace of a seal.

1021*. To Lady Hervey.

[April 26, 1765.][1]

Your Ladyship may be sure I did not forget so agreeable a dinner as I am to have to-day. I have been so much engaged lately that I have not had a moment's time to do what I wish most; waiting on your Ladyship is certainly most particularly in that wish, which is so much my inclination, that it scarcely leaves room for gratitude to operate.

1026*. To Lord Holland[1].

Tuesday night. 9 o'clock. [May 21, 1765.]

I was not in the wrong, my dear Lord, on Sunday[2], when I told you that the reported disposition of places was premature; and I guessed as little wrong when I doubted the accession of Mr. Pitt. He has refused almost *carte blanche.*

The four Ministers[3] were separately with the King that day, as you know. They told him their resolution to adhere to one another, and that they would resign on Tuesday (to-day) if not dismissed sooner. This resolution however they changed. George Grenville offended him much: the King ordered him to carry a message to the House to adjourn: he replied, 'Sir, would you have me cut my own throat?' 'Who must carry the message then?' 'My successor.' They determined even to oppose the adjournment; which intention being known, the House is only adjourned from day to day.

Letter 1021*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection. The note is written on a card, enclosed in a cover, addressed, 'To the Honorable Lady Hervey.'

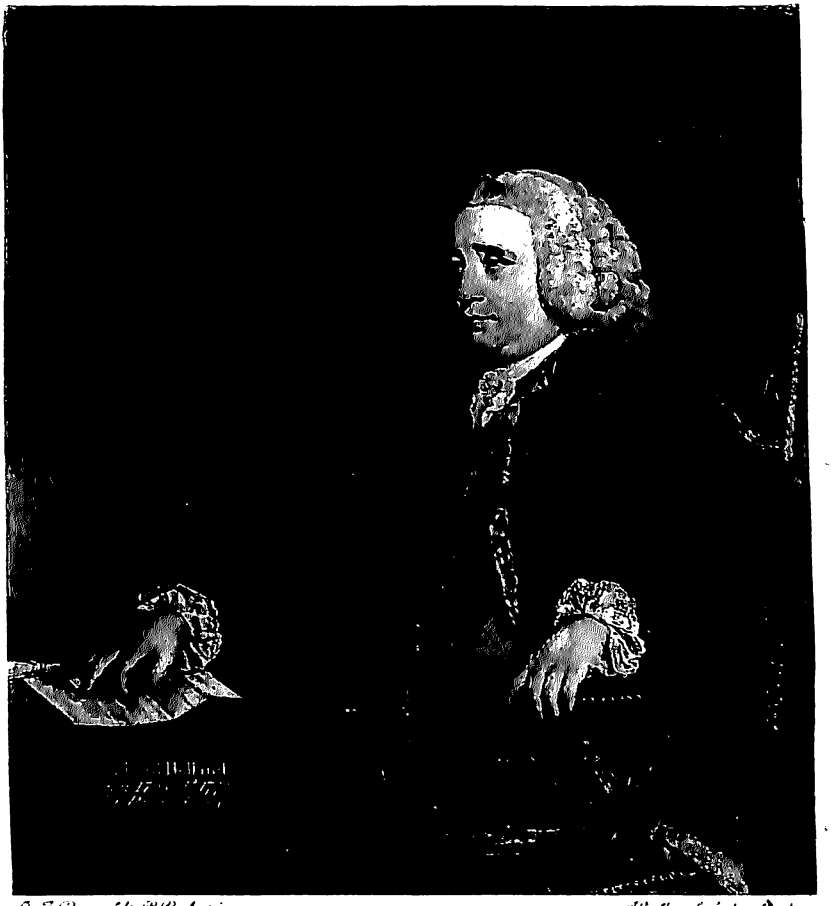
[1] The note is undated; the date is endorsed on the back of the cover, 'Mr. Walpole the 26th April, 1765.'

Letter 1026*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters to Henry Fox, Lord Holland*, edited by Earl of Ilchester, pp. 213-14.

[1] Henry Fox had been created Baron Holland, of Foxley, in April, 1763.

[2] May 19 (see letter to Hertford of May 20, 1765).

[3] The Duke of Bedford, George Grenville, and the two Secretaries of State, Lord Sandwich and Lord Halifax (see letter of May 20).



Sir J. Reynolds, P.R.A. pinx. Walker & Cockerell, ph. sc.

Henry, 1st Lord Holland.

The Sheriffs of London yesterday acquainted the Lords with intelligence they had got, that the weavers were to rise at five this morning, on which Lord Halifax wrote to the King to advise a commission for Lord Granby, the Duke of Richmond, and Lord Waldegrave, to suppress the riot. Upon this, his Majesty resolved to name the Duke of Cumberland Captain-General, and it was even said in the House of Commons to-day, that it was so done; but your brother, whom I have left this minute, tells me it was not; and I know the Duke said he would stop it if he could. Lord Ilchester adds, that just as he came from court, the Duke of Gloucester said it was all patched up again for a time; and that he heard the Duke of Bedford say the same thing a minute afterwards, but adding, 'there is one point given us to consider of;' which your brother thinks is the affair of Captain-General.

There has not been the appearance of a riot to-day. The two Secretaries dropped strong insinuations in the House of Lords yesterday, that Lord Bute had fomented the mob; which Lord Pomfret took up warmly; and indeed the ministerial people have not been sparing of that language.

Among these many strange events, nothing strikes more than an interview at Lord Temple's this morning, between him and his brother George; but as yet I know nothing of the purport or result.

Good-night, my dear Lord; I hope to go in a day or two to my Kingsgate[4]; and hope still more fervently that this may be the last week of politics in which I am ever engaged. The Ministers cannot be more overjoyed at recovering their power, than I shall be to recover my liberty.

Yours most sincerely,

H. WALPOLE.

[4] See note 10 to letter of May 20.

1030*. To Lord Holland.

My dear Lord, [May 28, 1765.]

If I was to write, as you bid me, all I can think of, that is, all I know, of the late transactions, your curiosity, however great it may be, would be wearied, before I could reduce it to any tolerable compass, even tho' I should methodize it like a divine, under the several heads of blunders, folly, treachery, insolence, &c. Sooner or later I will give you the whole detail: at present I will chiefly confine myself to satisfying your questions, for you know I never attempt to account for more than I understand, nor to assert more than I really know. I have learnt a great deal of these histories, but there are material points which I have not yet been able to make out.

Lord Halifax and Lord Sandwich may be as guilty to you as the rest of the crew, but I cannot say that I have heard them particularly named. At Bedford House their violence against you is boasted of, and they have been so brutal as to say it would kill you, tho' I thought they knew your spirit a little better. George Grenville's share in it you cannot doubt, from his own malice to you, and from the new fuel which his brother Temple has supplied. I was told at Richmond House that the Junto had proposed to dismiss you in some very ignominious manner; what that was to have been, I have not heard, nor whether it went farther than the first ill disposition. I cannot mention this dirty spite without doing justice to the Duke of Richmond, who resents the treatment of you in the warmest, most open and most friendly manner.

Lord Bute, you know, I am not acquainted with; but by what I see in his friends, he is thoroughly enraged. The

Letter 1030*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters to Henry Fox, Lord Holland*, edited by Earl of Ilchester, pp. 216-19.

usage of Mr. Mackinsy[1] is aggravated by his having given up a place for life, on the King's promise that he should keep the Privy Seal for his Majesty's life. Lord Frederic Campbell's[2] acceptance of it augments the injury, for Lord Bute had given him a place for life of £700 a year, and made two bitter enemies by it.

The Duke is taxed by Lord Temple with insincerity in the negotiation. The latter pretends that while it was depending, his R.H. advised the King to retake his old Ministers. But it should be remembered that in the midst of the treaty, the reconciliation[3] of Lord T. and G. Grenville happened, which seems to throw the charge of insincerity upon that quarter.

As to the Duke of Newcastle, he has been Semper Idem, busy and inconclusive, giving councils and impediments, eager and timid. Would not accept himself, yet recommended those faggots Lord Grantham and Lord Hardwicke for Secretaries of State, as if himself was in the plenitude of power.

You call the Opposition, the late Opposition, very apropos, for they declare they lay down their arms, and are attached to the King. A few weeks, I think, will make them go farther, and perceive there are more detestable men than Lord Bute.

I will now answer you upon two heads more, as if you had questioned me upon them.

The King feels the outrage offered to him[4] with due resentment. Their behaviour to him has exceeded all bounds. Grenville had the insolence to tell him he did not

[1] Hon. James Stuart-Mackenzie, brother of Lord Bute; he had been appointed Lord Privy Seal for Scotland in 1763.

[2] Younger son of fourth Duke of Argyll.

[3] This reconciliation took place on Wednesday, May 22 (see *Grenville Papers*, iii. 183).

[4] This refers to the interview of the Ministers with the King on May 22 (see Walpole's *Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. ii. p. 125).

know what business the Duke of Cumberland had so often at Court. The Duke of Bedford went farther, and after telling him that Lord Bute had long been his bitter enemy and broke his word with him, added, that he was sorry to be forced to tax his Majesty with a like breach of promise. This Lady Waldegrave boasted of to Lady Mary Coke, and Rigby to Hamilton.

The other point is Mr. Pitt—never a very explicable subject, now dark indeed. Yet I think thus much is probable; that tho' he did not wish the reconciliation of his brothers-in-law, he is ready to profit of it. In other words, the world believes that Grenville has promised Lord Temple to get rid of the Duke of Bedford as soon as he can, possibly by fair means, that is, by persuading his Grace to retire, upon condition his friends keep their places. They perhaps may accord to this, but how the Duchess will like to quit victory and empire for Woburn and Bath, is another question. Lord Lyttelton has dropped this inadvertently, and Lord Temple told Lord Geo: Sackville he never would come in with the present Ministers, but should have no objection to an administration formed from different parties; meaning, I suppose, to break all parties, to govern all more easily; but that idea is seen through, and will not be so practicable as they think for, tho' it may to some degree.

Wednesday night. [May 29.]

I had writ thus far, when I hear that the King has to-day declared the Duke of Ancaster Master of the Horse to the Queen.[5] The Bedfords had wanted it, first for Lord Waldegrave, then for Lord Suffolk. I like this spirit—I only fear they should drive again too fast before they are ready. A little patience and a good deal of management, good management, would make the thing very easy. When I say

[5] This appointment was made on May 29.

good management, you will not wonder that I wish you nearer than Kingsgate. I do not believe the affront to Lord Bute has answered in the article of popularity, as they flattered themselves. The people are as hostile as ever to the Duke of Bedford—but what will surprize you, the Tories lean more to George Grenville than to Lord Bute. On the other hand, one of the most violent against him, the Duke of Portland, is extremely softened: The Dukes of Richmond and Manchester offered themselves to the Duke of Cumberland. In short, if properly conducted, the machine might soon be put in motion again. There never was a fairer opportunity for a man of parts.

The Ministers, as you may imagine, flew to Lord Temple with open arms. Rigby told Hamilton that both Bedford and Marlborough had offered him their places: but he has not even accepted a dinner. Both Secretaries invited him for the Birthday; he said he believed he should be out of town; if not, should dine with his brother—not with James, who is gone out of town, sulky. Lord Temple carries George to Hayes to-morrow[6] for the first time, a *gouty* fever having prevented it hitherto. The reconciliation was negotiated by Williams, and concluded by Lord Bristol and Augustus Hervey.

Lord Townshend who bragged of prevailing on Charles, is now I hear, a little out of humour, having wanted the government of Ireland. The Irish in London are furious against the Governor[7] that is given to them.

I forgot to tell you, (and you will not mind my rambling, as this is rather a newspaper than a letter) that Lord G. Sackville thinks, from some obscure expressions of Lord Temple, that Pitt would take a peerage and leave the

[6] The dinner of reconciliation took place at Hayes on May 30 (see *Grenville Papers*, iii. 191; and Anson's *Memoirs of 3rd Duke of Grafton*, p. 52).

[7] Lord Weymouth, who, however, did not go to Ireland.

House of Commons to Geo: Grenville. Were it more known that the King offered Pitt to regulate general warrants as far as was consistent with his honour, to reinstate the dismissed officers, to alleviate the cider tax, and to strengthen alliances against the House of Bourbon, that, as the Duke of Cumberland made Lord Temple own, they had had *carte blanche des demandes*, and that they still were not to be satisfied, I should not think it would be their popularity that would entitle one Family to give law to all the World.

Friday, four o'clock. [May 31.]

I wish you joy of Ch. Townshend's kindness to Mr. Hamilton. Lord Ilchester tells me, as I foresaw, that the Duchess and Rigby are against the Duke's retiring *now*.

Charles Fitzroy, by the Duke of Grafton's desire, has been at Hayes[8], and staid three hours and half. At the conclusion he said, 'Well! Sir, then what I am to collect from all you have said, is, that you are resolved to treat no more'—'*Resolved*! Mr. Fitzroy! that is a strong word'—and then after a pause, continued: 'Mr. Pitt's determinations are fixed; all negotiation is at an end.' Perhaps you are not great, or little man enough, to see the difference between *resolved* and *determined*. I pity you; and wish you good-night.[9]

[8] This interview took place on May 29. Walpole in his *Memoirs* (*ed. cit.* iii. 131), where his chronology of these transactions is somewhat confused, implies that it took place in June; but the date is fixed beyond question by a letter written by Charles Fitzroy on the evening of May 29 to the Duke of Grafton, shortly after the interview on that same day; his account of Pitt's words tallies almost exactly with Walpole's report (see *Memoirs of 3rd Duke of Grafton*, pp. 50–1).

[9] Lord Holland's reply to this letter is preserved in the Waller Collection:—

Kingsgate, June 11, 1765.

My dear Hori,

Your ample and informing letter, for which I can never enough thank you, leaves me still in the dark. That only is saying that what was truly unaccountable you could not account for. What have you been doing, dear Hori, these two years? Acting with men, or rather children, in the eager pursuit of what was

1034. To the Countess of Suffolk.

July 3, 1765.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 128.]

not very likely to be attain'd, *Volvenda dies en attulit ultro.** And then they won't take what they had been so long looking for. When I see that Grenville's Ministry is now Pitt's, I don't wonder at the Torys. They must think themselves securer there than anywhere else. Your Opposition made their destruction a fundamental point; and any other might be brought to do so, but not Grenville's supported by Pitt. The King may have this comfort, that these ministers, having done so much have done too little. Another opportunity must come, when I heartily wish H. M. may be better prepar'd. Whether he will or no I can't tell, but the occasion must come.

Altera erit tum Tephys et altera quae vehat Argos
Delectos heroas †—

that is, if you can find any. You say there never was a fairer opportunity for a man of parts. Add, if you please, *and a little courage*, and *in the H. of Commons*, and then, tho' you abate a good deal in the article of parts, such a one could not fail. All management is at present in the Court, if it can be call'd management not to manage. Let but the K. and Q. shew the anger they must naturally have, without disguise, and that will soon bring them their revenge, in spite of the Dss ‡ and Rigby, and not only make her go away, but make it intolerable to her to stay. Their revenge, if the K. and Q. please, is sure upon all who have been so insolent. Farther I can say nothing.

For my part, account for it if you can, but don't dispute the fact, dear Hori! upon my word 'tis true—at the same time that I feel as much warmth as when I was a younger man to those I love and have reason to love, I can't hate. I am sure I have reason enough to hate and to be angry. And I represent it to myself as it is. But yet I am not angry—surpriz'd that I am not, but I am not. Honor and indignation at the usage the K., Ld. Bute, and Mr. Mackenzie have met with, and that there was power to use them so, I really have; but for myself, no. I have this moment met in the last paragraph of Dr. Hill upon Sage, some *prose*, that my philosophy (natural philosophy I suppose, for there has been no art or study, I'll swear) has luckily made for me *sans le scavoir*:

'Anger wastes, and even tears the frame by the disturbance it creates within us. It is not worth the *old Man's* while for any thing to give himself this discomposure. To live at ease is what he has to wish, and to *sum* up all, *To live at ease is the sure method to live long.*'

This is bad news for the person who prophecy'd at Bd.§ House that this would kill me. If it was Rigby, must I amidst all this wisdom, to be sincere, own this weakness that his unmerited unkindness gos to my heart? I mean of two years ago, for I know of nothing new regarding him.

Before I leave off, let me beg of you to shew your love to me, by expressing your sense of Mr. Townshend's behaviour to me. Had he seconded the rancour of others he could have made so many innocent people suffer on my account, it must have vex'd me heartily. But on the contrary, he has continu'd ev'ry

* *Aen.* ix. 7.
† Virgil, *Ecl.* iv. 34 (incorrectly quoted).
‡ Duchess of Bedford.
§ Bedford.

1037*. To Lord Holland.

My dear Lord, Arlington Street, July 15th, 1765.

I wish I was as able as willing to tell you all I know of the late transactions, but for these sixteen last days I have been confined to my room, and almost the whole time to my bed, with the gout in my head, stomach and both feet, with much fever and sharp pain. You may judge what havoc this, joined to the heat of the weather, has made in so flimsy texture as mine! My weakness is excessive, and I am now lying at length on my couch, while I write to you, and not without pain.

The dismay of the late Ministers has been in proportion to their former insolence. Sandwich alone has borne it well; Grenville worst of all. Except the disinterested Lord Powis[1], not a man has resigned for them that was not expected, unless you reckon Lord Charles Spencer[2], on whom there were doubts. Lord Suffolk[3] was so impatient to be of the number, that he carried his gold stick this morning to the King, instead of the Duke of Norfolk, but the King would not take it and bade him carry it to the person he had it from.

Lord Granby[4], who they intended should be out of humour, has interceded for and saved Charles Vernon. Charles Townshend makes promises to the Outs, and

body, and not only afforded protection but shewn great kindness to every one of them on my account. He has amaz'd them; he has amaz'd me. My brother could not have been more obliging. And no body can be more oblig'd than I am, which I beg you and ev'ry friend I have, Dr Sr, to help me in expressing. Adieu. The account of the weather, place, and life here, I leave to G. Selwyn—tho' he should be just come from a dinner with forreigners at Lord March's, or sitting up all night at Almacks.

Yours ever most affectionately
Holland.

Letter 1037*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters to Henry Fox, Lord Holland*, edited by Earl of Ilchester, pp. 234-5.

[1] Henry Arthur Herbert, fourth Earl of Powis; he was Treasurer of the Household.

[2] Second son of third Duke of Marlborough; Comptroller of the Household.

[3] Deputy Earl Marshal; the Duke of Norfolk was Earl Marshal.

[4] Master-General of Ordnance.

applications to the Ins; and goes out of town to-morrow. His brother, so violent two days ago, has quarrelled with Lord Weymouth, who will not re-elect Lord Villiers[5] (not on that point, but on the election for Tamworth), and has carried Lutterel down to oppose whoever is set up by Lord Weymouth—now you are as wise about the Townshends as ever!

Is it telling you anything, to tell you that the Duke of Newcastle is as busy as ever in teazing to have his old dishclouts newlaced! and in forcing people to dine at Claremont? It may be more new to acquaint you that an offer of the peerage was sent last night to Lord Chief Justice Pratt[6]; and tho' you know it already, I can congratulate you on the confirmation of Lord Digby's peerage[7].

I wish I was as well satisfied about the Duke of Richmond, who is not yet placed to his liking, tho' it ought to have been one of the first points they thought of. I have made use of all the latitude of peevishness which the gout authorizes, to scold about him. I am the more impatient about it, because I wish to see it done before I go to Strawberry, which I hope to do in two or three days, and then I take my leave of politics for ever I shall go to Paris the beginning of September, or sooner if I am able to bear the journey. Both my mind and body want repose, and the former to be amused with more agreeable nonsense than what has occupied it of late—in short, nonsense of my own, not nonsense of other people. I rejoice that you enjoy your health so well. When I am

[5] George Bussy, Viscount Villiers, afterwards (1769) fourth Earl of Jersey; he had resigned his seat for Tamworth on being appointed (July 12) Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, and was subsequently (Dec.) elected for Aldborough.

[6] Sir Charles Pratt was created Baron Camden on July 17.

[7] Lord Digby, whose mother was a sister of Lord Holland, was an Irish Peer, and had been a Lord of the Admiralty in the Grenville administration; he was created a Peer of the United Kingdom by the title of Baron Digby of Sherborne on Aug. 19.

a little stronger, if there is anything you want to know in which I can inform you, you know I am always most ready to do it. At present I am a poor creature, and write with such difficulty, that I am sure you will excuse me.

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

1037**. TO LORD HOLLAND.

MY DEAR LORD, Friday, July 19th [1765].

You are exceedingly kind, but I certainly do not regret any pains I can take to amuse or inform you. Several things that have happened, have undoubtedly given me great satisfaction, but they cannot quiet pain, nor what, sharp as the pain was, I think worse, the fever which accompanied it. I have been lifted into a coach to-day to take the air, and shall be carried to Strawberry to-morrow, but the little strength I possessed, does not return at all.

I doubt much whether Lord Hertford will go to Ireland, tho' I own I am singular in that opinion. He is to be here next week to make his decision[1]. You might well conclude that my journey to Paris was a symptom of his staying there; yet it was not; I have so long set my mind upon it, that I am now childishly eager for it. I long to go where I may hear any nonsense but what I have been so long used to, and tho' it is common to change one's opinion, at least one's language, when one quits Opposition, I am exactly the same I always told you I was. I am weary of politics and detest the House of Commons, and having obtained all I ever wished, the liberty of pleasing myself, without being tied to a party, I shall withdraw from even the discourse of it. To be sure it would have happened

LETTER 1037**.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters to Henry Fox, Lord Holland*, edited by Earl of Ilchester, pp. 240-2.

[1] Lord Hertford, at this time Ambassador in Paris, accepted the Lord Lieutenantcy of Ireland, which he held till the following year.

a little more decently, if the gout had not come cross such youthful resolutions, but why may not I go to Paris with as much propriety as the Duke of Newcastle to St. James's?

Lord Barrington's promotion or depression[2], whichever you please to call it, was, I believe, owing to his Grace, who wanted to parcel out the Treasurer of the Navy. There are few other promotions but what come from the same hand: yet he frets and scolds and sputters, and is not half satisfied, and the rest are so weak as to mind him.

The Attorney-General[3] was dismissed this morning, but I do not find they have any assurance that Yorke[4] will accept his place. Lord Bolingbroke[5], Seymour[6], and Aug. Hervey[7] have or are to resign, which I hear will shut up the list. The Duke of Portland told me this morning that when Pratt went to see Pitt, after accepting his peerage, the latter took no notice about it. When Pratt told him of it, all he replied was, 'Oh! then it is true that you are made a peer.' The late Ministers brag of a visit Mr. Pitt has made to Geo: Grenville, which lasted long enough for one of them to have made a speech in, in short, four hours.

I am sorry for the charge of insincerity brought against you, because the person[8] that makes it, is so great a mistress of it herself, that folks will think she cannot be mistaken in her own walk—but as I do not doubt that she will very soon cry up the sincerity of my Lord Temple, you may cure the wound with the scorpion's own oil.

[2] He exchanged the office of Treasurer of the Navy for that of Secretary at War, which he had held previously, from 1755 to 1761.

[3] Sir Fletcher Norton, afterwards (1782) Baron Grantley.

[4] Hon. Charles Yorke; he had been Attorney-General from 1762 to 1763, and was re-appointed in succession to Norton.

[5] Lord of the Bedchamber.

[6] Henry Seymour, Groom of the Bedchamber.

[7] Groom of the Bedchamber.

[8] The Duchess of Bedford. Charles James Fox had written to his father a week before: 'The Duchess of Bedford told Lord Ophaly she believed you were a very good man in your private family, but that in public life she feared it was impossible to acquitt you of insincerity The Bitch!' (*Letters to Henry Fox*, p. 234).

I am heartily glad to add a new congratulation on Mr. Digby's canonry [9], it is a promotion that pleases everybody that knows his merit.

This is not written, I fear, very legibly, as I am still lying on a couch, but you must accept the intention of the writer, who is

Ever yours,
H. WALPOLE.

1037***. To LORD HOLLAND.

MY DEAR LORD, Strawberry Hill, July 21st, 1765, Sunday.

I had sent away my letter, and left London before your last arrived there, which occasioned my not receiving it till this morning here. Lord Hertford is expected in town next Thursday. I have told you in my letter of last night that I doubted his going to Ireland, but I owned at the same time that I was singular in my opinion. If he does not, it will certainly be the Duke of Richmond. However I will certainly recommend Mr. Cooper [1] to Lord Hertford, tho' I can do it but in the second place, having promised to desire him to continue Capt. Erskine, son of Lady Frances [2], who was aide-de-camp to Lord Northumberland [3]. I should therefore, my dear Lord, advise both your Lordship and Lady Holland to write immediately, as I know

[9] William Digby, brother of Lord Digby, a nephew of Lord Holland; he had been nominated Canon of Christ Church in succession to Canon Barton, who died on July 13.

LETTER 1037***.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters to Henry Fox, Lord Holland*, edited by Earl of Ilchester, pp. 243–4.

[1] Charles Cooper, Lord Holland's illegitimate son.

[2] Lady Frances Erskine (d. 1776), daughter of twenty-second Earl of Mar; she married (1740) her cousin, James Erskine, second son of Lord Grange, and Knight Marshal of Scotland, by whom she had two sons, the elder being John Francis, afterwards (1824) twenty-third Earl of Mar, the Captain Erskine mentioned by Walpole. He was Captain in the First Regiment of Horse, Ireland.

[3] Hugh Percy, Earl (afterwards, 1766, Duke) of Northumberland, Lord Hertford's predecessor as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

of abundant solicitations. One is promised to the Duke of Grafton, and Mr. Conway has recommended the gentlemen that were his aide-de-camps, tho' they have not yet any promise. I am very minute, but when you do me the honour to consult me, it is right to tell you exactly all I know of the matter.

As I am quite alone here, I can add nothing to my last, but what I shall say very little upon. I am cool and comfortable here, which I have not been these three weeks, but not a jot stronger or less helpless than I was. Adieu! my dear Lord,

Yours most sincerely,
H. WALPOLE.

If this affair should not succeed for Mr. Cooper, you know, my dear Lord, how ready I shall be to use what little interest I have in the new Ministry to serve him in any other shape. Impute this offer to my zeal, and not to any impertinent air—God knows how little that is my disposition. I have little credit with them, I have not even cultivated that little, and after trying to do what I could in saving some, and as they will bear me witness, speaking against none, I have left them with my good wishes, but I hope not altered myself in any point that was worth preserving.

1039*. To Lord Holland.

MY DEAR LORD, Arlington Street, Aug. 2, 1765.

I am heartily concerned that you should have the smallest disappointment about Mr. Cooper, but I must do justice to Lord Hertford, tho' at the expence of myself. He had long ago promised the younger Cunningham [1]:

LETTER 1039*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters to Henry Fox, Lord Holland*, edited by Earl of Ilchester, pp. 245-6.

[1] See note 6—he was in the First (or Royal) Regiment of Foot, Ireland.

the Duke of Grafton[2] recommended Mr. Fleming[3]; Mr. Conway[4] insisted on two of his three aide-de-camps, and the Irish Speaker[5] could not be refused one. The sixth Lord Hertford was so good as to tell me I should recommend[6]. You may be sure I should have had no doubt of naming Mr. Cooper, if I had not, as I told you fairly, been engaged to solicit for Mr. Erskine. I could not in honour waive him, when I was bound to serve him if I could, nor will you I think blame me. Lord Hertford has promised, and will tell you so himself, to advance Mr. Cooper in the army: I desire to be his remembrancer, and Lady Hertford's great friendship and affection for Lady Holland will more than second anything I can say. 'Tis my earnest wish that this may be satisfactory to you. I have told you the truth, and hope that will be a pledge that I shall be as zealous to serve Mr. Cooper, as I am ready to take the blame, if I am to blame, which however I shall be very sorry if you think me.

It is with much more pleasure I tell you that the Duke of Richmond goes Ambassador to Paris, for they are only agreeable things that I ever wish to be able to tell you.

I am still a prisoner to my room and even to my couch, having had a bad return, and not yet able to wear a shoe. Adieu! my dear Lord,

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[2] Secretary of State for the Southern Department.

[3] See note 6.

[4] Secretary of State for the Northern Department.

[5] John Ponsonby (1713–1789); he was elected Speaker in 1756.

[6] 'Dublin Castle, October 19, 1765. His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant has been pleased to appoint the following Gentlemen to be his Aids-de-Camp:

Lieutenant Colonel James Cunninghame
Captain West Hyde
Captain William Burton
Captain William Fleming
Captain John Francis Erskine, and
Captain George Hotham.'

(*Dublin Gazette*, Oct. 19, 1765.)

P.S.

After I had written this letter, I perceived I had begun one on the other side; will you forgive my not writing it over again[7]?

1048*. To Lord Holland.

My dear Lord, Arlington Street, Sept. 7, 1765.

I am much disappointed of a pleasure I proposed, and of which perhaps Lord Digby had given you notice, as I mentioned to him my intention of calling on you at Kingsgate on Monday. But there are letters come from Lady Hertford last night, which say she leaves Paris on the 14th, which will make it but just possible for me, with all the diligence I can use now, so weak and broken, to see her before she comes away, which you know I have not done these two years, and cannot otherwise before she returns from Ireland.

I need not say that both she and Lord Hertford will be very ready to serve Mr. Cooper, and a word from Lady Holland to Lady Hertford at any time will find her a warm solicitor.

If I find I recover, I shall go no farther than Paris; but in truth at present I am a poor soul, and not yet able to wear my common shoes. If I can execute any commands for you at Paris, you will make me very happy. I shall be impatient for our pretty Duchess[1] to follow me, tho' considering their bad taste about Lady Sarah[2], they are not worthy of her.

[7] This postscript is not printed by Lord Ilchester, who kindly supplied a copy of the letter.

Letter 1048*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters to Henry Fox, Lord Holland*, edited by Earl of Ilchester, p. 253.

[1] Duchess of Richmond, whose husband had been appointed Ambassador at Paris.

[2] Lady Sarah Bunbury (née Lennox), sister of Duke of Richmond. Her style of beauty was not appreciated by the French at first, but subsequently she was greatly admired (see letter to Lord Holland of Feb. 10, 1767).

As you love idle French books, as well as I, if there is anything amusing comes out, I shall take the liberty of sending it to you. For their dissertations on agriculture, commerce, geometry and such wise things which I do not understand and shall not read, I will not pretend to be your factor. I am so sick of the House of Commons, that I do not think I shall ever peruse the remonstrances of *their* parliaments.

I heartily wish you your health, my dear Lord, and hope you will never have that great restorative the gout: I do not know anything it cures that is so bad as itself.

Yours ever,
H. WALPOLE.

1056. To JOHN CHUTE.

Paris, Oct. 3, 1765.

[Now first printed in full—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 128.]

1068. To SIR HORACE MANN.

Paris, Nov. 13, 1765.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 128.]

1070. To THOMAS GRAY.

Paris, Nov. 19, 1765.

[Incomplete in C.; additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 129.]

1072. To LADY HERVEY.

Paris, Nov. 21, 1765.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. pp. 130–132.]

1074. To LADY HERVEY.

Paris, Nov. 28, 1765.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 132.]

1077. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Paris, Dec. 2, 1765.

[Additional notes; correction in note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 133.]

1079. To the Countess of Suffolk.

Paris, Dec. 5, 1765.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 133.]

1084. To George Montagu.

Paris, Jan. 5, 1766.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 133.]

1085. To John Chute.

[Jan. 8, 1766.]

[Correction of date; addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 133.]

1086. To Lady Hervey.

Paris, Jan. 11, 1766.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 134.]

1095. To the Rev. William Cole.

Paris, Feb. 28, 1766.

[Correction of date; additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 134.]

1096. To Sir Horace Mann.

Paris, Feb. 29, 1766.

[Correction of dates; additional notes—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 134.]

1097*. To Lady Hervey.

Paris, March 1st, 1766.

I must again trouble your Ladyship for leave to let Favre[1] ask you where the best honey-water is to be bought. The names of the ladies who have commissioned me, will be an excuse to you, and could not but be commands to me. The younger Madame d'Egmont[2], the Princess of Monaco[3], and the Duchesse de Lauragais[4]—could I refuse? and to execute my charge well, to whom could I address myself but to my Lady Hervey's friendship?

Monsieur de Lillebonne[5], who sets out in two or three days, will bring your Ladyship the *Philosophe sans le sçavoir*[6], which is at last printed. It has run eight and twenty nights. You will lose a great deal, as it was acted in the highest perfection, still, tho' it has many faults, the natural simplicity, I think, Madam, will please you.

I am tempted to beg another favour of your Ladyship, if it should fall easily in your way. I have applied to others, who have not thought it worth their while to oblige me. I am sure of you, Madam, but that makes me always unwilling to burthen your goodness. I wrote a letter of condoleance to Monsieur de Guerchy[7] on his daughter's death; and I ordered some snuff-boxes of coal to be sent to Madame de Guerchy, which she had desired. I can

Letter 1097*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection. The letter is addressed, 'To the Right Honorable Lady Hervey, in St. James's place, London. Angleterre.'

[1] One of Walpole's Swiss servants (see letter to Lord Hertford of Aug. 3, 1764).

[2] Jeanne Sophie Elisabeth Louise Armande Septimanie de Richelieu (1740–1773), wife (1756) of Casimir Pignatelli d'Egmont, Comte d'Egmont.

[3] Marie Christine de Brignole, wife (1757) of Honoré Camille Léonor Grimaldi, Prince de Monaco.

[4] Diane Adélaïde de Mailly-Nesle, wife (1742) of Louis de Brancas, Duc de Lauraguais.

[5] François Henri d'Harcourt, Comte de Lillebonne; he was entertained by Walpole at Strawberry Hill in May of this year.

[6] Comedy of Sedaine.

[7] Claude Louis François de Regnier, Comte de Guerchy (1715–1767), French ambassador in London (1763–1767).

by no way learn whether either letter or boxes were received. As they have both been ever remarkably civil and obliging to me, I cannot account for this sudden coldness; and as I have great esteem and gratitude for them, I own it vexes me. Some of my good friends on your side of the water, Madam, I do not doubt have taken advantage of my absence to hurt me with them. As I can have no reason but esteem and gratitude to cultivate their friendship, they may surely believe my professions sincere; nor of all men living am I apt to profess anything where I feel nothing. If your Ladyship could set this right for me, it would give me real pleasure; but if you have the least repugnance to it, be assured, Madam, that I do not nor would not ask it for the world. I shall very probably see little more of Monsieur or Madame de Guerchy as long as I live, yet I should be sorry that they did not know my regard for them. I may be blackened to them, but it will not alter my sense of their kindness to me.

I am beginning, Madam, to think of my return[8], which will be about the end of this month or beginning of next. I cannot say I feel much joy on the occasion. The great civilities I have received here from several persons have made my life pass agreeably, and I shall ever retain the highest gratitude for them—yet I do not pretend to be so attached to France, as to prevent my being glad to see my own country again—if I was glad to see my own country again. In truth I am not: I abhor politics, and tho' I have done with them for ever, how am I to avoid hearing them? Your Ladyship I doubt cannot tell me.

Your most faithful,
and obliged humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

[8] Walpole left Paris on April 17, and reached London on the 22nd.

1099. To Lady Mary Coke.

Paris, March 3, 1766.

[Correction in note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 134.]

1100. To John Craufurd.

Paris, March 6, 1766.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 134.]

1102*. To the Earl of Hertford.

Paris, March 10, 1766.

If ever there was a beast, and a brute and an ungrateful monster, I am one; I am all these, and deserve as many names as a sentimental woman calls a lover that quits her. What can you think of me, when I literally forgot to thank you for your kindness to Mr. Fitzgerald[1]? I don't haggle about it, nor pretend to excuse myself. It rushed into my head last night, and I have blushed ever since. I might pretend that the marriages of your daughters[2], and the Parliament of England, and my dissipation here, put it out of my head—perhaps they did; but would that be an excuse? No, there is none for ingratitude; and I think, to punish me you should make *me* an ensign[3], instead of Mr. Fitzgerald; I should not forget it again in haste. If *he* forgets your goodness, I shall not wonder: he receives benefit by it—but I that only received an obligation! There is no precedent for *such* ingratitude. Well, as most people thank and forget, I hope that I who have not thanked, shall remember.

Letter 1102*.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy kindly supplied by Messrs. Dodd & Livingston, of New York, owners of the original.

[1] See note 1 on letter to Lady Hervey of the same date.

[2] His eldest daughter, Lady Anne Seymour-Conway, had married, on Feb. 15, Charles Moore, sixth Earl (afterwards Marquis) of Drogheda; his second daughter, Lady Sarah Frances, married, on June 3 following, Robert Stewart, eighth Earl (afterwards Marquis) of Londonderry.

[3] See letter to Lady Hervey of the same date.

The weather is at last fine, and just now I am confined again. It is called an inflammation in my eyes, but I say of the gout, as Lady Dorchester[4] said to Ratcliffe[5], 'Doctor, whatever illness I have, always have an eye to the pox.' The gout is such a harlequin, that it wears any dress, and skips from one place to another. It is not quite prudent to write with this disorder, but it is going off, and I am impatient to show you that my ingratitude is gone off too.

There has been a violent clap of thunder here. T'other morning the King, with all his lightnings about him, appeared suddenly in the Parliament, ordered four privy counsellors, not peers, to follow him into the chamber and sit at his feet, where he bid them read a *discours*, in which he informed the Giants, that they are nothing but magistrates and rebels, and that he alone is Jupiter omnipotent and omniscient. He forbids union with the Titans of other parliaments, and prohibits their forging and printing any more remonstrances in Oetna. They may whisper in his divine ear, but no more murmurs. He then dispatched a courier to Rouen, for three presidents, whom he sent back again still more haughtily, only referring them to his *discours*. As he crossed the Pontneuf, he met his neighbour the Bon Dieu, lighted from his Eagle, kneeled down in the dirt, and as Trinculo says in the *Tempest*, acknowledged the Viceroy over him. The new God's back was no sooner turned, than Messieurs the Titans appointed a committee to consider what was to be done. They sat several days and nights—and what do you think was the first thing they determined—to send three of their body, now shrunk like Milton's devils to pigmies, to condole on the death of King

[4] Catherine Sedley (1657–1717), Countess of Dorchester (1689), mistress of the Duke of York (afterwards James II); for another instance of her outspokenness, see letter to Lady Ossory of Sept. 28, 1786.

[5] Dr. John Radcliffe (1650–1714), the famous physician, and benefactor of the University of Oxford and of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Stanislaus[6]. A Voice from a Cloud said, 'Je n'ai que faire de vos condoléances.' Well, they sent again to beg to know when the God might be approached?—'What have you to say?'—'We don't know.'—'Return and bring me word.' —They went, came, and said, 'Our soul is humbled to the dust, hear us, good Lord, hear us!' Jupiter named seven o'clock last night; forty-two Commissioners went with a collect of repentance, to which, it is said, they have tacked a remonstrance ten times stronger than their former; and thus have stolen a march upon Omniscience. The supreme power can play the jockey too: the Avocats at Rennes refused to plead before the soy-disant parlement. They have been ordered to ballot for the militia.

I tell you all this, my dear King[7], that you may make the comparison of how much pleasanter it is to govern by gaining the hearts of subjects.

The Prince of Montauban[8] is dead and Madame de Lambert[9]. The Queen has been in great danger with an inflammation in her lungs, but is said to be out of danger; but one never knows the truth about Gods till they are dead.

That odious horse-race, which I mentioned to you in my last,[10] has created, or brought out, most disagreeable animosities between the two nations. Lauragais's[11] horse was taken ill on the very morning, ran, but could not complete the course and died that evening. It was affirmed

[6] Stanislaus Leczinski, Duke of Lorraine, ex-King of Poland; he was father-in-law of Louis XV.

[7] Lord Hertford was at this time Viceroy of Ireland.

[8] Charles, Prince de Rohan-Montauban; he died on Feb. 25 of this year, aged 72.

[9] Louise Thérèse de Menou, wife (1740) of Henri François de Lambert, Marquis de Lambert; she died on Feb. 28 of this year. On the relations of Madame de Lambert with Madame du Deffand see letter to Craufurd of March 6, 1766.

[10] This letter, which is mentioned also in the letter to Lady Hervey of the same date, has not been preserved. For an account of the horse-race in question, see letter to Craufurd of March 6.

[11] See note 3 on letter to Lord Hertford of April 18, 1765.

that a jury of farriers swore it was poisoned, but they only said that a drink which had been given to it, had occasioned its death. As Lauragais is a bit of a chemist and a good deal of a quack, he probably killed his horse by some invigorating measures; the more moderate accuse an English groom of patriot jealousy, but most of the French tax Lord Forbes[12] himself. In short, they have been very impertinent. Lauragais disappeared in two days, for which different reasons are assigned. He is certainly in England, as he told Lord George[13], on information that a *lettre de cachet* was issued against him, at his father's[14] request. There are many more circumstances relating to this whole affair which I will tell you when we meet—at present, my eyes beg to be excused.

Your ungrateful cousin,

H. WALPOLE.

1105. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Paris, March 21, 1766.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 135.]

1109*. TO THE MARQUISE DU DEFFAND.

[Arlington Street, May 5, 1766].[1]

JE vis dans un tourbillon dont il m'est impossible de vous rendre compte[2]. Je vais à la cour, je reçois des visites, j'en rends, je cours toute la matinée, je dîne, je joue, j'entends parler politique, on me demande des conseils, je les donne,

[12] The Comte de Lauraguais and Lord Forbes rode their own horses.

[13] Lord George Lennox, brother of the Duke of Richmond.

[14] The Duc de Brancas; the father and son were on bad terms (see letter to Cole of Feb. 28, 1766).

LETTER 1109*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 36, n. 1.

[1] The date of this letter is supplied by Mme du Deffand in her reply to Walpole of May 10–11 (No. 8).

[2] Walpole had recently (April 22) returned to London after a seven months' visit to Paris (Sept. 13, 1765, to April 18, 1766).

on ne les suit pas. Enfin, comment vous détailler tout cela? Si vous avez des fois trouvé ma tête troublée, actuellement c'est un chaos.

1114*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, May, 1766.]

Ah, Madame, Madame, quelles horreurs me racontez-vous là![1] Qu'on ne dise jamais que les Anglais sont durs et féroces.—Véritablement ce sont les Français qui le sont. Oui, oui, vous êtes des sauvages, des Iroquois, vous autres. On a bien massacré des gens chez nous, mais a-t-on jamais vu battre des mains pendant qu'on mettait à mort un pauvre malheureux, un officier général qui avait langui pendant deux ans en prison? un homme, enfin, si sensible à l'honneur, qu'il n'avait pas voulu se sauver! si touché de la disgrâce, qu'il cherche à avaler les grilles de sa prison plutôt que de se voir exposé à l'ignominie publique, et c'est exactement cette honnête pudeur qui fait qu'on le traîne dans un tombereau, et qu'on lui met un bâillon à la bouche comme au dernier des scélérats. Mon Dieu! que je suis aise d'avoir quitté Paris avant cette horrible scène! je me serais fait déchirer, ou mettre à la Bastille. Oui, ma chère pupille, rendez-vous à l'anglomanie. Notre populace com-

Letter 1114*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 37, n. 3.

[1] In her letter of May 10–11 (No. 8) Mme du Deffand had given an account of the execution of Lally: 'Lally fut exécuté avant-hier, vendredi, à cinq heures du soir. . . . Il fit plusieurs tentatives pour se tuer; la première fut un coup qu'il se donna, à deux doigts au-dessous du cœur, avec la moitié d'un compas qu'il avait caché dans la doublure de sa redingote; la seconde, en voulant avaler un petit instrument de fer . . . comme on eut peur qu'il n'avalât sa langue, on lui mit un bâillon. Il est mort comme un enragé. Il devait être conduit à l'échafaud dans un carrosse noir; mais comme il n'arriva pas à temps . . . on le mit dans un tombereau; il a reçu deux coups; le peuple battait des mains pendant l'exécution . . . Le public craignait fort que Lally n'obtînt sa grâce, ou qu'on ne commuât sa peine; il voulait son supplice, et on a été content de tout ce qui l'a rendu plus ignominieux, du tombereau, des menottes, du bâillon . . .'

pâtit au moins au malheureux qu'il s'est fait donner en spectacle.

1114**. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, May, 1766.]

A mon retour de Strawberry-Hill, je trouve votre lettre [1], qui me cause on ne peut plus de chagrin. Est-ce que vos lamentations, Madame, ne doivent jamais finir? Vous me faites bien repentir de ma franchise; il valait mieux m'en tenir au commerce simple; pourquoi vous ai-je avoué mon amitié? C'était pour vous contenter, non pas pour augmenter vos ennuis. Des soupçons, des inquiétudes perpétuelles!—Vraiment, si l'amitié a tous les ennuis de l'amour sans en avoir les plaisirs, je ne vois rien qui invite à en tâter. Au lieu de me la montrer sous sa meilleure face, vous me la présentez dans tout son ténébreux. Je renonce à l'amitié si elle n'enfante que de l'amertume. Vous vous moquez des lettres d'Héloïse, et votre correspondance devient cent fois plus larmoyante. *Reprends ton Paris; je n'aime pas ma mie, o gué.* Oui, je l'aimerais assez *au gai*, mais très-peu au triste. Oui, oui, m'amie, si vous voulez que notre commerce dure, montez-le sur un ton moins tragique; ne soyez pas comme la Comtesse de Suze [2], qui se

Letter 1114**.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 51, n. 1.

[1] Mme du Deffand's letter of May 14 (No. 9), the first half of which was filled with lamentations and melancholy forebodings as to her never seeing Walpole again, and as to the probable extinction of his friendship for her: 'Non, je ne vous reverrai plus; ce n'était pas la peine que vous vinssiez me ressusciter, me donner du ressort, pour me faire mourir deux fois. Vous voyez à quel point je suis triste, c'est une espèce de désespoir . . . Quand votre absence aura duré quelques mois je crains bien que vous ne découvriez que votre amitié pour moi n'était qu'une préférence que vous me donniez sur des gens qui vous étaient insupportables, ou parfaitement indifférents . . .'

[2] Henriette de Coligny, Comtesse de la Suze, poetess, born in 1618, died in Paris, March 10, 1673. She was daughter of Gaspard de Coligny, Maréchal de Châtillon, and married (in 1643) Thomas Hamilton, third Earl of Haddington, who died within two years of his marriage. She married secondly, Gaspard de Cham-

répandait en élégies pour un objet bien ridicule. Suis-je fait pour être le héros d'un roman épistolaire? et comment est-il possible, Madame, qu'avec autant d'esprit que vous en avez, vous donniez dans un style qui révolte votre Pylade, car vous ne voulez pas que je me prenne pour un Orondate[3]! Parlez-moi en femme raisonnable, ou je copierai les réponses aux *Lettres Portugaises*[4].

1117*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Strawberry Hill, June, 1766.]

Je ne soufflerai pas un mot de l'histoire de la dame qui est si curieuse sur le dedans d'un secrétaire[1]: My lord

pagne, Comte de la Suze, a Protestant like herself. In 1653 she became a Catholic, and in consequence obtained a divorce from her husband, a circumstance which gave rise to the remark of Queen Christina of Sweden, that 'la Comtesse de la Suze s'était fait Catholique, pour ne voir son mari, ni en ce monde, ni en l'autre.' She was celebrated for her wit, her beauty, and her romantic adventures. On a picture of her was inscribed:—

'Quae Dea sublimi rapitur per inania curru?
An *Iuno*, an *Pallas*, an *Venus* ipsa venit?
Si genus inspicias, *Iuno*; si scripta *Minerva*;
Si spectes oculos, *Mater Amoris* erit.'

[3] Orondates, the lover of Statira, widow of Alexander the Great, in La Calprenède's romance of *Cassandre*.

[4] *Lettres d'Amour d'une Religieuse Portugaise, écrites au Chevalier de C . . ., officier français en Portugal*, by Marianna Alcoforado (1640–1723), a nun of Beja; they were first published in 1669. In her reply of May 26 (No. 13) Mme du Deffand wrote: 'Me comparer à Madame de la Suze! me menacer de m'écrire pour réponse une *Portugaise*! Ce sont les deux choses du monde que je hais le plus; l'une pour sa dégoûtante et monotone fadeur, et l'autre pour ses emportements indécents. Je suis triste, malade, vaporeuse, ennuyée; je n'ai personne à qui parler: je crois avoir un ami, je me console en lui confiant mes peines, je trouve du plaisir à lui parler de mon amitié, du besoin que j'aurais de lui, de l'impatience que j'ai de le revoir; et lui, loin de répondre à ma confiance, loin de m'en savoir gré, il se scandalise, me traite du haut en bas, me tourne en ridicule, et m'outrage de toutes les manières! Ah! fi, fi! cela est horrible: s'il n'y avait pas autant d'extravagance que de dureté dans vos lettres, on ne pourrait pas les supporter; mais à la vérité elles sont si folles que je passe de la plus grande colère à éclater de rire: cependant j'éviterai de vous donner occasion d'en écrire de pareilles.'

Letter 1117*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 60, n. 5.

[1] In her letter of June 3 (No. 15) Mme du Deffand had related how at a supper given by the Marquise de Beuvron, while the rest of the company were at table, the Princesse

H . . .[2] se pendrait s'il le savait. Mais réellement le cavalier[3] était bien maladroit d'employer si lourdement son temps dans un boudoir avec la plus jolie femme de France[4], et une femme un peu disposée à la curiosité. Mon dévot cousin[5] s'y serait pris d'une autre façon.

1119. To Lady Hervey.

Strawberry Hill, June 28, 1766.

[Correction in note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 136.]

1122. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 11, 1766.

[Correction in note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 136.]

1124. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[16 Juillet, 1766.]

[Correction in text—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 137.]

1125*. To Lord Holland.

My dear Lord, Arlington Street, July 17th, noon, [1766].

I have not writ to you, because I did not know what to say. I could still plead the same cause of silence, for I am gaping here with the rest of the world, in total ignorance of what is to come forth. Mr. Pitt is at Mr. Dineley's[1] at

de Monaco and the Comte de Thiard, having retired to their hostess's boudoir, tried to open her escritoire; the key breaking in the lock, and discovery being inevitable, one of the valets de chambre having witnessed the proceeding, the Princesse, covered with shame and confusion, was obliged to confess what she had done to the Marquise, who exclaimed: 'Ah! Madame, cela est-il possible? il faut que vous le disiez vous-même pour que cela puisse se croire!' The incident created a great sensation in Paris.

[2] Lord Hertford, who had been ambassador in Paris from 1763 to 1765; Walpole refers to his passion for the Princesse de Monaco in his letter to Thomas Brand of Oct. 19, 1765.

[3] The Comte de Thiard.

[4] For Walpole's opinion of the beauty of the Princesse de Monaco, see his letter to Brand above quoted, and his letters to Lady Hervey of Sept. 14, 1765, and of Jan. 2, 1766, and to Gray of Jan. 25, 1766.

[5] Lord Hertford was Horace Walpole's first cousin.

Letter 1125*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters to Henry Fox, Lord Holland*, edited by Earl of Ilchester, pp. 258–60.

[1] See note 1 on letter to Lady Suffolk, of same date.

Hampstead and has a fever. Lord Temple arrived on Monday, has seen the King, and been at least three times at Hampstead. Still there is nothing but rumours and guesses. If anything is known at Court to-day, I shall hear after the Drawing-room, and will tell you before the post goes out.

Mr. Pitt's intimates say he will not hear of Mr. Grenville. A friend of Lord Temple has said that *he* would not accept—is not this excellent intelligence? Nobody comes to town from any side. Rigby passed thro' London yesterday on his way from Woburn to Chelmsford. Not a coach or chair goes to Lord Temple's. In short, if these two monarchs reassume the throne, it may not be so unexpected, but at least it will be as silent a revolution as that in the *Rehearsal.*

Lord Bute's friends assert that the measure was entirely by advice of my Lord Chancellor[2]. I can at least affirm that some of them were entirely out of the secret.

My Lady Montrath is dead, and has made as drunken a will as you could expect. She has left a mortgage of forty thousand pounds on the Devonshire estate to Lord John Cavendish, whom she never saw but twice; Twickenham Park to Lord Frederick, whom I do not know that she ever saw at all, but not till after the deaths of the Duchesses of Newcastle and Montrose; an estate of a thousand pounds a year to her son[3], another of six hundred a year to Lord Milton's youngest son[4], and three score thousand pounds in small legacies: I do not hear of a Yorke in the number.

Rousseau has sent Mr. Hume a folio of seventeen pages, containing his griefs[5]. The principal are, that when everybody had satisfied their curiosity, they troubled their heads

[2] Lord Northington, whose resignation this month brought about the fall of the Rockingham ministry.

[3] Charles Henry Coote (d. 1802), seventh Earl of Mountrath.

[4] Hon. Lionel Damer (1748–1807).

[5] See note 1 on letter to Hume of July 26, 1766.

no more about him, and that Mr. Hume has been in a plot with me and D'Alembert to dishonour him; that D'Alembert wrote the letter for the King of Prussia, and that I fathered it, and that Mr. Hume did not contradict it. I never saw D'Alembert but once, and then did not speak to him, and Mr. Hume never heard of the letter till he saw it here in England. You may judge of the rest by this sample. I have almost a mind to send him one of Tom Hervey's[6] letters, to shew him why England is indifferent to new madmen, possessing so much superior of her own—not forgetting our incessant revolutions.

Pray tell me how your health is. George Selwyn is throwing away all his *bons mots* on the present occasion at Newmarket. My Lady Townshend says she has been robbed of five hundred and fifty pounds in banknotes, by her servants. They have been before Fielding[7], but I do not know how it is, nothing is discovered, and it makes no noise.

I keep the rest of my paper till after dinner.

Thursday evening.

I can tell you no more, but that Lord Temple agitated Mr. Pitt so much yesterday, that to-day he has a high fever, and the physicians have ordered him to be kept quiet. The Duke of Grafton is come to town, but could not see him. You may depend on this, for you know I never tell you more positively than I am sure is exactly true. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

[6] Hon. Thomas Hervey (d. 1775), second son of first Earl of Bristol (see note 8 on letter to Mann of Dec. 16, 1741).

[7] The magistrate, Sir John Fielding.

1127*. To Lord Holland.

July 19, [1766].

I suppose, my dear Lord, you will have had twenty letters by this post to tell you that Lord Temple has refused the Treasury and is gone. His creatures say Mr. Pitt used him like a dog. I should not think that either was very gentle to the other before they parted. Lord Temple insisted on bringing his brother George too, which Pitt refused. Then poor Lord Lyttelton; no. When all was rejected, the Earl recollected Almon[1] and Humphrey Cotes[2]; not for Lords of the Treasury; but as responsible to them. He asked what Mr. Pitt intended to do for Mr. Mackenzie and Lord Northumberland? Considerably. This was the sum of the conference and quarrel, which in * *[3] Billinsgate you know might be rolled out into a spirited dialogue of some hours. The next day his Lordship saw the King, was, I believe, as well as I guess, very impertinent, was answered properly, called at Lord Gower's, who was not in town, left his commands for the people of England with Mr. Maccartney, and set out. I am so well satisfied that I am setting out too.

Mr. Pitt has still much fever; the Duke of Grafton goes to him to-day, but he himself will not, they say, be able to see the King before Wednesday. I do not guess who will have the Treasury, nor care, since I know who will not. Adieu! my dear Lord; I hope this charming weather will be of great service to you.

Yours ever,

H. W.

Letter 1127*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters to Henry Fox, Lord Holland*, edited by Earl of Ilchester, p. 260.

[1] John Almon (1737–1805), printer and bookseller in Piccadilly.

[2] Wine-merchant, an adherent of Wilkes, subsequently candidate for Westminster (see letters to Lord Hertford of Nov. 17, 1763, and to Conway of Sept. 27 and Oct. 16, 1774).

[3] Word illegible in original.

1128*. To Lord Holland.

My dear Lord, Arlington Street, July 22, 1766.

I am much pleased with the good account of your health; and much satisfied that my newspaper entertains you. It will contain little to-night, for the curtain is not drawn up yet. In general we believe that the Duke of Grafton is to be at the head of the Treasury, and Charles Townshend his Chancellor of the Exchequer. Certain it is that the latter was sent for, and has been at *our Palace of Hampstede*[1]. To-day there is a report that Lord Camden is summoned too, and that the Chancellor's face is almost as long as Charles Yorke's; but I have not so much as seen the truth of this.

Lord Temple demanded the place of President of the Council for Lord Lyttelton, and was flatly refused: menaced opposition and was told by Mr. Pitt that such a strong administration would be formed that he would not be able to oppose it. I question if that will deter him.

Good-night.

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

1130*. To Lord Holland.

Arlington Street, July 29, 1766.

I have not writ to you, my dear Lord, for these two or three posts, because I really could not tell you what would or would not happen. There has been some confusion this last week, and much absurdity, at which you will not wonder, as you will guess the authors. I feared it would have spread farther, but tho' there will be a few resigna-

Letter 1128*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters to Henry Fox, Lord Holland*, edited by Earl of Ilchester, p. 261.

[1] See note 1 on letter to Lord Holland of July 17, 1766.

Letter 1130*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters to Henry Fox, Lord Holland*, edited by Earl of Ilchester, pp. 262–3.

tions, I now think very few. The Duke of Richmond has been hurt at his successor[1], but has behaved sensibly and nobly, and very differently from two or three of his friends. As it is my great object not to have him dissatisfied, I have laboured to the utmost, and flatter myself I have a prospect of succeeding. If the breach went farther than it will do, it would not long remain open, for there are offers of filling it from *all* quarters. I trust *they* will not be wanted.

Lord Temple has endeavoured to persuade that he broke with Mr. Pitt, because Lord Gower was not to be Secretary of State. You may judge from what you know, and from what I have hinted, whether this is believed.

Charles Townshend has contrived, as usual, to make himself more talked of than anybody in this scene, by his doing and undoing, saying and unsaying. He is at last Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Duke of Grafton[2] and Lord Shelburn[3], and I believe Lord Northington[4] and Lord Camden[5], kiss hands tomorrow. Lord John[6] resigns, and I believe Lord Dartmouth[7]. Yorke[8], I am told, will not stay, but am not certain of it.

I am sorry to tell you that there is a new edition of the *Bath Guide*[9] with most execrable additions. I shall adhere to the old copy.

I am going to Strawberry for two days, heartily tired of all the folly I have been witness to for these three weeks.

Yours ever,

H. W.

[1] Lord Shelburne had replaced the Duke of Richmond as Secretary of State for the Northern Department.

[2] First Lord of the Treasury.

[3] See note 1.

[4] Lord President of the Council.

[5] Lord Chancellor.

[6] Lord John Cavendish, Commissioner of the Treasury.

[7] President of the Board of Trade; he resigned.

[8] Hon. Charles Yorke, Attorney-General; he resigned.

[9] By Christopher Anstey (see letter to Montagu of June 20, 1766).

1131*. To Lord Holland.

My dear Lord, Arlington Street, Aug. 2, 1766.

The moment after I had seen your son yesterday, I went to the Duke of Richmond. He was gone to dine out of town; I called again in the evening; but he was not returned. However as I found the Duchess alone, I spoke to her, as I could more freely even than to the Duke. I found by her that it would be impossible to persuade him to ask any favour now; and indeed I suspected so before, for Mr. Conway and I have thought of and been trying everything that we thought could please him, and nothing has gone down at all. This morning I received your second letter, which forbids my pushing it any farther. I thank you for having been convinced how happy I should have been to have contributed to it, and to have pleased Lady Holland. What time, and absence from Lord Rockingham and Lord John[1] may do, I don't know; but at present the ill humour promises bad effects. The Duke of Bedford, thro' Lord Tavistock, has directly offered himself to the Duke of Grafton, desiring nothing for himself, and only places for Lord Gower, Rigby and Dick Vernon[2]. I have told this to the Duke of Richmond, and showed him that the farther they carry their resentment, the more it will push Pitt to the Bedfords, and even facilitate his taking them: the consequence of which would be, that the Duke of Richmond would have nothing left to resort to, but the two *amiable* Grenville brothers.

Lord John seems to me to have a little of the madness that has been so much in their blood. Without the smallest provocation, and living upon the best terms with the Duke

Letter 1131*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters to Henry Fox, Lord Holland*, edited by Earl of Ilchester.

[1] Lord John Cavendish.

[2] See note 2 on letter to Mann of Feb. 2, 1752.

of Grafton, and even before the Duke was in the Treasury, Lord John wrote to him that he concluded his Grace did not wish to see a Cavendish at the board of Treasury. But Lord John is not the only person that has done mischief: Lord Albemarle is not idle. Dowdswell, after promising to accept any place not inferior to what he has had[3], has refused the first Lord of Trade.

Mr. Conway went early this morning to Park Place, and I go out of town to-morrow, but the moment I see him, I will ask him about Sir George Maccartney[4], who has indeed been very cruelly treated. Stanley[5] but two nights ago, told Lady Hertford that of all things in the world he disliked going to Russia, but had obtained the King's promise that whether he had finished his business or not, he should be in England that day two years. He is to have six thousand pounds a year, and three thousand pounds for his equipage. I hear even that drunken porter Lord Northington[6] is to have £4,000 a year pension, besides his appointments. Lord North is to have half the Paymaster's place; I don't know who the other half.

Lord Temple may pretend what he pleases about my Lord Gower, but you may depend upon it that he never proposed him till he was convinced he was either not to come in himself or at least with no nominations. I have reason to believe that the King thinks Lord Temple never meant to come in; and I believe too that the Bedfords are not the dupes of his professions.

The Common Council are outrageous at the Earldom[7]:

[3] William Dowdeswell; he had been Chancellor of the Exchequer.

[4] See note 3 on letter to Conway of July 2, 1764; he had been Envoy to St. Petersburg, and had been replaced by Hans Stanley, who was appointed Ambassador.

[5] Hans Stanley (see note 11 on letter to Bentley of June 10, 1755).

[6] Lord President of the Council, Lord Chancellor in the Rockingham ministry.

[7] Pitt, First Minister and Lord Privy Seal, was created Earl of Chatham (see letter to Mann of Aug. 1).

they had given the key of the Monument to Beardmore to illuminate it. On hearing of the peerage he sent back the key.

I do not hear of one of the Duke of Newcastle's people that will resign, for which I am not sorry. The Duke of Portland[8] I believe is gone out of town, and unless something new happens, will not quit. Lord Bessborough[9], *they say*, had a mind, but was persuaded *not*. Admiral Keppel[10] says he will not say whether he will resign or not, but thinks Mr. Pitt has neglected him. Lord Albemarle is going to York races. Charles Yorke, finding how little meanness has availed him, recurs to dignity, and talks of throwing up his profession, as he will not plead under Lord Camden.

This, I think, is the present state of affairs. The Duke of Richmond continues very kind to me, and you, who know how much I love him, may be sure I will do everything that depends on me to keep him from falling into the worst connections; but if his own good sense does not, I doubt nothing else will. This last busy month has deranged me so much, that I do not know when I shall be at liberty, but I will certainly endeavour to see you before you set out. Pray assure my Lady Holland with what pleasure I undertook her commands, and how sorry I am, in this instance, to be so insignificant.

There seems no doubt of the strength of the new Administration, but I shall never like it while the Duke of Richmond makes no part of it. Lady Holland's account of your health gives me great satisfaction.

I am
most sincerely yours,
HOR. WALPOLE.

[8] Lord Chamberlain; he resigned in the following December.

[9] Joint Postmaster-General; he resigned in December.

[10] Hon. Augustus Keppel, afterwards (1782) Viscount Keppel; he was a Lord of the Admiralty.

1132*. To the Comtesse de Forcalquier.

[Sept. 8, 1766.]

[Formerly numbered 1139—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 137.]

1136*. To George Augustus Selwyn [1].

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Sunday night, [Sept. 21, 1766].

I wrote to you this morning in answer to your obliging letter, but my Lady Townshend tells me that you are likely to go out of town to-morrow, and you will possibly not receive it, which makes me send you this, to say, that I will certainly wait on you at Matson,[2] in my way to Bath[3], but cannot set out before to-morrow sennight. I would be in town myself to-morrow morning, but am engaged to dine at Kingston—if I hear you are not gone, I will be in town to-morrow night. I finish, for fear of putting any more *to-morrows* into my letter, of which I perceive it is totally composed.

Yours ever,
H. W.

1139. To the Comtesse de Forcalquier.

[Undated.]

[Renumbered 1132*; additional notes—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 137.

1140*. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Bath, Oct. 4, 1766.

I give you ten thousand thanks for your goodness, of which I had heard before from Lady Mary[1] and Mr. Conway,

Letter 1136*.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy kindly supplied by Messrs. Dodd & Livingston, of New York, owners of the original.

[1] The letter is addressed, 'To Mr. Selwyn, in Curzon Street.'

[2] Selwyn's seat in Gloucestershire.

[3] Walpole reached Bath on Oct. 1 (see letter to Conway of Oct. 2, 1766).

Letter 1140*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] Lady Mary Coke, sister to Lady Strafford.

and which for so many years has never failed me. I have been indeed extremely ill, with a violent disorder in my stomach, but I think it was not the gout, tho' I do not love to haggle with physicians about names: I have my feelings and they have their words. All I know, is, that I recovered very fast from the moment I refused to take any more medicines, and am now much better than I could have expected to be in the time.

We have all the great ones of the earth here, Chancellor[2], President[3], and Privy Seal[4]. I saw Lady Rockingham for a moment in the street, but have not begun my visits yet, nor been at the rooms, which only cure those who have no complaint.

Lord and Lady Powis and Lord and Lady Spencer are here, but I believe it is by no means a full season yet. Their Graces of Bedford are expected, and so I hear is the mob, to settle some little differences with my Lord Chatham about the price of corn and butter. As they are not quieted by the embargo[5], I suppose they take it for a new tax. If the people should not happen to understand the language of Demosthenes, here is my Lord President in the *purloins* ready to translate it into the *vulgar* tongue[6].

I beg a thousand compliments to my Lady Strafford; I rejoice she is so well, and that the exportation is prohibited, that her pea-fowls and guinea-fowls may have their rolls and household bread in their usual plenty.

Adieu! my dear Lord.

Yours,

with the utmost warmth and friendship,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[2] Lord Camden.

[3] Lord Northington, Lord President of the Council.

[4] Lord Chatham.

[5] On Sept. 24 of this year an Order in Council was issued which laid an embargo on the exportation of grain.

[6] Lord Northington was credited with a fondness for low company, and was notorious for his habit of hard swearing.

1142*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Bath, Oct. 10, 1766.][1]

Il y avait longtemps avant la date de notre connaissance que cette crainte de ridicule[2] s'était plantée dans mon esprit, et vous devez assurément vous ressouvenir à quel point elle me possédait, et combien de fois je vous en ai entretenue. N'allez pas lui chercher une naissance récente. Dès le moment que je cessai d'être jeune, j'ai eu une peur horrible de devenir un vieillard ridicule.

* * * * * * *

Je lis les *Essais* de Montaigne, et m'en ennuie encore plus que de Bath;—c'est un vrai radotage de pédant, une rapsodie de lieux communs, même sans liaison[3].—Son Sénèque et lui se tuent à apprendre à mourir,—la chose du monde qu'on est le plus sûr de faire sans l'avoir apprise.

1144. To George Montagu.

Bath, Oct. 18, 1766.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 137.]

Letter 1142*.—Not in C.; extracts from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 141, n. 7; p. 143, n. 7.

[1] The date of this letter is supplied by Mme du Deffand in hers to Walpole of Oct. 19 (No. 40).

[2] Horace Walpole was in constant dread of being made the butt of the wits on account of Mme du Deffand's devotion for him. In her letter of Oct. 19 she replied: 'Vos craintes sur le ridicule sont des terreurs paniques, mais on ne guérit point de la peur; je n'ai point vu une semblable faiblesse; je sais qu'à mon âge on est à l'abri de donner du scandale: si l'on aime, on n'a point à s'en cacher; l'amitié ne sera jamais un sentiment ridicule quand elle ne fait pas faire des folies; mais gardons-nous d'en proférer le nom, puisque vous avez de si bonnes raisons de la vouloir proscrire; soyons *amis* (si ce mot n'est pas mal sonnant), mais amis sans amitié; c'est un système nouveau, mais dans le fond pas plus incompréhensible que la Trinité.'

[3] Mme du Deffand was shocked at Walpole's opinion of Montaigne; in the letter above quoted she writes: 'Si je ne craignais de faire une trop longue lettre, je vous intenterais un procès sur le jugement que vous portez de Montaigne.' In a letter written the next day (Oct. 20) she says: 'Je vous garde ma colère sur votre jugement de Montaigne'; in her letter of Oct. 27 (No. 42) she takes up the cudgels in his behalf, and she returns to the charge in a subsequent letter (Feb. 3, 1767, No. 59).

1145*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Strawberry Hill, October, 1766.]

Je suis charmé que vous commenciez à faire bon accueil à la prudence[1]. Il ne vous manquait que cette . . . mais non, ce n'est pas vertu ; ce n'est qu'une cuirasse qui sert de garde contre les méchants. Il fallait que le monde fourmillât de crimes, avant qu'on eût pensé à ériger la prudence en vertu. Si jamais il y eut un siècle d'or, la prudence aurait dû passer pour de la fausse monnaie[2].

1146*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Strawberry Hill, October, 1766.]

De tous les Anglais que vous verrez, c'est M. Selwyn qui a le plus véritablement de l'esprit; mais il faudra le démontrer ; faites en sorte qu'il vous parle mauvais français. Il fait tant d'efforts pour parler votre langue en vrai académicien, qu'il oublie totalement d'y joindre des idées. C'est un beau vernis pour faire briller des riens[1].

Letter 1145*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 151, n. 3.

[1] Mme du Deffand had (for the time being) ceased to give expression to her 'sentiments' with regard to Walpole.

[2] In her letter of Oct. 27 (No. 42) Mme du Deffand expressed her approval of these reflections as 'senties, pesées, et d'une vérité extrême.'

Letter 1146*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 155, n. 3.

[1] In her reply of Oct. 30–1 (No. 43) Mme du Deffand remarks: 'Ce que vous me dites de M. Selwyn est parfait: j'y ajoute qu'il n'a que de l'esprit de tête, et pas un brin du cœur: vous définiriez bien mieux que moi ce que je veux dire.' It was to George Selwyn apparently that Walpole was indebted for his first acquaintance with Mme du Deffand (see Walpole's letter to Selwyn of Dec. 2, 1765). Selwyn was an old habitué of Mme du Deffand's salon, and a not infrequent correspondent of hers. He had a trick of going to sleep in company, which he indulged on his visits to Mme du Deffand; in her letter of Nov. 15, 1778 (No. 743), she writes of him: 'Je m'accommode fort de sa société, son sommeil la rend très-commode, j'aime mieux le voir dormir que bâiller.'

1147. To Lady Mary Coke.

[Undated.]

[Correction in note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 138.]

1155. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 13, 1766.

[Correction in note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 138.]

1155*. To Lord Holland.

My dear Lord, Arlington Street, Nov. 14th, 1766.

I hear with great pleasure from all hands that you continue in the good state in which you wrote to me from Rheims[1]. Lord Ilchester was so kind as to show me two notes from Marseilles, and yesterday I had a letter from my sister[2], who speaks with great confidence of your being free from all appearance of asthma or dropsy. I have no doubt of your finding still more benefit from the sea, and surely Naples is not likely to bring back your complaints. I hope you will return as perfectly well as I am come from Bath. I have not felt such health or spirits these three years. Indeed I believe the joy of leaving Bath produced half my cure, for I could not bear the place.

I waited, before I wrote to you, for the meeting of Parliament, that I might have something worth telling you. I hasten away my letter now, lest I should have nothing more to tell you, for the session promises to be exceedingly unactive. The two Grenvilles proposed on the first day to issue two hundred thousand pounds from the Treasury to support the poor, or hire a mob for themselves. Lord Temple, with his stalking-horse, Lord Lyttelton,

Letter 1155.*—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters to Henry Fox, Lord Holland*, edited by Earl of Ilchester, pp. 272-3.

[1] Lord Holland had left England three weeks before in bad health.

[2] Lady Mary Churchill, who was residing in France.

had gone the day before to the Mayor's feast, to no purpose. Lord Ilchester will tell you the particulars of their debate. In our House (not that I was there) it was much more languid. Not one of the Duke of Bedford's people attended, and he himself in t'other House spoke with much moderation. The history is this: at Bath Lord Northington and Nugent took great pains to negotiate between his Grace and Lord Chatham. They had two or three very amicable interviews. The demands were few, but very considerable. However, if places could be found, I believe it would be a match. George Grenville, to prevent this union and *ingratiate* himself more with the Duke, went to him the instant he came to town, and kept him above four hours; the consequence of which was that the Duke forbid all his people the next morning to oppose. This will not content you—why then I believe the credit of the Ministry at that House is very near at an end. The Duchess is strong for Lord Chatham, and a person who wants to come in, but who does not care to leave Grenville for nothing, is gone out of town and out of humour. If no bargain ensues, I suppose they will hold together a little longer. So much for that part of Opposition. The Duke of Newcastle lives at Court, and is as much at his ease there as ever. His friends declare against hostilities—and so the Duke of Richmond is going out of town. This is the single point on which I am concerned. Lord Temple goes in two days till after Christmas. The poor Speaker[3] will be the martyr of all this, who must sit tête à tête with George Grenville and hear him debate till midnight, for the latter will persist, like Dr. Swift, to read prayers to his dearly beloved Roger[4].

[3] Sir John Cust, elected Speaker, Nov. 3, 1761; re-elected, May 10, 1768; resigned, Jan. 19, 1770; died, worn out by the fatigues of his office, Jan. 24, 1770.

[4] Swift, having been appointed to the living of Laraçor, 'gave public notice to his parishioners, that he would read prayers on every Wednesday and Friday. Upon the subsequent Wednesday the bell was rung and the Rector attended in his desk,

I am very glad I can tell you something that will give Lady Holland pleasure, and which as yet is a great secret. A patent of Duke is drawing for Lord Kildare[5]! Lord Bristol[6] obtained it, intending to guide by that interest.

I don't know a tittle of news more; of public there is no probability till after Christmas. The newspapers themselves have done with politics. Lord Temple just crawls about Almon's[7] window in the shape of an autumnal fly, that a child could crush: and in the City I think there are East Indian pamphlets, but I don't read what I don't understand. When Charles Townshend is rechosen[8], I shall go [to] the House again. Adieu! my dear Lord; I hope your whole caravan will assemble safely at Naples.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1160*. TO THE MARQUISE DU DEFFAND.

[Arlington Street, Feb. 10, 1767.][1]

JE suis encore redevable à vous et à la Duchesse de Choiseul de cette affaire de Fréron[2], mais elle ne laisse pas

when after having sat for some time, and finding the congregation to consist only of himself, and his clerk, Roger, he began with great composure and gravity, but with a turn peculiar to himself—*Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places*—and then proceeded regularly through the whole service' (see Lord Orrery's *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift*, Lond. 1752, pp. 31-2).

[5] James Fitzgerald (1722-1773), Marquess of Kildare, created (Nov. 26, 1766) Duke of Leinster.

[6] Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

[7] The publisher in Piccadilly.

[8] He had vacated his seat for Harwich on being appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer; he was re-elected on Nov. 17.

LETTER 1160*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 209, n. 12.

[1] The date of this letter is supplied by Mme du Deffand in hers to Walpole of Feb. 17 (No. 62).

[2] Elie Catherine Fréron (1719-1771), critic and journalist, conductor of the *Année Littéraire*. He had printed in his journal some observations on Walpole's letter to Rousseau in the name of the King of Prussia, to which exception was taken on Walpole's behalf by Mme du Deffand and the Duchesse de Choiseul, at whose instance Fréron received a reprimand. Mme du Deffand's reference to this circumstance, in her letter of Feb. 3 (No. 59), gave occasion

de me fâcher. Nous aimons tant la liberté de l'imprimerie, que j'aimerais mieux en être maltraité que de la supprimer. De plus, c'est moi qui avais commencé cette ridicule guerre ; il est injuste que j'empêche les autres de prendre la même liberté avec moi. Je ne sais ce que Fréron a dit ; je ne m'en soucie pas : c'est ma règle constante de ne faire jamais réponse à des libelles, et je serais au désespoir qu'on crût que je me fusse intéressé à attirer des réprimandes à ces gens-là.

1160**. To Lord Holland.

My dear Lord, Arlington Street, Feb. 10, 1767.

Your letter to me and all your letters give me great satisfaction, as they assure me your health is so much better. It is a good deal to have got rid of the imputation of two or three horrid disorders ; and I trust you will find yourself deceived too in the advance of age ; not that I think you will own that so frankly ; but I will forgive your telling your friends (in hopes of being indulged in your indolence) that you are grown very old, provided you do not find the real inconveniences of it.

We are here in a most profound calm. Tho' Lord Chatham has been confined at Bath ever since Christmas, everything goes on in perfect quiet ; nay, miraculously quietly, for even George Grenville has given over talking, and scarce goes to the House—indeed he had talked everybody out of it first, and the last time he divided, had but sixteen with him. The Bedfords are not of his number, and somewhat at variance amongst themselves. Lord John[1] is reduced to his favourite empire of about half a dozen,

to the above reply on the part of Walpole, who, somewhat to Mme du Deffand's annoyance, as appears from her letter of Feb. 17 above mentioned, expressed the opinion that too much had been made of the affair.

Letter 1160**.—Not in C. ; reprinted from *Letters to Henry Fox, Lord Holland*, edited by Earl of Ilchester, pp. 273–4.

[1] Lord John Cavendish.

The East India Company are all acquiescence and submission, and have at last given in their terms, which I hear are very satisfactory. Lord Chatham comes in two days, when I suppose that affair will be settled [2].

George Selwyn is come back from Paris, and Lady Sarah is expected. L'amende la plus honorable has been made to her beauty: they opened their eyes and saw nothing like her [3]. She has been exceedingly the fashion, and I dare to say is not spoiled by it.

We have just had a sad number of deaths among the young people. Lady Fortrose [4] died yesterday, but that has long been expected. Lady Suffolk, Lord Trevor's daughter, two days ago, in her lying-in. Mr. Howard [5], the last remaining hope of the Norfolks, is dead of a putrid fever. He had the measles, and they were thought over; but he was seized violently at eight at night, and died in twelve hours. The title goes to Charles Howard of Greystock [6], who is mad, is ill with the Duke and Duchess, and has only one cub of a son.

Lord Essex [7] is going to be married to Harriot Bladen [8]: she has twenty thousand pounds at present, and ten more on her father's death. Lord Bristol [9] has proposed himself and been refused by Lady Charlotte Tufton [10] and Lady Stawel [11]; but don't speak of this to my Lady Hervey [12],

[2] See letters to Mann of Jan. 21, April 5, May 12, May 24, 1767.

[3] See note 2 on letter to Lord Holland of Sept. 7, 1765.

[4] Hon. Caroline Stanhope, married (1765) Kenneth Mackenzie, Viscount Fortrose (see letters to Montagu of Dec. 12, 1766, and to Mann of Feb. 13, 1767).

[5] [6] See notes 1, 2 on letter to Mann of Feb. 13.

[7] William Anne Holles-Capel (1732-1799), fourth Earl of Essex.

[8] Daughter of Colonel Thomas Bladen, of Glastonbury Abbey, Somerset; she married Lord Essex, as his second wife, on March 2, 1767.

[9] He died unmarried.

[10] See note 5 on letter to Montagu of April 16, 1761.

[11] Hon. Mary Stawel (d. 1780), daughter and heiress of the fourth Baron Stawel of Somerton (d. 1755); she married (1750) Rt. Hon. Henry Bilson-Legge (d. 1764), and in 1760 was created Baroness Stawel of Somerton; she married secondly (1768) the first Earl of Hillsborough, afterwards (1789) Marquis of Downshire.

[12] Mother of Lord Bristol; she died in the following year (Sept. 2).

as she never has to me. She has had a very good winter upon the whole, and is now pretty well.

I think I have exhausted all my news; and in truth there never were less. Pray be so good as to make my compliments to all your company, and to Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton[13] when you see them. How does my Twickenham neighbour, poor Lady Pococke[14]?

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond came to town two days ago, very happy with the success of the Sussex election[15]. Adieu! my dear Lord,

Yours ever,
H. W.

1164*. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Thursday, March 11 [1767].

[Misdated in T.—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 138.]

1164**. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, March 13, 1767.][1]

On a donc traduit mon *Château d'Otrante*[2]; c'est apparemment pour me donner un ridicule; à la bonne heure. Tenez-

[13] William (afterwards Sir William) Hamilton, Minister at Naples (where Lord Holland was residing for his health), and his first wife; he married the notorious Emma Hart in 1791.

[14] Sophia Pitt Drake, widow of Commodore Digby Dent; she married Admiral Sir George Pocock (1706–1792) in 1763.

[15] The Duke's brother, Lord George Henry Lennox, was elected for Sussex County on Feb. 3.

Letter 1164*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 235, n. 5.

[1] The date of this letter is supplied by Mme du Deffand in hers to Walpole of March 18 (No. 72).

[2] Walpole's celebrated 'Gothic romance,' *The Castle of Otranto*, was written between June and August, 1764, and published as 'a translation by William Marshal', in the following December. A second edition was published in April, 1765, with a preface in which Walpole acknowledged his authorship, and in which he introduced some observations upon Shakespeare, and asserted the superiority of the latter to Voltaire. In his *Short Notes of my Life*, under March 13, 1767, Walpole notes: 'A bad translation of *The Castle of Otranto* into French was published at Paris this month.' Mme du Deffand mentions this publication as 'une brochure nouvelle' in her letter of March 8 (No. 68), to which the above is the reply.

vous au parti de n'en point parler ; laissez aller les critiques ; elles ne me fâcheront point ; je ne l'ai point écrit pour ce siècle-ci, qui ne veut que de la raison froide. Je vous avoue, ma petite, et vous m'en trouverez plus fol que jamais, que de tous mes ouvrages, c'est l'unique où je me sois plu ; j'ai laissé courir mon imagination ; les visions et les passions m'échauffaient. Je l'ai fait en dépit des règles, des critiques et des philosophes ; et il me semble qu'il n'en vaille que mieux. Je suis même persuadé que dans quelque temps d'ici, quand le goût reprendra sa place, que la philosophie occupe, mon pauvre *Château* trouvera des admirateurs ; il en a actuellement chez nous ; j'en viens de donner la troisième édition. Ce que je viens de dire n'est pas pour mendier votre suffrage ; je vous ai constamment dit que vous ne l'aimeriez pas ; vos visions sont d'un genre différent. Je ne suis pas tout à fait fâché qu'on ait donné la seconde préface[3], cependant la première répond mieux à la fiction ; j'ai voulu qu'elle passât pour ancienne, et presque tout le monde en fut la dupe. Je ne cherche pas querelle avec Voltaire ; mais je dirai jusqu'à la mort que notre Shakespeare est mille piques au-dessus.

[3] Mme du Deffand had said of the French translation : 'J'aurais voulu qu'on eût supprimé la préface, qui est celle de la seconde édition : il y est dit que Shakespeare a beaucoup plus d'esprit que Voltaire : ce trait vous met à l'abri de la critique de Fréron,* mais ne peut manquer de vous en attirer bien d'autres.' She feared lest this preface should embroil Walpole with Voltaire ; the latter was highly incensed, but Walpole succeeded in avoiding a quarrel. In his *Short Notes of my Life*, under June 20, 1768, he notes : 'Received a letter from Voltaire desiring my *Historic Doubts*. I sent them, and *The Castle of Otranto*, that he might see the preface, of which I told him. He did not like it, but returned a very civil answer, defending his opinion. I replied with more civility, but dropping the subject, not caring to enter into a controversy ; especially on a matter of opinion, on which whether we were right or wrong, all France would be on his side, and all England on mine.'

* Fréron was bitterly hostile to Voltaire.

1165*. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Thursday, March 18th.

[Renumbered 1164*; correction of date; correction in note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 138.]

1170*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, April, 1767.]

Dans ce moment même je voudrais me donner tout entier à la recherche d'un fait dans notre histoire qui m'intéresse infiniment, et que je n'ai pas le temps d'approfondir; c'est le règne de notre Richard III, qu'on nous donne pour le plus abominable des hommes: un monument authentique de son sacre que j'ai découvert met extrêmement en doute l'assassinat de ses neveux[1] . . .

Hier j'ai dîné avec vingt-trois personnes chez les Guerchy[2]; j'y trouvai le Prince Héréditaire[3], c'était un peu incommode, ne lui ayant pas été présenté. Je priai Monsr de Guerchy de lui faire mes excuses; que l'année passée j'avais été en France; je prétextai une maladie; mon visage et ma maigreur y donnaient un grand air de vérité.—Il me combla de politesse, me dit qu'il avait tant entendu parler de moi, qu'il avait eu la plus grande impatience de faire connaissance avec moi; enfin tout s'est passé à merveille. Je mets ma

Letter 1170*.—Not in C.; extracts from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 263, n. 2; p. 264, n. 4.

[1] In her letter of May 3 (No. 80) in reply, Mme du Deffand wrote: 'Vous ne parviendrez point à justifier votre Richard III. Comment avez-vous formé un si étrange projet?' Walpole's *Historic Doubts on Richard the Third* was published on Feb. 1, 1768; in his *Short Notes of my Life* under that date he notes: 'Twelve hundred copies were printed, and sold so very fast that a new edition was undertaken the next day of 1000 more, and published the next week.'

[2] Claude Louis François de Regnier, Comte de Guerchy, French ambassador in London from 1763 to 1767. Horace Walpole was an intimate friend of the Comtesse de Guerchy, who was a daughter of the Maréchal-Duc d'Harcourt, and a relation of Mme du Deffand. In his *Memoirs of the Reign of George III* (ed. 1894, vol. i. pp. 240–1) Walpole pays a high tribute to her character, and testifies how deeply her husband was indebted for his success as ambassador to her tact and good management.

[3] The Hereditary Prince of Brunswick (Charles William Ferdinand).

prétendue renommée sur le compte de Paris ; car assurément je ne joue pas un rôle fort brillant ici, et de jour en jour je cherche à me soustraire à la foule. Qu'a-t-on fait dans le grand monde quand on n'y a rien à faire[4] ?

1173*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Strawberry Hill, May 30, 1767.][1]

Voltaire me fait horreur avec sa Catherine. Le beau sujet de badinage que l'assassinat d'un mari et l'usurpation de son trône ! Il n'est pas mal, dit-il, qu'on ait une faute à réparer. Eh ! comment répare-t-on un meurtre ? Est-ce en retenant des poëtes à ses gages ? en payant des historiens mercenaires et en soudoyant des philosophes ridicules à mille lieues de son pays ? Ce sont ces âmes viles qui chantent un Auguste et se taisent sur ses proscriptions[2].

* * * * * *

Après dîner, ma comédienne[3] m'a proposé de passer chez

[4] In her letter of May 3 above quoted Mme du Deffand observes in reply, with a characteristic hit at Walpole's sensitiveness on the subject of their friendship : 'Je ne suis point étonnée du bon accueil que vous a fait l'Héréditaire ; vous n'êtes point dans l'obscurité dont vous vous flattez ; vous auriez plus de calme et moins d'inégalité, si en effet vous étiez un homme obscur : vous êtes envié, estimé, craint, recherché ; je ne dirai point haï, parce qu'il faudrait ajouter *aimé* : ce mot est trop mal sonnant, trop indécent pour qu'une honnête femme puisse le prononcer et qu'un honnête homme puisse l'entendre.'

Letter 1173*.—Not in C. ; extracts from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 273, n. 4 ; p. 275, n. 6.

[1] The date of this letter is supplied by Mme du Deffand in hers to Walpole of June 6 (No. 85).

[2] Mme du Deffand in her letter of May 23 (No. 83) had written : 'J'ai reçu avant-hier une lettre de Voltaire . . . je me contenterai de vous en transcrire un article, il me fait l'éloge de la Czarine—"Je suis, dit-il, son chevalier envers et contre tous. Je sais bien qu'on lui reproche quelques bagatelles au sujet de son mari ; mais ce sont des affaires de famille dont je ne me mêle point ; et d'ailleurs, il n'est pas mal qu'on ait une faute à réparer, cela engage à faire de grands efforts pour forcer le public à l'estime et à l'admiration." Il joint à sa lettre un petit imprimé sur les panégyriques, plein d'éloges de cette Catherine.' Catherine had deposed and put to death her husband Peter III (July, 1762), and had caused herself to be proclaimed Empress as Catherine II. Walpole, who held her in detestation, habitually refers to her as 'the murderess,' 'Catherine Slay-Czar,' &c.

[3] Mrs. Clive, the actress, who was Walpole's tenant at Little Strawberry Hill.

elle. J'y ai trouvé un de mes neveux et sa femme[4], qui a de l'esprit; une autre femme (Madame Griffiths[5]) qui a fait des comédies, et qui est très-précieuse; et une jeune et jolie Irlandaise (Madame Balfour), sauvage comme une Iroquoise, parlant sans cesse par bonté de cœur, et avec le patois le plus marqué qu'il est possible; les autres riaient à gorge déployée, et la pauvre petite créature était charmée qu'on la trouvât si aimable. Moi, je souffrais mort et passion, j'étouffais de rire, je craignais de la choquer, et je trouvais très-malhonnête que la compagnie en usât de la sorte. Elle caressait mon chien, demandait son nom, le prononçait de la manière la plus gauche; me contait les visites qu'on lui avait rendues sur son mariage; enfin, était si naturelle, si gaie, et si franche, et se servait d'exclamations si burlesques, que je restais immobile, ne sachant si je devais l'aimer ou la croire une imbécile. Tout d'un coup ma nièce a crié: 'Allons, Madame, quittons ce personnage.' — Non, de mes jours je n'ai jamais été si surpris; c'était une dame très-bien née, très-polie, et qui a les manières les plus comme il faut. Il est vrai qu'elle était née en Irlande, mais elle n'en a pas le moindre accent. C'était une scène qu'on avait ménagée pour me divertir, et j'en ai été si parfaitement la dupe, que tous les éclats de la compagnie ne m'avaient pas dessillé les yeux.

1174*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Strawberry Hill, June 2, 1767.][1]

Je crois à une vie future, mais qu'est-ce que j'en sais? Comment méditer sur une chose dont on est absolument

[4] Robert Cholmondeley, and his wife, *née* Mary Woffington, sister of Peg Woffington, the actress.

[5] Mrs. Elizabeth Griffith (not Griffiths), playwright and novelist, wife of the Irish author, Richard Griffith. In his letter to Lord Hertford of Jan. 27, 1765, where he speaks of her as 'an Irish Mrs. Griffiths,' Walpole mentions the production of her play *The Platonic Wife*, which had a run of a few nights at Drury Lane.

Letter 1174*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 277, n. 1.

[1] The date of this letter is supplied by Mme du Deffand in hers to Walpole of June 6 (No. 85).

ignorant, et qui devient roman dès qu'on y ajoute la moindre circonstance? Dieu a fait tant de bon et de beau, qu'on devrait se fier à lui sur le reste. Il ne faut pas avoir le dessein de l'offenser. La vertu doit lui plaire; donc il faut être vertueux. Mais notre nature ne comporte pas la perfection. Dieu ne demandera donc pas une perfection qui n'est pas naturelle. Voilà ma croyance; elle est fort simple et fort courte. Je crains peu, parce que je ne sers pas un tyran[2].

1174**. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, June 29–30, 1767.][1]

On veut imposer quand on cesse de plaire, et quand on est à l'âge de plaire, assurément on ne s'avise pas de plaire par la sagesse. La jeunesse, qu'on prétend ne rien savoir, sait son intérêt sur cet article essentiel. Ah! ma petite, passé vingt-cinq ans, que vaut tout le reste? La science, le pouvoir, l'ambition, l'avarice, la gloire, les talents, ne troqueraient-ils pas leurs plus grandes possessions contre les folies et la gaîté, contre les défauts mêmes de la jeunesse[2]?

* * * * * *

Savez-vous que de quasi tous les grands hommes, je ne pardonne volontiers qu'à Alexandre[3]? Il était jeune, fou,

[1] The date of this letter is supplied by Mme du Deffand in hers to Walpole of July 5 (No. 91).

[2] In reply to Walpole's 'plaidoyer pour la jeunesse' Mme du Deffand writes in her letter of July 5: 'Il est vrai pour l'ordinaire que la jeunesse n'est pas corrompue, que ses fautes sont moins criminelles, parce qu'elles ne sont pas réfléchies, ni de propos délibéré; les agréments de la figure lui tiennent lieu de bon sens et d'esprit; mais toutes les liaisons qu'on peut former avec la jeunesse ne tiennent qu'aux sens, et c'est peut-être tout ce qu'il y a de

[2] In her letter above mentioned in reply Mme du Deffand writes: 'Mon âme, tout immortelle qu'elle est, est terriblement soumise à son enveloppe, et j'aurais bien du penchant à ne l'en pas distinguer; mais je n'ai sur cela aucun système, et j'approuve extrêmement votre opinion, vos réflexions, et les conséquences que vous en tirez.'

Letter 1174**.—Not in C.; extracts from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 292, n. 6; p. 293, n. 7.

ivre, amoureux, et il avait conquis le monde avant que de savoir ce qu'il faisait. Mais je déteste les Charles-Quint, les Philippe II, qui prennent médecine et concertent des plans pour faire massacrer cent mille hommes.

1175*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Strawberry Hill, July 11, 1767.][1]

Le ministre ne doit pas s'étonner que nous ayons donné une pension à Jean-Jacques[2], il est Suisse, il n'est pas Français. Personne n'a sollicité pour lui; lui-même il l'a demandée. Il est vrai que j'ai appuyé la demande. Mon cousin[3] l'a procurée, à ma prière et à celle de M. Hume. Mais tenez, que votre cour en donne l'équivalent à Wilkes; le pauvre diable en a bien besoin[4]. A vous parler sérieusement, il me semble que Rousseau ne compte pas fort sur sa pension, car il n'a pas même envoyé son adresse à M. Conway.

1179. To Sir Horace Mann.

[Arlington Street, July 31, 1767.]

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 138.]

réel pour bien des gens; et je crois avoir remarqué, sans me tromper, que ceux qui dans leur jeunesse n'ont eu que des affections de ce genre perdent toute existence dans leur vieillesse; ils ne tiennent à rien, et leur âme est pour ainsi dire dans un désert, quoiqu'ils soient environnés de connaissances, de parents et d'amis.'

[3] Mme du Deffand writes in reply: 'J'aime cent mille fois mieux César qu'Alexandre: la folie ne me fera jamais excuser les crimes.'

Letter 1175*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 292, n. 4.

[1] The date of this letter is supplied by Mme du Deffand in hers to Walpole of July 19 (No. 93).

[2] In her letter of July 5 (No. 91) Mme du Deffand had remarked: 'Le ministre me dit hier que rien n'était plus étonnant qu'on eût donné une pension à Jean-Jacques, qu'on n'avait point d'argent à jeter par les fenêtres; à la sollicitation de qui? en vertu de quoi? que cela n'avait pas de bon sens; effectivement je trouve ses réflexions justes.'

[3] Conway, who was Secretary of State; he obtained from George III a pension of £100 a year for Rousseau, on condition it was kept secret. For the history of the transaction, and of Rousseau's extraordinary behaviour in connexion with it, see Walpole's letter to Mme du Deffand of July 16, 1766.

[4] Wilkes was at this time an outlaw, and living in Paris in a state of destitution.

1181*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Strawberry Hill, Aug. 7, 1767.][1]

Savez-vous qu'il y a plus de trois mois que j'ai les lettres de Montesquieu[2]? On me les avait envoyées de Florence[3], et il n'y a que depuis dix jours qu'on les vend publiquement à Londres, que j'en ai proféré une parole. Il y a des notes, et un portrait de Madame Geoffrin, qui, je savais, feraient de la peine à Milady Hervey[4]; on me les aurait empruntées, et je ne voulais pas qu'on dît que je les eusse distribuées. . . . Les lettres sont écrites avec gentillesse, et voilà tout.

1181**. To Lord Holland.

My dear Lord, Arlington Street, Aug. 7th, 1767.

Tho' you have not heard from me so soon as you might expect, I hope you will not disapprove my conduct. I waited till I had made everything easy to the Duke of Grafton; and then I chose to write your request[1] to him, rather than mention it to him by word of mouth, that I might be able to show you his answer, which I will do when I see you. I would send it, if it did not contain some expressions to myself above what I can deserve, but these are the very words of the rest of the answer. 'On the point of your letter, I am vain enough to say that I had previously felt its consequences, without the inconveniences

Letter 1181*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 305, n. 8.

[1] The date of this letter is supplied by Mme du Deffand in hers to Walpole of August 12 (No. 97).

[2] In her letter of August 3 (No. 95) Mme du Deffand had told Walpole that she was sending him a copy of *Les Lettres du Président de Montesquieu* by a friend who was going to London.

[3] By Sir Horace Mann.

[4] See Walpole's letter to Mann of May 30, 1767.

Letter 1181**.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters to Henry Fox, Lord Holland*, edited by Earl of Ilchester, pp. 276–7.

[1] Lord Holland was anxious to obtain an Earldom. He had made a direct request to the King by letter on August 30 of the previous year, and had now approached the new First Lord of the Treasury (Duke of Grafton) through Walpole.

which some foresee, and have not lost sight of the hopes of bringing it to bear.'

You see, my dear Lord, that I was in the right to tell you that you could not want such inconsiderable interest as mine, where your own must necessarily be much greater. I have therefore no merit beyond having stated to the Duke as strongly as I could, the attention due to you; and I am happy to find that the result is likely to be what you wish. The Duke is not apt to be warm in professions, and I rely much more on what he has said, than I should on a positive promise from some men.

Except the change in Ireland[2], I think there will be no other at present. Even old Tilbury[3] is to remain, which does not appear to me quite so wise a measure.

Lady Dalkeith is to have a Barony[4]: and the green ribband is to be kept for Lord Carlisle[5] till he is of age. George Selwyn has been rummaging the Herald's office for precedents of its being given to men under age, but he has not persuaded the King.

The Duke of Newcastle has sent an express to Woburn to inform the Duke of Bedford that the Parliament is to be dissolved in October—but luckily his Grace is in no secrets.

Shall you be in town, I mean at Holland House, before Monday sennight, when I shall set out for Paris? My best compliments to the *Countess*[6].

Yours ever,
H. W.

[2] Lord Bristol (who never went to Ireland) was replaced as Lord Lieutenant by Lord Townshend (see letter to Mann of Aug. 18).

[3] This person has not been identified.

[4] Lady Caroline Campbell, eldest daughter of second Duke of Argyll, married firstly (1742) the Earl of Dalkeith (d. 1750), eldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch, secondly (1755) Charles Townshend (d. Sept. 4, 1767); she was created Baroness Greenwich on Aug. 19 of this year.

[5] Lord Carlisle was appointed Knight of the Thistle in December, and was invested at Turin by the King of Sardinia in the following February. He resigned the Thistle on receiving the Garter in 1793.

[6] See note 1.

1181***. To Lord Holland.

Aug. 15, 1767.

I am but this instant arrived, and not to keep your servant, will write but three words[1]. I took the Duke of Grafton aside after dinner, and told him how much you was obliged to him for what he had said in the letter to me. He said, 'I am sure I shall be able to do it at the end of the session, and I know that will content him.' I replied, 'I beg your Grace's pardon, he told me but last night how earnestly he wished to have it done before he goes into the country on Monday, that he may not be obliged in his state of health to go and come two hundred miles to kiss hands.' 'Yes,' said the Duke, 'he said so to me, but I am sure he will be satisfied with a certain promise of its being done at the end of the session. There is nothing so difficult to be obtained from the King as elevation; and I know from the best authority that when Lord Bute could do most with the King, he could not get the Dukedom for Lord Cardigan!'

I am sorry, my dear Lord, I could procure no more immediate promise; but from the Duke's heartiness for

Letter 1181***.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters to Henry Fox, Lord Holland*, edited by Earl of Ilchester, pp. 277–8.

[1] Lord Holland's letter, to which this is the reply, is preserved in the Waller Collection:—

H. H. Friday Night [Aug. 14, 1767]

Dear Sir,

The Duke may have seen the K. to-day; you may persuade him to see him on the affair on Sunday. So I beg you to write, however late, to my house in Piccadilly to-morrow night. I'll take care to have it before I attempt to go to sleep. I find, I wish, very much indeed, to be out of suspense. Either the nothing the Marq^s of Ormond gave the Irish man. Or what I shall like much better, soon.

You cannot be sorry for my impatience about what you so kindly interest yourself in. Remember my advice not to tell the Duke that silly able Man's foolish behaviour.

You know my going to Kingsgate or not depends on what you tell me.

Your ever oblig'd, at all events,

Holland.

To the Honble Hor. Walpole Esqr. in Arlington Street.

you, I am convinced it stops solely at the King, and yet I trust you will satisfy yourself with this assurance [2].

I am &c.,

H. WALPOLE [3].

1200*. TO THE MARQUISE DU DEFFAND.

[January, 1768.]

IL y a un certain mariage[1] qui commence à faire du bruit. Je vous proteste que je ne suis pas du secret, ou

[2] The King remained obdurate; Lord Holland never obtained the coveted Earldom.

[3] Lord Holland's reply to this letter is preserved in the Waller Collection :—

H. H. August the 16. 1767

DEAR SIR,

I am very sensible (and very sorry to know) where the difficulty lies; and feel my obligation to the D. of Grafton, for what he gets over of it. I am infinitely oblig'd to him, and indeed Mr. Walpole, never will forget it. But may I not hope his Grace will get leave to write to me in the K's name what he told you? Till then I have nothing to trust to (especially as to the chief point, the time) if his Grace should not chuse to be then about Court. The K., I am told, sent to the D. of B. to know whether the promise claim'd by the D. of Leinster, was as he stated it, before H. M. would allow it. Luckily, the D. of Leinster had a letter wrote by the D. of Bedford, containing it. My dear Lady Holland bids me be satisfy'd if I get this, and will do ev'rything she can to make me so.

Instead of thinking (if I can help it) of what I have to plead with the K. for more, I'll think how little plea I have with the D. of Grafton for this.

But I am a weak old man, sensible to the jeers and taunts of Rigby &c. (some of which I heard but last week), which are still more severe upon the K. than me; I am only laugh'd at. I am asham'd of this, but I can't help it.

We don't go till Tuesday, Ly Holland hopes to see you for she will thank you, and extremely too, for your part in this matter. By *a certain promise of it's being done at the end of the sessions*, I may suppose I am to be promis'd to take my seat as an Earl, in the next sessions, if but the last day of it. I'll come from wherever I may be on purpose.

Good God! that Mr. Grenville should have found it so easy to disgrace me (which you know the Dss of Bedford hop'd would kill me) and that, after two years disgrace it should be so difficult to do what I now ask! But my obligation to the D. of Grafton is the greater.

Adieu, my dear Sir, Adieu!

yrs H.

To The Honble Hor. Walpole Esqr in Arlington Street.

LETTER 1200*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 385, n. 2.

[1] The marriage of Walpole's niece, the dowager Countess Waldegrave, to the Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III. Lady Waldegrave had been privately married to the Duke on Sept. 6, 1766, but by the Duke's desire the marriage was not publicly acknowledged until 1772

je ne vous en parlerais pas. Mais on a pris une fille d'honneur, qui est logée à l'hôtel ; et le portrait du mari se voit ouvertement dans le grand cabinet [2].

1202. To Lord Hailes.

Arlington Street, Feb. 2, 1768.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 138.]

1203. To Thomas Gray.

Arlington Street, Feb. 18, 1768.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 138.]

1203*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, February, 1768.]

Me voici le plus content des hommes ; je viens de recevoir le tableau [1]. J'ai arraché toutes les enveloppes dont il était barricadé, et enfin je vous retrouve. Oui, oui, vous-même. Je savais, par inspiration, que Monsr de Carmontelle devait vous peindre mieux que jamais Raphaël n'a su prendre une ressemblance ; cela se trouve exactement vrai au pied de la lettre. Vous êtes ici en personne ; je vous parle : il ne manque que votre impatience à répondre. La Tulipe [2], votre tonneau [3], vos meubles, votre chambre,

when the Duke informed the King (Sept. 16). The fact of the marriage was kept secret even from Sir Edward Walpole (Lady Waldegrave's father), and from Horace Walpole, until May, 1772 (see Walpole's letter to Sir Edward Walpole of May 20, 1772).

[2] In her letter of Jan. 30 (No. 122) in reply Mme du Deffand wrote : 'Ha! ha! mais j'en suis fort aise ; tout l'attirail de la grandeur. . . . Vous ne devez pas être ravi, mais il serait ridicule que vous fussiez fâché. . . . Je voudrais que vous fussiez bien avec elle qu'elle se souvînt qu'elle est *du sang d'Hector*, que c'était bien de l'honneur pour elle, et qu'elle s'en honorât encore aujourd'hui.'

Letter 1203*.—Not in C. ; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 394, n. 6.

[1] A 'washed drawing,' representing Mme du Deffand and the Duchesse de Choiseul, by Carmontelle (see note 2 on letter of Feb. 23, 1768, to the Duchesse de Choiseul).

[2] Mme du Deffand's dog.

[3] Her arm-chair.

tout y est, et de la plus grande vérité. Jamais une idée ne s'est si bien rendue.... Mais voilà tout! Pour la chère grand'maman[4], rien de plus manqué. Jamais, non, jamais, je ne l'aurais devinée. C'est une figure des plus communes. Rien de cette délicatesse mignonne, de cet esprit personnifié, de cette finesse sans méchanceté et sans affectation ; rien de cette beauté qui paraît une émanation de l'âme, qui vient se placer sur le visage, de peur qu'on ne la craigne au lieu de l'aimer. Enfin, enfin, je suis bien mécontent[5].

1206*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, March, 1768.]

Je n'ai rien à dire à l'excommunication de Monsr de Parme[1] ; je ne me soucie guère ni de lui ni du pape. Bientôt ce sera comme si Jupiter défendait l'entrée du Capitole à l'évêque de Londres. Votre pape est une vieille coquette, qui, par bienséance, congédie un amant qui l'avait quitté.

[4] The Duchesse de Choiseul, whom Mme du Deffand playfully called her 'grand'maman,' her actual grandmother having (by a second marriage) been Duchesse de Choiseul.

[5] In her letter of Feb. 23–4 (No. 125) in reply, Mme du Deffand wrote: 'Vous avez donc ce beau tableau? je suis aussi piquée que vous, que la grand'maman soit aussi peu ressemblante. Je vous remercie du contentement que vous me marquez de ce que la mienne est parfaite; vous me trouverez digne d'être le pendant de l'Hôtel de Carnavalet; et nous figurerons fort bien l'une et l'autre dans un château gothique.' As appears from the *Description of Strawberry Hill*, Mme du Deffand's portrait was hung in the breakfast room, where was hung also the drawing of the Hôtel de Carnavalet, the residence in Paris of Mme de Sévigné.

Letter 1206*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 394, n. 4.

[1] In her letter of Feb. 23 (No. 125) Mme du Deffand had asked: 'Que dites-vous de l'excommunication du Duc de Parme? On dit que le premier mouvement ici a été de renvoyer le nonce.' Ferdinand, Duke of Parma, a grandson of Louis XV, succeeded his father in 1765. In 1768 Pope Clement XIII claimed to exercise sovereign rights in the Duchy, which Duke Ferdinand resisted, whereupon he was excommunicated.

1207*. To Thomas Gray.

Arlington Street, March 8, 1768.

I don't mean to trouble you with any farther searches; but I must thank you for your readiness to oblige me. I will try to return it by keeping the Roll[1] as long as I can, that you may see it, if you look Londonwards; it is really a great curiosity, and will furnish one with remarks. Not that I am going to answer such trumpery as Guthrie's[2], who does not seem to disagree with me (tho' I scarce can discover the scope of his jumbled arguments), but is angry I did not declare I agreed with him, tho' I vow I never saw his book. It shall rest in peace for me, as all such writers ever shall. The few criticisms I have suffered have done more than my own arguments could. They have strengthened my opinion, seeing how little can be advanced to overturn it. Mr. Hume has shown me an answer he has drawn up. It is nothing but his former arguments enlarged: no one new fact or new light[2]. I am trying to persuade him to publish it, that I may have occasion to add a short appendix, with some striking particulars; not, to dispute more with him. I propose too to give eight or nine figures from Rous's roll[3]. In the coronation roll is that entry, which you and I overlooked: *Things ordered in haste by my Lord Duke of Buckingham.* Then immediately follow the robes for Edward 5th—proof I think of the design that he should walk.

I shall correct a mistake I find (by Guthrie) I made, about the Duke of Albany[4]. For the confession of the Lady Butler, I take it to be an absolute lie. The commis-

Letter 1207*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Correspondence of Gray, Walpole, West, and Ashton*, edited by Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. pp. 288–90.

[1] The Roll of the Earls of Warwick—see letters to Gray of Feb. 26; and to Cole of April 16.

[2] See letter to Gray of Feb. 26.

[3] See note 1.

[4] See *Supplement to Historic Doubts on Richard III*, in *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. ii. p. 191.

sion of Sir James Tirrel I have not had time to search for in Rymer, where I suppose it is, if anywhere. But you did not observe that it is dated in Nov. 148*2*, consequently under Edward *4th*, and if true, contradicts Sir T. More, who says Tirrel was kept down. If the date should be '8*3*, it was subsequent by two or three months to the time assigned for the murder. But enough of all this till I see you.

Have you read the two new volumes of Swift[5]? The second is the dullest heap of trumpery, flattery, and folly. The first is curious indeed! what a man! what childish, vulgar stuff! what gross language to his goddess! what a curious scene when the ministry thought themselves ruined! what cowardice in such a bully!—then his libels, and his exciting ministers to punish libels in the same breath!—the next moment generous and benevolent. But his great offence with me, is preventing a poor fellow from being pardoned, who was accused of ravishing his own strumpet.

I think you will like Sterne's sentimental travels[6], which tho' often tiresome, are exceedingly goodnatured and picturesque.

Good night!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. I this moment hear that the robbery and setting fire to Mr. Conway's house[7] was committed by a servant belonging to the Duke of Richmond. I know no more yet. They had a great escape of their lives, tho' the loss and damage is considerable; and they have been most unhappy, as they have none but old and faithful servants, and could not be persuaded any of them were guilty.

[5] The last two volumes of Hawkesworth's edition of Swift's *Letters*, viz. vols. iii and iv (edited by Deane Swift and published this year), of which the former contains the *Journal to Stella*.

[6] *Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*, by Mr. Yorick (2 vols. 12mo, 1768).

[7] See letter to Mann of this same date.

1207**. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, March 11, 1768.][1]

L'Honnête Criminel[2] me paraît assez médiocre. La religion protestante n'y a que faire. Je m'étais attendu à quelque dénoûment beaucoup plus intéressant. Je ne suis pas même charmé du Baron d'Olbon[3], qui a trouvé grâce à vos yeux. Il me semble qu'il ne dit rien que de fort commun. Mais ce que je trouve détestable, c'est le langage, qui est partout d'un prosaïque bas et même rampant. Ma propre tragédie[4] a de bien plus grands défauts, mais au moins elle ne ressemble pas au ton compassé et réglé du siècle. Je n'ai pas le temps de vous en parler aujourd'hui, et je ne sais pas si je dois vous en parler. Il ne vous plairait pas assurément; il n'y a pas de beaux sentiments; il n'y a que des passions sans enveloppe; des

Letter 1207**.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 407, n. 3.

[1] The date of this letter is supplied by Mme du Deffand in hers to Walpole of March 16 (No. 130).

[2] Play, otherwise known as *Le Galérien*, of Fenouillot de Falbaire, a copy of which Mme du Deffand had sent to Walpole. In her letter of Jan. 30 (No. 122) she wrote: 'Je fus hier à une tragédie chez la Duchesse de Villeroy, qui fut applaudie à tout rompre; tout le monde était devenu fontaine en la lisant, et l'on fut aux sanglots en l'écoutant; ni la lecture ni la représentation ne m'ont causé la plus petite émotion. Cette pièce s'appelle *L'Honnête Criminel* . . . il y a un rôle qui est excellent: c'est un misanthrope, qui est plus fondé à l'être que celui de Molière; il n'a pas tant d'esprit, il n'est pas si éloquent, mais il est encore plus naturel, et en vérité il me plaît davantage: tout le reste de la pièce est des situations forcées, d'où il naît des sentiments faux, outrés, et nullement intéressants.'

[3] The misanthrope in the play referred to by Mme du Deffand in her letter above quoted. His closing speech is as follows:—

'Oui, malgré mon chagrin,
Vous me raccommodez avec le genre humain,
Cette terre n'est point un séjour si sauvage;
Il s'y rencontre encor bien des honnêtes gens,
Plus que je ne croyais, et je vois que le sage
Doit en faveur des bons supporter les méchants.'

[4] In his *Short Notes of my Life*, under March 15, 1768, Walpole notes: 'I finished a tragedy called *The Mysterious Mother*, which I had begun Dec. 25, 1766; but I had laid it aside for several months. . . . The two last acts were not now as much finished as I intended.' Fifty copies were printed at Strawberry Hill in 1768; it was eventually (in May, 1781) published, in order to put a stop to the issue of a pirated edition.

crimes, des repentirs, et des horreurs. Il y a des hardiesses qui sont à moi, et des scènes très-faibles et très-longues, qui sont à moi aussi; du gothique, que ne comporterait pas votre théâtre, et des allusions qui devraient faire grand effet, et qui peut-être n'en feraient aucun. Je crois qu'il y a beaucoup plus de mauvais que de bon; et je sais sûrement que depuis le premier acte jusqu'à la dernière scène l'intérêt languit au lieu d'augmenter: peut-il y avoir un plus grand défaut?

1209*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[April, 1768.]

Je serais charmé, à mon retour en France, de lire les lettres de Madame de Maintenon et de la Princesse des Ursins[1]. Je ne crois pas cependant que ces lettres res-

Letter 1209*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 420, n. 5.

[1] Anne Marie de la Trémoille, wife of Flavio Orsini (des Ursins), Duc de Bracciano; she had for some years been all-powerful at the court of Philip V of Spain, but was dismissed with ignominy by his second wife, Elizabeth Farnese. Her correspondence with Mme de Maintenon was not published until 1826, but the original letters had been lent to Mme du Deffand by the Duc de Choiseul, and she was anxious that Walpole should have the opportunity of reading them. In her letter of March 16 (No. 130) she had written: 'Ah! je voudrais bien vous faire lire ce que je lis actuellement, et que le petit-fils* m'a prêté; ce sont les lettres de Mme de Maintenon à Mme des Ursins, depuis 1706 jusqu'au second mariage de Philippe V: il ne tiendra qu'à vous de les lire': in her next letter (March 21), to which the above is the reply, she wrote: 'Ce matin j'ai lu une trentaine de lettres de Mme de Maintenon. . . . Je persiste à trouver que cette femme n'était point fausse, mais elle était sèche, austère, insensible, sans passion. . . . Ses lettres sont réfléchies; il y a beaucoup d'esprit, d'un style fort simple; mais elles ne sont point animées, et il s'en faut beaucoup qu'elles soient aussi agréables que celles de Mme de Sévigné. Tout est passion, tout est en action dans celles de cette dernière, elle prend part à tout, tout l'affecte, tout l'intéresse: Mme de Maintenon, tout au contraire, raconte les plus grands événements, où elle jouait un rôle, avec le plus parfait sang-froid; on voit qu'elle n'aimait ni le Roi, ni ses amis, ni ses parents, ni même sa place. Sans sentiment, sans imagination, elle ne se fait point d'illusions. . . . Il me reste de cette lecture beaucoup d'opinion de son esprit, peu d'estime de son cœur, et nul goût pour sa personne; mais, je le dis, je persiste à ne la pas croire fausse.'

* The Duc de Choiseul, playfully so called by Mme du Deffand, just as

semblent aux vôtres et à celles de Madame de Sévigné. Que de fausseté, d'hypocrisie, ne doit-on pas trouver dans la correspondance de ces deux créatures ambitieuses, adroites, glorieuses, pleines de bon sens, et cherchant à l'envi de se tromper et de se surpasser l'une l'autre! Je voudrais avoir les portraits de ces deux femmes ensemble, non pas pour faire pendant, mais pour opposer au tableau de vous et de la grand'maman[2]. J'y écrirais sous le vôtre, le naturel; sous celui de la grand'maman, la raison; sous la Maintenon, l'artifice; et sous la Princesse, l'ambition. Savez-vous ce qui s'ensuivrait? le grand nombre aimerait, leur vie durant, à être les dernières, et après leur mort, d'avoir été les premières[3].

1219. To François Arouet de Voltaire.

Strawberry Hill, June 21, 1768.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 139.]

1221*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Strawberry Hill, July, 1768.]

Ne soyez pas en peine de l'*homme de condition*[1], c'est la faute de ma traduction, et non pas de ma lettre. Il fallait

[2] The Duchesse de Choiseul (see note 4 on letter 1203*).

[3] In her letter of April 12–13 (No. 134) Mme du Deffand replied: 'Vous ne me répondez point sur le portrait que je vous ai fait de Mme de Maintenon; vous n'en êtes peut-être pas content; je ne le suis pas des épithètes que vous mettriez sous les quatre portraits. Voici celles que j'y mettrais: à Mme de Maintenon, prudence, persévérance; Mme des Ursins, à peu près la même que vous; celle de la grand'maman, j'ajouterais à la raison, la justice et la bonté; et pour moi, l'affectation, le roman, etc.'

Letter 1221*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 452, n. 3; p. 453, n. 5.

[1] Walpole had sent to Mme du Deffand a French translation of a letter he had written in English to Voltaire, for her opinion; in her reply of June 28 (No. 145) she had said: 'Le style me paraît très-bien; si j'y trouve quelques fautes, je les attribue à la traduction, ce sont des

(from another point of view) she called the Duchesse de Choiseul 'grand'-maman' (see note 2).

traduire *honnête homme*; mais venant d'employer le mot *malhonnête*, et ne voulant pas le répéter, je me suis servi d'un mot qui ne rendait pas le véritable sens de ce que j'avais dit. C'était avec raison que je craignais de me servir de termes équivoques, ce qui m'a fait écrire en anglais, dont je me trouve bien.

Du reste, n'allez pas dire des injures de votre jugement[2]. C'est précisément votre pensée que je vous demande, parce que je sais qu'elle est toujours juste, quand vous parlez ou raisonnez de sang-froid. Si je ne faisais pas cas de ce jugement-là, vous savez très-bien que je ne vous le demanderais point.

Je ne vois pas le moyen de lui dérober la préface[3] après avoir donné promesse de la lui envoyer. Il aurait fallu donner une autre tournure à ma lettre. Je crois, comme vous, qu'elle le fâchera. Mais est-il possible qu'il s'avoue

riens; il y a une seule phrase qui, quoique noble et juste, pourra choquer Voltaire; la voici—"*N'ayant rien dit que ce que je pensais, rien de malhonnête ni messéant à un homme de condition, etc.*—" les mots "*homme de condition*" blessent une oreille bourgeoise; ils lui paraîtront une vanité, et peut-être il dira qu'il ne savait pas que les gens de condition eussent des privilèges différents des autres, quand ils se font auteurs.' Walpole's phrase in English, in the letter as sent (see letter to Voltaire of June 21, 1768), runs, 'having said nothing but what I thought, nothing illiberal or unbecoming a gentleman.'

[2] Mme du Deffand had said: 'Vous ne savez pas que quand on me demande mon avis, je ne sais plus quel il est; toutes mes lumières sont premiers mouvements; je ne juge que par sentiment; si je demande à mon esprit une opération quelconque, je reconnais alors que je n'en ai point du tout.'

[3] The preface to the second edition of *The Castle of Otranto*, in which Walpole criticized Voltaire's observations on Shakespeare; he had announced his intention of sending Voltaire a copy of the work, and Mme du Deffand was in doubt as to the wisdom of including the preface, for fear Voltaire should resent the freedom of Walpole's remarks. She herself had studiously avoided mentioning the subject to Voltaire, on which account Walpole refrained from introducing her name in his letter to Voltaire. 'J'avais voulu lui vanter l'amitié dont vous m'honorez; mais de peur qu'il ne vous sût mauvais gré de ne lui avoir point parlé de cette préface, j'ai bu ma gloire, et n'en ai pas soufflé,' he had written in a previous letter (of which only this sentence has been preserved). For the result of the correspondence between Walpole and Voltaire, see note 3 on Walpole's letter to Mme du Deffand of March 13, 1767 (letter 1164**). Voltaire's letter to Walpole, dated from Ferney, June 6, 1768, is printed in *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. v. pp. 629–30.

offensé de ce qu'on lui conteste le rang du premier génie? Moi, je me ferais brûler pour la primauté de Shakespeare. C'est le plus beau génie qu'ait jamais enfanté la nature.

1222*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Strawberry Hill, July 26-7, 1768.][1]

Venons à la lettre de Voltaire[2], elle est très-belle, mais ne me persuade nullement que les merveilleuses beautés de Shakespeare ne rachètent pas ses fautes. Ce que Voltaire n'arrivera jamais à me persuader encore, c'est que ces deux vers de Racine ne soient parfaitement ridicules[3]; et si vos bienséances et la rime réduisent vos poètes à la nécessité de faire le plan de l'hôtel, je dirais que cette gêne-là est très-absurde. Mais ce que je vois encore moins, c'est pourquoi il fallait entrer dans ce détail minutieux de ce que Titus et Bérénice représentaient Louis XIV et sa belle-sœur. Voltaire voulait faire parade de son information, et prétendait faire passer une anecdote pour un argument. Mais

Letter 1222*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 472, n. 1.

[1] The date of this letter is supplied by Mme du Deffand in hers to Walpole of Aug. 3 (No. 155).

[2] Voltaire had sent his reply to Walpole's letter of June 21 to the Duchesse de Choiseul, who had handed it to Mme du Deffand to forward to Walpole. In her letter of July 21 (No. 152), in which she enclosed Voltaire's letter, Mme du Deffand had written: 'La lettre de Voltaire m'a paru extrêmement polie; mais c'est la première escarmouche, pour établir une petite guerre entre vous et lui, sur Shakespeare. Au nom de Dieu, ne donnez point dans ce panneau; tirez-vous de cette affaire le plus poliment qu'il vous sera possible, mais évitez la guerre; c'est le sentiment et le conseil de la grand'maman [Duchesse de Choiseul]; c'est celui du grand Abbé [Abbé Barthélemy], et par-dessus tout, c'est le mien; je suis bien sûre que ce sera aussi le vôtre.' Voltaire's letter, dated from Ferney, July 15, is printed in the *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. v. pp. 632-6.

[3] 'De son appartement cette porte
est prochaine,
Et cette autre conduit dans
celui de la Reine.'
Bérénice, i. 1

—lines which Walpole, in the preface to the second edition of *The Castle of Otranto*, Englished as follows:—

'To Caesar's closet through this door
you come,
And t'other leads to the Queen's
drawing-room.'

vous verrez, par ma réponse, que je lui passe tout ce qu'il veut. Je n'ai jamais pensé entrer en lice avec lui.

Quant à cette lettre à la grand'maman[4], vous voyez la bonne foi de cet homme-là! Il me recherche, il me demande mon *Richard*, je le lui envoie, et puis il parle comme si je m'étais intrigué à le lui faire lire. Sa vanité est blessée de ce qu'on a osé lui donner un rival, et il a la faiblesse plus grande encore de vouloir le rejeter sur la part qu'il prend à l'honneur de Corneille et de Racine.

1227*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Strawberry Hill, August, 1768.]

Ah! ma petite, on nous a trompé; ce n'est point le Roi de Danemark[1] qui vient de débarquer dans notre île, c'est l'empereur des fées. C'est une poupée que la grand'maman[2]

[4] Voltaire had sent the following letter to the Duchesse de Choiseul with his letter to Walpole: 'Madame, la femme du protecteur est protectrice. La femme du ministre de la France pourra prendre le parti des Français contre les Anglais avec qui je suis en guerre. Daignez juger, Madame, entre M. Walpole et moi. Il m'a envoyé ses ouvrages dans lesquels il justifie le tyran Richard Trois, dont ni vous ni moi ne nous soucions guère. Mais il donne la préférence à son grossier bouffon Shakespeare sur Racine et sur Corneille; c'est de quoi je me soucie beaucoup. Je ne sais par quelle voie M. Walpole m'a envoyé sa déclaration de guerre. Il faut que ce soit par M. le Duc de Choiseul, car elle est très-spirituelle et très-polie. Si vous voulez, Madame, être médiatrice de la paix, il ne tient qu'à vous; j'en passerai par ce que vous ordonnerez; je vous supplie d'être juge du combat. Je prends la liberté de vous envoyer ma réponse. Si vous la trouvez raisonnable, permettez que je prenne encore une autre liberté; c'est de vous supplier de lui faire parvenir ma lettre, soit par la poste, soit par M. le Comte du Châtelet*. Vous me trouverez bien hardi, mais vous pardonnerez à un vieux soldat qui combat pour sa patrie, et qui, s'il a du goût, aura combattu sous vos ordres. Agréez, Madame, la sincère estime, la reconnaissance, et le profond respect du Vieillard des Alpes. 15 juillet 1768.' Mme du Deffand had sent this letter to Walpole, remarking: 'cette lettre vous choquera beaucoup, mais vous sentez bien que Voltaire ne doit pas savoir que vous en avez connaissance.'

Letter 1227*.—Not in C.; extracts from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 484, n. 2; p. 487, n. 8.

[1] Christian VII; he had arrived in England on August 11 (see letters to George Montagu of Aug. 13, to Mann of Aug. 13, and to Lord Strafford of Aug. 16).

[2] Duchesse de Choiseul.

* French Ambassador in London.

pourrait vous présenter dans un tableau. Son visage n'est pas mal; il est assez bien fait, et son air, dans un microscope, est très-imposant. Il est poli, sérieux, fort attentif, et sa curiosité déjà usée. Il est accompagné d'une chevalerie entière de cordons blancs, ce qui fait que cette cour ambulante a tout l'air d'une croisade. Le premier ministre [3], cordon bleu comme le Roi, est un Hanovrien, personnage assez matériel, mais qui plie sa matérialité à chaque parole; car il se prosterne quasi à terre quand il parle à son maître. Au-dessus du premier ministre est le favori [4], jeune fat, à qui la faveur tourne la tête, et qui, je crois, est charmé de montrer à nous autres qu'il ose être favori en titre d'office. L'incognito [5] est très-mal observé; la majesté du diadème perce les nuées du mystère.

Voilà de grands mots; si vous n'en voulez pas, gardez-les pour Madame Dupin [6]. Hier, le petit monarque fut à l'opéra et s'y ennuya comme les sultans de Crébillon. Il n'a point d'oreilles pour la musique; peut-être qu'il aimera la vôtre. Pardonnez cette escapade; mais vous savez que je suis incorrigible sur votre opéra.

* * * * * *

J'admire, comme vous, le style et le goût de Voltaire, mais

[3] The Comte de Bernstorff; he had been Danish ambassador in Paris from 1744 to 1750. In her letter of Aug. 17 (No. 157) she had asked Walpole's opinion of Bernstorff, of whom she said: 'Il a eu ici la plus grande vogue, il était l'ami de tout le monde, il aurait été honteux de ne le pas connaître, de ne pas recevoir de ses visites. Chacun vantait son esprit, c'était l'homme de la meilleure compagnie, du meilleur ton. A travers tous ces éloges je m'avisai de l'appeler Puffendorf, cela fut trouvé plaisant, et ce nom n'est point encore oublié.'

[4] The Comte Holcke (see letter to Lord Strafford of Aug. 16).

[5] He travelled as the Comte de Travendahl.

[6] The wife of the Fermier Général Dupin; she presided over a brilliant literary coterie in Paris, and was not without literary pretensions of her own. Rousseau was at one time a member of her household, first as tutor to her son, and later as secretary to herself and to her husband; he refers to his experiences in his *Confessions*. Lord Chesterfield several times mentions Mme Dupin in his letters to his son; he says (May 2, 1751): 'Do you know Madame Dupin, who, I remember, had beauty, and I hear has wit and reading?'; and again (May 16): 'Madame Dupin has good parts, reading, manners, and delicacy.'

je suis très-éloigné de me payer de ses raisonnements[7]; rien de plus faux et de plus frivole que ce qu'il donne pour des arguments dans la dernière lettre qu'il m'a adressée. Je n'ai jamais pensé de vanter notre théâtre, ni de lui donner la préférence sur la vôtre. J'ai préféré Shakespeare à lui Voltaire. C'est un faux-fuyant pour sa gloire blessée, quand il donne le change, et prétend que je mets Shakespeare au-dessus de Racine et de Corneille. Rien de plus faux que tout ce qu'il débite sur ses trente mille juges à Paris; exagération outrée. Je douterais fort que dans tout le monde il y eût trente mille personnes capables de juger les ouvrages de théâtre. Encore ne connaît-il pas son Athènes. Dans la lie du peuple athénien, le moindre petit artisan jugeait de l'élégance et de la pureté de sa langue, parce qu'il entrait au théâtre; au lieu que Voltaire dit que les trente mille juges décident à Paris, parce que le bas peuple n'entre point au spectacle. Pour ses beautés d'exposition, je m'en moque. Quoi de plus trivial, de plus ennuyeux et de plus contraire à l'attente, ressort ingénieux pour exciter les passions, que ces froides expositions si usitées dans la première scène des tragédies? Quelle petitesse de génie, que d'être réduit à décrire l'emplacement des appartements, de peur que l'audience ne s'arrête au milieu d'un grand intérêt, pour examiner si une amante malheureuse devait entrer sur la scène par telle ou telle porte! Il faudrait qu'il y eût force maîtres de cérémonies parmi les trente mille juges, pour que de telles expositions fussent nécessaires.

[7] Walpole here refers to the arguments employed by Voltaire in his letter to himself of July 15; see note 2 on Walpole's letter to Mme du Deffand of July 26–7, 1768 (letter 1222*).

1230*. To Lord Holland.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 30th, 1768.

After having looked so often to no purpose for the inclosed paper, I found it last night by accident when I was not looking for it. I send it to you, my dear Lord, just as I found it, endorsed by yourself, and only half a sheet; the other half, if I recollect rightly, you had torn off yourself. I am exceedingly glad to have found it, tho' I give you my word I had twice in the summer looked as I thought at every single paper in the writing box where I lighted upon it last night, as I was emptying the box against my carrying it with me to-day, when I am going into Warwickshire[1] and Yorkshire[2]. I shall be here or in town in a fortnight if you have any commands for me. The best thing you can tell me, is, that you are quite well.

I passed a whole day last week with my Lady Hervey, at Mr. Bateman's[3], and think I have not seen her look better for some years[4]. Her son Augustus, for fear the town should want entertainment next winter, intends to serve up some very old stories for their amusement.

I am, my dear Lord,
Your faithful
humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

1231. To Thomas Warton.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 20, 1768.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 139.]

Letter 1230*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters to Henry Fox, Lord Holland*, edited by Earl of Ilchester, pp. 284–5.

[1] To the Earl of Hertford at Ragley Hall.

[2] To the Earl of Strafford at Wentworth Castle near Barnsley.

[3] Hon. Richard Bateman (d. 1773), son of Sir James Bateman, Kt., and brother of first Viscount Bateman; his house was at Old Windsor.

[4] Lady Hervey died three days later, on Sept. 2.

1231*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Strawberry Hill, September, 1768.]

Mais de quoi je ne suis pas aussi satisfait, c'est que le huitième tome[1] vous dégoûte d'écrire[2]. Je ne trouve rien de plus médiocre que ce tome-là, excepté une lettre du Cardinal de Retz, et une admirable de Madame de Grignan à Pauline[3]; tout le reste me paraît d'une platitude extrême. Madame de la Fayette est sèche, Madame de Coulanges indifférente, et son mari un gourmand et bouffon médiocre. Ah! que c'était bien ma sainte qui dorait tous ces gens-là! Mais elle, elle-même ne doit pas vous décourager. Votre style est à vous comme le sien est à elle. Si vous essayiez à l'imiter, vous perdriez les grâces de l'originalité, et peut-être n'y réussiriez-vous pas. Enfin je vous prie d'être contente de vos lettres; je le suis infiniment.

1244*. To George Augustus Selwyn[1].

Monday Evening, [1768.][2]

I wish you would call on me any time to-morrow between twelve and two: I have got the two copies of Madame du Deffand's picture, and you shall choose which you will.

Letter 1231*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 491, n. 6.

[1] *Recueil de Lettres de diverses personnes, amis de Mme de Sévigné*, which constituted the eighth volume of the edition of the letters of Mme de Sévigné published in 1754.

[2] In her letter of Sept. 11 (No. 159) Mme du Deffand had said: 'Je ne sais plus que lire, tout m'ennuie, excepté le huitième tome des *Lettres de Mme de Sévigné*, où il y en a de Mme de la Fayette, de M. et de Mme de Coulanges: elles m'ont fait plaisir, mais elles m'ont dégoûtée d'écrire.'

[3] Françoise Pauline, daughter of Mme de Grignan, and granddaughter of Mme de Sévigné; she married (in 1695) Louis, Marquis de Simiane.

Letter 1244*.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy kindly supplied by Messrs. Dodd & Livingston, of New York, owners of the original.

[1] The letter is addressed, 'To G. A. Selwyn, Esq.'

[2] The letter was probably written in this year, as it appears from Mme du Deffand's letters to Walpole of March 2 and 3, 1768 (Nos. 126, 127), that Selwyn had asked for a copy of her portrait by Carmontelle, which had been sent to Walpole in the previous month.

1247*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, February, 1769.]

Madame du Châtelet[1] me dit l'autre jour que c'était une dame de Bordeaux qui devait présenter la nymphe[2]. Je répondis, 'Je crois que vous vous trompez, Madame, n'est-ce pas une dame de *Bordel* que vous voulez dire?'

1249*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[March, 1769.]

Madame du Châtelet m'avait prêté les *Saisons*[1] avant l'arrivée de votre paquet. Ah! que vous en parlez avec justesse[2]! Le plat ouvrage! Point de suite, point d'imagination; une philosophie froide et déplacée; un berger et une bergère qui reviennent à tous moments; des apostrophes sans cesse, tantôt au bon Dieu, tantôt à Bacchus; les mœurs et les usages d'aucun pays. En un mot c'est l'Arcadie encyclopédique. On voit des pasteurs, le dictionnaire à la main, qui cherchent l'article *Tonnerre* pour entendre ce qu'ils

Letter 1247*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 546, n. 8.

[1] Diane Adélaïde de Rochechouart, Comtesse du Châtelet, wife of the Comte (afterwards Duc) du Châtelet, French ambassador in London from 1767 to 1770. Walpole was intimate with them both, and entertained them at Strawberry Hill.

[2] Mme du Barry, the question of whose presentation at Court at Versailles was an absorbing topic in Paris, and the subject of innumerable wagers. Mme du Deffand in her letter of Jan. 14 (No. 178) had spoken of her as 'une nymphe tirée des plus fameux monastères de Cythère et de Paphos.'

Letter 1249*.—Not in C.; extracts from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 557, n. 1; p. 558, n. 4.

[1] A poem by the Marquis de Saint-Lambert (1716–1802), who was elected to the French Academy in 1770.

[2] In her letter of March 12 (No. 185) Mme du Deffand had said: 'Ce Saint-Lambert est un esprit froid, fade et faux; il croit regorger d'idées, et c'est la stérilité même; sans les roseaux, les ruisseaux, les ormeaux et leurs rameaux, il aurait bien peu de choses à dire.'

disent eux-mêmes d'une tempête. Peut-on aimer les éléments de la physique rimés? Vous y avez trouvé huit vers à votre usage[3]: en voici un qui m'a frappé, moi:

'Fatigué de sentir, il paraît insensible.'

Quant aux *Contes Orientaux*, ce sont des épigrammes en brodequins, de petites moralités écrasées sous des turbans gigantesques. Je persiste à dire que le mauvais goût qui précède le bon goût est préférable à celui qui lui succède. *Corruptio optimi fit pessima.* C'est une sentence latine qu'on a dite, je ne sais quand, ni à quelle occasion, mais qui peint au naturel tous les singes de Voltaire, et la plus grande partie de vos auteurs modernes.

* * * * * *

Que dit la reine-mère de Pologne[4] de cette prétention[5]? Ma foi, vous aurez une guerre civile dans la rue Saint-Honoré[6]. Voilà le canevas d'un beau poème épique. Le poème s'ouvre: le Maréchal d'Alembert harangue son armée d'encyclopédistes, s'agenouille pour demander la bénédiction du ciel, se souvient qu'il n'y a point de Dieu, invoque Sainte Catherine de Russie[7]: un poignard tombe à ses pieds; il accepte l'augure et trace un manifeste, sur le sable, contre les rebelles. On vient lui dire que son ami, le Général Marmontel, vient d'être fait prisonnier par un exempt de police. Le maréchal fait une belle satire contre la police, et se retire dans sa tente, où sa bien-aimée lui apporte une armure

[3] In the letter above quoted Mme du Deffand had transcribed eight lines from the *Saisons* on old age as the only thing in the poem which appealed to her. In her reply of April 1 (No. 189) to Walpole's letter she wrote: 'Votre analyse de Saint-Lambert a débrouillé tout ce que j'en pensais; c'est un froid ouvrage et l'auteur un plus froid personnage.'

[4] Mme Geoffrin, so called by Walpole on account of her journey to Warsaw in 1766 at the invitation of Stanislas (Poniatowski), King of Poland. For the same reason Mme du Deffand used to speak of her as 'Geoffrinska,' and of the King as 'Prince Geoffrin.'

[5] The supposed pretensions of the Prince de Conti to the throne of Poland.

[6] Where Mme Geoffrin lived.

[7] The Empress Catherine II; see note 2 on letter to Mme du Deffand of May 30, 1767 (Letter 1173)*.

complète qu'elle a obtenue de Vénus. Rien de si facile, comme vous voyez, de surpasser Homère et Virgile; il n'y manque que les paroles. Adieu. Jetez au feu cette folie.

1253*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, April 6-7, 1769.][1]

C'est à moi que vous vous adressez pour résoudre vos doutes! Je crois fermement à un Dieu tout-puissant, tout juste, tout plein de miséricorde et de bonté. Je suis persuadé que l'esprit de bienveillance et de bienfaisance est l'offrande la moins indigne de lui être présentée[2].

1256*. To Sir Edward Walpole.

Dear Brother, [April 28, 1769.][1]

I will certainly send you the epitaph on Lady Hervey[2] as soon as I have time to copy it out, which shall be some

Letter 1253*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 560, n. 6.

[1] The date of this letter is supplied by Mme du Deffand in hers to Walpole of April 12 (No. 191).

[2] Mme du Deffand had written in her letter of April 1 (No. 189) to which this is the reply: 'Dites-moi pourquoi, détestant la vie, je redoute la mort? Rien ne m'indique que tout ne finira pas avec moi; au contraire, je m'aperçois du délabrement de mon esprit, ainsi que de celui de mon corps. Tout ce qu'on dit pour ou contre ne me fait nulle impression. Je n'écoute que moi, et je ne trouve que doute et qu'obscurité. *Croyez*, dit-on, *c'est le plus sûr*; mais comment croit-on ce que l'on ne comprend pas? Ce que l'on ne comprend pas peut exister sans doute; aussi je ne le nie pas; je suis comme un sourd et un aveugle-né; il y a des sons, des couleurs, il en convient; mais sait-il de quoi il convient? S'il suffit de ne point nier, à la bonne heure, mais cela ne suffit pas. Comment peut-on se décider entre un commencement et une éternité, entre le plein et le vide? Aucun de mes sens ne peut me l'apprendre; que peut-on apprendre sans eux? Cependant, si je ne crois pas ce qu'il faut croire, je suis menacée d'être mille et mille fois plus malheureuse après ma mort que je ne le suis pendant ma vie. A quoi se déterminer, et est-il possible de se déterminer? Je vous le demande, à vous qui avez un caractère si vrai, que vous devez par sympathie trouver la vérité, si elle est trouvable.'

Letter 1256*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Messrs. J. Pearson & Co., 5 Pall Mall Place, S.W.

[1] The letter is not dated, but it is endorsed by Sir Edward Walpole: 'My Brother's letter when he sent Lady Hervey's epitaph. Apr. 28, 1769.'

[2] Mary Lepell, widow of Lord Hervey of Ickworth; she died on Sept. 2, 1768.

time to-day: I cannot refuse it to you, though I have to everybody else, because Lord Bristol would not like it should appear before it is inscribed on the intended monument[3]. I am sure I may depend that you will not let it go out of your hands.

I never heard Mrs. Macaulay was supposed to write Junius, nor know anything of her owning those papers. I have heard they were written by a merchant, which is not very probable. In general I think opinions are divided between Lord George Sackville, *William* Burke, not *Edmund*, and Mclean[4]. For myself, I think both the style and matter make it most probable that the first is the author—some circumstances however are against that opinion. The attack on Weston[5] looks like the second, as one should suppose the author well acquainted with the secretary's office[6]; some persons too think the style resembles that of the occasional writer three years ago, who was certainly William Burke: but to me Junius is a more concise and better

[3] Erected by her son, George William, second Earl of Bristol, in the church at Ickworth, Suffolk. The following letter, in which Lord Bristol thanks Walpole for the epitaph, is preserved in the Waller Collection:—

SIR,

Allow me to return you my thanks as gratefull as they are sincere for the very obliging letter I had the honor of receiving last night from you enclosing an extreme perfect elegy to the memory of my Mother; I liked the first, and I am pleas'd with this. You must permitt me to put your name at the bottom on the tomb stone. I agree entirely with you in thinking too much cou'd not be said of my deceas'd Parent, she deserv'd the character you have given of her. I can add nothing more, even an indifferent person must admire the composition.

I am with the truest regard, respect, and attachment,

Your most obedient faithfull
and oblig'd humble Servant
BRISTOL.

St. James's Square
18th of Decr 1768.

[4] Laughlin Macleane, an army surgeon, of Irish birth, who was with Wolfe at the taking of Quebec, and was subsequently secretary to Lord Shelburne when in office. For the grounds of his identification with Junius, see *North British Review*, Nov. 1848.

[5] Edward Weston (1703–1770), formerly Horace Walpole's tutor; he was Under-Secretary of State, 1730–1746, and 1761–1764; and Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1746–1751. He was attacked by Junius in his tenth letter, under the impression that he was the author of 'A Vindication of the Duke of Grafton.'

[6] William Burke, kinsman of Edmund Burke, had been Under-Secretary of State, 1755–1758.

writer. I am not acquainted with either Mclean's style or parts. In short, you see I have told you what I *don't* know.

Yours ever,
H. W.

Elegy [7]
To the memory of Mary Lady Hervey
designed for her monument
erected by her son, George Earl of Bristol.

Awhile O! linger, sacred Shade,
Till every solemn due be paid;
The tears from filial Love that flow,
The sighs that Friendship long must know.

But ah! within this narrow space
How each engaging Virtue trace?
How shall each sweetness be defin'd,
That graced thy form or blest thy mind?

Charms that in youth attractive shone,
Glow'd ripe in their meridian sun;
And spite of ruthless winter's rage,
Melted into becoming age.

Knowledge matured the fruits of Sense,
Nor shook the bloom of diffidence;
So silent and so modest too,
As tasting but what others knew.

Proud of humility the Sage
In thy unvarying temper's page
Or saw, or might have deigned to see
The beauties of propriety.

[7] The elegy had been composed in the previous November (see *Short Notes of my Life*, under Nov. 18, 1768); the copy, in Horace Walpole's handwriting, accompanied the letter.

Nor, while sustain'd each decent part,
Could Prudence' self pervert thy heart:
Through life thy every Friend the same;
Each Foe thy study to reclaim.

Pain could not chase thy friendly smile:
Not to afflict was all thy toil.
Thy woes alone unwont to speak,
For Patience dwelt upon thy cheek.

But in the solemn scene of death
How paint the calm of fleeting breath?
How Fortitude resembled ease,
Till the last pang seem'd most to please?

In vain the Sculptor and the Muse
So sad, so sweet a theme pursues.
The chisel drops—th' unfinish'd strain
Respects the Son it soothes in vain.

H. W.

1261*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[June, 1769.]

Je ne suis pas surpris que Monsr de Liancourt[1] vous ait plu; c'est de tous vos Français celui qui me revenait le plus. Il a beaucoup d'âme, et point d'affectation. Je me moque bien de ceux qui le croient sot. Il peut le devenir en perdant son naturel, et en pratiquant les sots. Il est vrai qu'il y a peu d'apparence qu'il y tombe. Il n'y a que la

Letter 1261*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. i. p. 584, n. 3.

[1] François Alexandre Frédéric, Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt (1747–1827); he had been in England, and had dined with Walpole at Strawberry Hill (see letters to Mann of Feb. 28, 1769, and to George Montagu of May 11 of the same year).

bonne tête et le cœur encore meilleur de la grand'maman qui sachent résister à toutes les illusions. La sottise est à peu près comme la disposition à la petite vérole ; il faut que tout le monde l'ait une fois dans la vie. Plusieurs en sont bien marqués, et l'inoculation même, qui répond à l'éducation, étant prise quelquefois de mauvais lieu, corrompt le sang, et laisse des traces encore plus mauvaises que la maladie naturelle [2].

1287. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 31, 1769.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 139.]

1289. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 10, 1770.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 139.]

1289*. To Lord Camden [1].

My Lord, Jan. 17, 1770.

The less I paid attendance on your Lordship, when in place [2], the more I think it my duty to give every mark of respect and esteem to your Lordship's virtues, when no interest but those of truth and gratitude can dictate the

[2] In her letter of June 11 (No. 200) in reply Mme du Deffand wrote: 'Votre article de M. Liancourt m'a fait plaisir; je vous appliquerai ce vers de Corneille dans *Nicomède*: "Vous avez de l'esprit, si vous n'avez du cœur." Mais comment cela se peut-il? je crois, moi, qu'on n'a de l'esprit qu'autant qu'on a du cœur. C'est le cœur qui fait tout connaître, tout démêler; tout est de son ressort; j'en excepte l'arithmétique, et toutes les sciences que je n'estime pas plus que celle-là. La comparaison de l'éducation à l'inoculation prouve ce que je dis. D'Alembert ne l'aurait pas faite. Allez, allez, il n'y a que les passions qui fassent penser.'

Letter 1289*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original (apparently a draft) in Waller Collection.

[1] Charles Pratt (1714–1794), first Baron (afterwards Earl) Camden, Lord Chancellor, July 30, 1766–Jan. 17, 1770, in Lord Chatham's second administration.

[2] He had been removed from office on the day this letter was written.

expression of my sentiments. I can never forget, my Lord, the defence the constitution owed to your firmness; and I must put your Lordship in mind that nothing could be more obliging than the manner in which you granted at my request a preferment to Mr. Chute's nephew. But, my Lord, neither gratitude for public or private benefits, however strongly I feel both, are the sole motives of my troubling you with this letter. I lament the loss the country feels in being deprived of your Lordship's integrity and wisdom at the head of its laws and councils; and I lament the wound the constitution receives in your being removed on the difference of opinion[3], a reason I never have approved nor can approve, when I am persuaded that a conscience so sound as your Lordship's inspired that opinion. I know myself too inconsiderable, my Lord, to think my sentiments of any importance, if I did not believe that a mind like yours would be pleased with the testimony borne to its virtues by any disinterested man. I have never had any personal views, and am indifferent to all parties. I wish the good of my country, and as a friend to it, must love those whom I have seen attached to its interests. As your Lordship is one of the brightest in that number, give me leave to assure you that nobody can be with greater respect and admiration than I am,

My Lord,
your Lordship's
most grateful
and most obedient
humble Servant,
HOR. WALPOLE[4].

[3] See letter to Mann of Jan. 10, 1770.

[4] Lord Camden's reply is preserved in the Waller Collection:—

Lincoln's Inn Fields,
Jany. 27, 1770.

SIR,

The hurry of various business,

1292*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, Jan. 1770.]

Je trouverais votre Baron[1] une perte bien légère. Son cœur peut être droit, mais son esprit ne l'est guère. De ce que Voltaire s'est mis en tête d'être philosophe, lui qui de tous les hommes l'est le moins, on se croit de l'esprit dès qu'on a affiché la philosophie, sans songer que la philosophie affichée cesse de l'être. Les charlatans de la Grèce et ceux de Paris sont également ridicules. Quand tout le monde était dans l'aveuglement, il fallait peut-être un effort pour se mettre au-dessus des préjugés; mais quel mérite y a-t-il à n'en point avoir, quand c'est ridicule que d'en avoir? On sait si peu, qu'il ne demande pas beaucoup de génie pour avouer qu'on ignore de tout; et voilà le sublime des philo-

which the great change of my affairs has brought upon me by my dismission, has prevented me from taking notice of your most obliging letter; but give me leave to assure you that tho' I have received upon the present occasion some very flattering compliments, sufficient almost to compensate the loss of my office, yet I esteem none of all these so honourable or valuable as your favourable testimony of my conduct: For I prefer the private praise of one gentleman of distinguished worth, disinterested (as you must be), and attached to no party, to the noisy applause of multitudes. Your letter therefore must be my epitaph, unless I should happen by some change of conduct hereafter to undeserve it: in that case you will have a right to recall your good opinion as a thing forfeited by my own unworthiness. But I am sure that temptation must be very strong that should induce me to part with this fair monument of my own character, which my posterity will read with as much pride, as I did with pleasure.

As every station of life brings some good as well as evil with it, I reckon the possession of leisure and the command of my own time among the principal comforts of my present situation, being now for the first time emancipated from the slavery of my profession. The best use of this leisure will be to cultivate the conversation of my friends, and if you will honour me so far as to inlist me in the number of yours, and open your door to me, I shall make it my business to renew our long interrupted acquaintance.

I have the honour to be,
with the most perfect
esteem and sincerity,
Your most obliged and
obedient servant,
Camden.

Letter 1292*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 61, n. 3.

[1] The Baron de Gleichen, Danish envoy in Paris from 1765 to 1770; he had just been recalled.

sophes modernes, dont, sauf votre permission, était votre triste Baron[2].

1294*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, Feb. 9, 1770.][1]

Je ne saurais souffrir une telle diminution de votre bien[2]. Où voulez-vous faire des retranchements? Où est-il possible que vous en fassiez? Excepté votre générosité, qu'avez-vous de superflu? Je suis indigné contre vos *parents*[3]; je les nomme tels, car ils ne sont plus vos *amis*, s'ils vous laissent manquer un dédommagement. Je sens bien qu'ils peuvent avoir de la répugnance à solliciter le contrôleur général, mais tout dépend-il de lui? J'aime aussi peu que vous les sollicitations. Je m'abaisserais à solliciter un inconnu plutôt qu'un ami qui n'aurait pas pensé à mes intérêts. Vous savez que je dis vrai. Bon Dieu! quelle différence entre les *parents* et l'excellent cœur de Monsr de Tourville[4]! Dites-lui, je vous en prie, qu'au

[2] In her letter of Jan. 24 (No. 232), to which this is a reply, Mme du Deffand had said: 'Le Baron de Gleichen est de mes connaissances celle dont je fais le plus d'usage. Il me voit souvent; son esprit n'est pas à mon unisson, mais il en a; son cœur est bon. Il me marque du goût et de l'amitié: eh bien! eh bien! il est rappelé; j'en suis fâchée, je le trouverai à redire; je disputais avec lui: enfin il valait mieux pour moi qu'aucun des gens qui me restent; il est franc, il est sincère.' Subsequently (in 1773) the Baron de Gleichen visited London, where he received friendly attentions from Walpole (see letter to Mme du Deffand of May 18, 1773, No. 1465*).

Letter 1294*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 74, n. 1.

[1] The date of this letter is supplied by Mme du Deffand in hers to Walpole of Feb. 24 (No. 237).

[2] Walpole alludes to the diminution of Mme du Deffand's income through the reduction of pensions effected by the Abbé Terray, the new Comptroller-General, about which she had written at length in her letter to Walpole of Jan. 29–Feb. 4 (No. 233).

[3] The reference is to the Duc de Choiseul, who appears to have been reluctant to intervene on Mme du Deffand's behalf.

[4] An officer of the Gardes Françaises; in the letter above mentioned Mme du Deffand had said: 'A l'instant que l'arrêt a paru, Tourville, que vous connaissez, et qui est l'ami de l'Abbé Terray, a couru chez lui et lui a dit qu'il ne venait pas lui parler pour lui, quoiqu'il perdît cinq cents écus sur sa pension; mais qu'il venait le solliciter pour moi; que mon âge, mes malheurs, et le genre de ma gratification, qui était sur l'état de la maison de feu la

bout du monde il y a un homme qui l'adore ; et ne me dites point que je suis votre unique ami : pourrais-je en approcher! Comment! un ami qui cède ses prétentions en faveur des vôtres! Non, non, ma petite, c'est un homme unique, et je suis transporté de joie que vous ayez un tel ami. Moquez-vous des faux amis, et rendez toute la justice qui est due à la vertu de Monsr de Tourville. C'est là le vrai *philosophe sans le savoir*[5]. Ayant un tel ami, et encore un autre qui, quoique fort inférieur, ne laisse pas de s'intéresser à vous, ne daignez pas faire un pas, s'il n'est pas fait, pour remplacer vos trois mille livres. Ayez assez d'amitié pour moi pour les accepter de ma part. Je voudrais que la somme ne me fût pas aussi indifférente qu'elle l'est, mais je vous jure qu'elle ne retranchera rien, pas même sur mes amusements. La prendriez-vous de la main de la grandeur, et la refuseriez-vous de moi? Vous me connaissez ; faites ce sacrifice à mon orgueil, qui serait enchanté de vous avoir empêchée de vous abaisser jusqu'à la sollicitation. Votre mémoire me blesse. Quoi! vous! vous, réduite à représenter vos malheurs! Accordez-moi, je vous conjure, la grâce que je vous demande à genoux, et jouissez de la satisfaction de vous dire : J'ai un ami qui ne permettra jamais que je me jette aux pieds des grands. Ma petite, j'insiste. Voyez si vous aimez mieux me faire le plaisir le plus sensible, ou de devoir une grâce qui, ayant été sollicitée, arrivera toujours trop tard pour contenter l'amitié. Laissez-moi goûter la joie la plus pure, de vous avoir mise à votre aise, et que cette joie soit un secret profond entre nous deux[6].

Reine, me mettaient dans le cas d'une exception ; qu'il ne pouvait jamais donner à lui Tourville une marque d'amitié à laquelle il fût plus sensible. Le contrôleur général a répondu qu'il me connaissait, qu'il serait fort aise de m'obliger, mais qu'il s'était imposé la loi de ne faire aucune exception.'

[5] The title of a comedy by Sedaine.

[6] In her letter of Feb. 24 (No. 237) in reply Mme du Deffand wrote : 'Si je n'avais pas perdu le don des larmes, votre lettre m'en ferait bien répandre ; elle me cause un attendrissement délicieux, quoique triste. . . . Vous me faites éprouver ce que Voltaire a dit le l'amitié : "Change

1296*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, March, 1770.]

Vous mesurez l'amitié, la probité, l'esprit, enfin tout, sur le plus ou le moins d'hommages qu'on vous rend. Voilà ce qui détermine vos suffrages et vos jugements, qui varient d'un ordinaire à l'autre. Défaites-vous ou au moins faites semblant de vous défaire de cette toise personnelle, et croyez qu'on peut avoir un bon cœur sans être toujours dans votre cabinet. Je vous l'ai souvent dit: vous êtes exigeante au-delà de toute croyance; vous voudriez qu'on n'existât que pour vous; vous empoisonnez vos jours par des soupçons et des défiances, et vous rebutez vos amis en leur faisant éprouver l'impossibilité de vous contenter.

1303*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Strawberry Hill, June 7, 1770.][1]

Il part demain une autre dame dont le voyage fait et fera beaucoup plus de bruit; c'est Madame la Princesse de Galles[2]. Les commentaires sont aussi larges que le texte

en bien tous les maux où le ciel m'a soumis." Je n'en ai pas encore d'assez grands à mon avis, puisque je ne suis pas dans le cas d'accepter vos offres; croyez-moi, je vous supplie, je les accepterais, non-seulement sans rougir, mais avec joie, mais avec délices, mais avec orgueil; soyez-en sûr, mon ami, vous savez que je suis sincère.'

Letter 1296*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 97, n. 4. This extract affords a specimen of the 'réprimandes et corrections,' as she called them, which Walpole occasionally administered to Mme du Deffand; in her letter of March 21 (No. 243) in reply she wrote: 'Je ne veux point vous savoir mauvais gré de la mauvaise opinion que vous avez de mon caractère; puisqu'elle ne vous empêche pas d'être de mes amis, je ne dois pas m'en affliger: je serais cependant bien aise que vous ne me crussiez pas *si vaine*, *si tyrannique* et *si imprudente*; ces trois défauts sont un peu contraires à une liaison intime. Que puis-je faire pour vous ôter cette opinion? C'est de ne vous plus parler de moi, de ne rien désirer de vous, et de ne vous rien raconter de personne.'

Letter 1303*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 125, n. 5.

[1] The date of this letter is supplied by Miss Berry.

[2] The Dowager Princess of Wales (Augusta of Saxe-Gotha), widow (1751) of Frederick, Prince of Wales, eldest son of George II.

en est obscur. Pour moi, je ne prétends pas l'éclaircir, et ne me mêlant pas de la méchanceté de la ville, je ne la répéterai pas. Elle va voir sa fille de Brunswick[3], son frère à Saxe-Gotha[4], et sa fille de Danemark[5], je ne sais où[6]. Il y a trente-quatre[7] ans qu'elle est ici, et depuis dix ans elle ne sort quasi plus de son palais. Elle reviendra, dit-on, au mois d'octobre.

1305. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 15, 1770.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 139.]

1305*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[June 20, 1770.][1]

Vous renoncez, dites-vous, au projet d'être heureuse[2]. Ma petite! ma petite! comment un tel projet a-t-il pu rester si longtemps? C'est un projet de jeunesse, et dont la jeunesse seule peut profiter: n'était-ce que parce que la jeunesse seule est capable d'avoir une telle idée. Toute expérience mondaine prouve qu'on ne peut arriver qu'à la tranquillité, à moins d'être fol. Voilà les gens heureux. La félicité est une chimère, et qui, existant, se détruirait elle-même, parce qu'on serait au désespoir de la

[3] Augusta, wife of Charles William Ferdinand, Hereditary Prince, subsequently (1780) Duke, of Brunswick.

[4] Frederick III, Duke of Saxe-Gotha, 1732–1772.

[5] Caroline Matilda, wife (1766) of Christian VII of Denmark.

[6] The real object of her journey was to remonstrate with her daughter, the Queen of Denmark, whose relations with the physician, Struensee, were creating a scandal.

[7] She had married the Prince of Wales in 1736.

Letter 1305*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 126, n. 7.

[1] The date of this letter is supplied by Mme du Deffand in hers to Walpole of June 27 (No. 257).

[2] In her letter of June 13 (No. 255), to which this is a reply, Mme du Deffand had said: 'J'ai trouvé qu'il fallait tant de choses pour être heureuse, que j'ai abandonné le projet d'y parvenir; je laisse tout aller comme il peut et comme il veut.'

certitude qu'elle finît. Les dévots, qui sont des usuriers, mettent leur bonheur dans les fonds du paradis, et se refusent le nécessaire pour avoir des millions dans l'autre monde. Pour mesurer notre bonheur ou malheur, il faut se comparer avec les autres. Vous et moi, ne sommes-nous pas mille fois plus heureux que les gueux, les prisonniers, les malades? et sommes-nous beaucoup plus malheureux que les princes, les riches et tout ce qui s'appelle des gens fortunés? Voilà une réflexion qui me donne de la véritable dévotion. Je rends grâce à la Providence de mon sort, et je n'envie personne.

1308*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

Strawberry-Hill, dimanche [July 8, 1770].

C'est avec beaucoup de satisfaction que je me retrouve chez moi[1]. Ah! qu'il est incompréhensible qu'on aime à être attaché aux princes! c'est-à-dire qu'on aime à être faux, soumis et flatteur! Je préférerais une chaumière et du pain bis à tous les honneurs dont on pourrait décorer la dépendance. Malgré cette aversion pour le métier, j'ai fort bien joué mon rôle de courtisan; mais c'est que le terme était assez court. Nous nous sommes assemblés chez Milord Temple le lundi au matin, nous nous sommes séparés le samedi avant midi. C'était toujours une partie de huit personnes, le maître et la maîtresse du logis au lieu de M. Conway et madame sa femme, un autre seigneur qui remplaçait Milord Hertford, la Princesse[2], ses deux dames, Milady M. Coke et moi. Voilà tout notre monde. La

Letter 1308*.—Not in C.; extracts from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 135, n. 2; p. 137, n. 6.

[1] Walpole had been on a visit, first to General Conway, at Park Place, near Henley, then to Lord Temple, at Stowe; at both these houses he had met the Princess Amelia (see letters to George Montagu of June 29, July 1, and July 7, 1770).

[2] The Princess Amelia.

maison est vaste, les jardins ont quatre milles de circonférence outre la forêt; des temples, des pyramides, des obélisques, des ponts, des eaux, des grottes, des statues, des cascades, voilà ce qui ne finit point. On dirait que deux ou trois empereurs romains y eussent dépensé des trésors. Tout cela ne m'était pas nouveau; mais un ciel fort beau, une verdure éclatante et la présence de la Princesse donnaient un air de grandeur à ce séjour, que je ne lui avais jamais vu. Milord Temple venait de faire bâtir un fort bel arc de pierre, et de le dédier à la Princesse. Cet arc est placé dans une orangerie, au sommet d'un endroit qu'on nomme les *Champs-Élysées*, et qui domine un très-riche paysage, au milieu duquel se voit un magnifique pont à colonnes, et plus haut la représentation d'un château à l'antique. La Princesse était dans des extases, et visitait son arc quatre ou cinq fois par jour. Je m'avisai d'un petit compliment qui réussit à merveille. Autour de l'arc sont les statues d'Apollon et des Muses. Un jour la Princesse trouva dans la main du dieu des vers à sa louange. Je ne vous les envoie pas[3], parce que ces sortes de choses ne valent rien que dans l'instant, et se perdent tout à fait dans une traduction. On nous donna aussi un très-joli amusement le soir. C'était un petit souper froid dans une grotte au bout des Champs-Élysées, qui étaient éclairés par mille lampions dans des bosquets; et sur la rivière, deux petits vaisseaux, également ornés de lampions en pyramide, faisaient le spectacle le plus agréable. Mais en voilà assez: il ne faut pas vous ennuyer de nos promenades en cabriolet, de notre pharaon le soir, et de tous ces petits riens qui remplissent les moments à la campagne. Il suffit de dire que tout s'est passé sans nuages, et que nos hôtes se sont conduits avec infiniment de politesse et de bonne humeur, que nous avons beaucoup ri, que la Princesse était fort

[3] The verses are given in the letter to Montagu of July 7.

gracieuse et familière, et que si de telles vertus ont peu de charmes, il serait difficile d'en composer une pareille qui n'eût mille fois plus de désagréments. Mais avec tout cela, *Signora mia*, je suis ravi qu'elle soit finie[4].

* * * * * *

Faites, je vous prie, mon compliment à la grosse Duchesse[5] du—je ne sais pas quoi de monsieur son fils[6]: je ne trouve, moi, aucun mot honorable qu'on puisse y appliquer. Enfin, je suis bien aise, pour l'amour d'elle, et un peu pour l'amour de moi, de n'être pas obligé de lire sa défense.

1326*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, Nov. 13, 1770.][1]

Vous cherchez souvent des lectures amusantes, j'en fais une actuellement qui me plaît extraordinairement, mais que peut-être vous avez faite: c'est l'*Histoire des Chevaliers de Malte*, par l'Abbé de Vertot. J'avais lu ses *Révolutions* (excepté celles de Rome; il y a longtemps que les Grecs et les Romains m'ennuient à la mort); mais je ne sais pas pourquoi j'avais mauvaise opinion de son *Histoire de Malte*, comme ne devant contenir qu'un mélange de dévotion et

[4] In her letter of July 15 (No. 259) in reply Mme du Deffand wrote: 'La description de votre voyage m'a fort amusée; rien n'est plus singulier que d'écrire aussi bien dans une langue étrangère.'

[5] The Dowager Duchesse d'Aiguillon (Anne Charlotte de Crussol de Florensac), so called by Mme du Deffand to distinguish her from her daughter-in-law.

[6] Emmanuel Armand du Plessis-Richelieu, Duc d'Aiguillon; the reference is to his infamous persecution of La Chalotais and other members of the Parliament of Brittany in his capacity of governor of that province. In her reply, above quoted, Mme du Deffand wrote: 'Je suis ravie que vous ne vous souciiez plus de l'affaire de M. d'Aiguillon . . . votre embarras est très-juste, et vous le peignez fort bien en me chargeant de faire vos compliments à la grosse Duchesse du *je ne sais pas quoi de monsieur son fils*, et *de ne trouver aucun mot honorable qu'on puisse y appliquer*. C'est tout ce qui a jamais été dit de mieux à ce sujet.'

Letter 1326*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 179, n. 5.

[1] The date of this letter is supplied by Mme du Deffand in hers to Walpole of Nov. 21 (No. 277).

de guerres barbares. Pendant la goutte, je voulais la lire, m'attendant à y trouver quelque sujet de tragédie. J'en fus frappé. C'est le livre du monde le plus amusant: des histoires qui se succèdent rapidement, des anecdotes, une revue de tous les événements du dernier siècle qui se trouvent liés avec cette histoire; et le tout conté dans le style le plus clair, le plus facile et le plus coulant, et, ce qui est encore plus surprenant, nulle superstition, point de bigoterie, et, du romanesque guère. Enfin, j'en suis charmé, et si vous ne l'avez point lue, ou si vous l'avez oubliée, je vous prie de la lire[2].

1329*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, Nov. 27, 1770.][1]

J'ai lu l'épître dédicatoire, le discours préliminaire et les observations sur chaque César[2]. Pardonnez si, excepté la dernière phrase, je trouve la dédicace assez commune. Le discours me plaît comme ça, ses jugements me paraissent assez justes. Pour les observations, elles valent peu et ne contiennent que des critiques d'un Monsr Linguet[3], qui,

[2] In her reply of Nov. 21 Mme du Deffand wrote: 'Je ne peux pas lire présentement l'*Histoire de Malte*. . . . Je résiste avec peine à la lecture que vous me conseillez; j'ai beaucoup de respect pour votre goût; mais n'y a-t-il point bien des guerres dans l'*Histoire de Malte*? y démêle-t-on les intrigues, les manèges? C'est ce que j'aime dans les histoires.'

Letter 1329*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 178, n. 2.

[1] The date of this letter is supplied by Mme du Deffand in hers to Walpole of Dec. 2 (No. 280).

[2] The work in question was a new translation of Suetonius by La Harpe. In her letter of Nov. 21 (No. 277), to which this is a reply, Mme du Deffand had said: 'Je vous enverrai une nouvelle traduction de Suétone . . . vous serez content de l'épître dédicatoire, médiocrement du discours préliminaire.'

[3] Simon Nicolas Henri Linguet (1736–1794); in a note communicated to Miss Berry the émigré Bishop of Rodez thus writes of him: 'avocat au Parlement de Paris avec assez de célébrité; il fut chargé de la défense de M. le Duc d'Aiguillon, qu'il soutint avec zèle et avec beaucoup de talent. Il fut auteur de plusieurs écrits remplis de paradoxes. Tout cela lui attira de grands et de puissants ennemis; il les eut à combattre longtemps et ne le fit pas toujours avec avantage.'

malgré Monsr de la Harpe, me paraît, par les citations mêmes (car je ne l'ai jamais lu), n'avoir pas toujours tort.

1329**. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, December, 1770.]

Je me rapporte à votre goût quant au style de Monsr de Saint-Simon[1], que Monsr Durand[2] m'avait extrêmement vanté. Cela rabattrait beaucoup de mon approbation, sans diminuer ma curiosité; non qu'un homme sans esprit peut donner le véritable intérêt, même à des anecdotes qu'il doit avoir envisagées grossièrement, et sans démêler les caractères. Un fait, un événement raconté crûment par un homme sans génie, n'est jamais exactement vrai. Il ne saisit pas les nuances essentielles; les petites circonstances qu'il aura ramassées ne sont point celles qui auraient donné le coloris à ce qui vient d'arriver. Il peut être minutieux sans être exact. C'est le choix des riens qui marque l'entendement. Si le Roi de Prusse dit des riens à un conseiller de la diète, c'est parce qu'il n'a pas d'autre chose à lui dire. S'il dit la même chose à un ambassadeur de France, c'est qu'il ne *veut* pas lui dire autre chose. On peut relever le dernier cas, mais non pas le premier. Voilà pourquoi je n'aime point Tite-Live. Qu'apprend-on à des centaines de harangues qui ne se sont jamais prononcées, et frappées toutes au

Letter 1329**.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 185, n. 1.

[1] In her letter of Dec. 2 (No. 280), to which this is a reply, Mme du Deffand had written: 'Les *Mémoires* de Saint-Simon m'amusent toujours, et comme j'aime à les lire en compagnie, cette lecture durera longtemps. Elle vous amuserait, quoique le style en soit abominable, les portraits mal faits; l'auteur n'était point un homme d'esprit; mais comme il était au fait de tout, les choses qu'il raconte sont curieuses et intéressantes; je voudrais fort pouvoir vous procurer cette lecture.' The *Mémoires* of Saint-Simon had not yet been printed; the Duc de Choiseul had had a copy made, which was lent to Mme du Deffand, who tried (without success) to arrange that Walpole should have access to it (see Walpole's letter to Lady Ossory of Oct. 19, 1788).

[2] A member of the French embassy in London.

même coin? Des généraux sauvages, dans des siècles barbares, ont-ils parlé *tutti quanti* comme Cicéron? Tous ont-ils eu le même style? Ce sont de grandes puérilités que tous ces essais-là. La conséquence est que tous ces consuls et ces dictateurs se ressemblent, preuve que Tite-Live en avait fort peu de connaissance.

1336*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, Jan. 18, 1771.][1]

Je suis fâché que les *Chevaliers de Malte* ne vous amusent point[2]; ce sont des gazettes, dites-vous; ce sont des fous, des brigands, des scélérats, des dévots. Eh! mon Dieu, n'est-ce pas là l'histoire? Ne venez-vous pas d'être charmée de Le Vassor[3] et de Monsr de Saint-Simon? Qu'était donc le règne de Louis XIII ou de son fils qu'un tissu de crimes et de folies? Le Cardinal de Richelieu n'était-il pas un

Letter 1336*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 197, n. 5.

[1] The date of this letter is supplied by Mme du Deffand in hers to Walpole of Jan. 27 (No. 289).

[2] Walpole had recommended Vertot's *Histoire des Chevaliers de Malte* to Mme du Deffand; see his letter to her of Nov. 13, 1770 (No. 1326*). In her letter of Jan. 9 (No. 286), to which this is a reply, she had written: 'Par déférence pour vous j'ai entrepris l'*Histoire de Malte*; mais je ne puis la continuer. C'est un recueil de gazettes, ce sont des fous, des brigands, des scélérats, des dévots; j'en suis restée à Louis le Jeune; je ne puis me résoudre d'aller plus loin. Les croisades me paraissent aussi extravagantes que le roman des Amadis, et cette passion pour recouvrer les lieux saints, la plus sotte, la plus plate entreprise qui pût jamais passer par la tête. Le style en est fort coulant, j'en conviens; mais je voudrais que l'auteur eût fait un autre usage de son talent; je vous en demande pardon; je me sais mauvais gré de n'être pas de votre avis.'

[3] Michel Le Vassor (1646–1718), author of *Histoire de Louis XIII*; in her letter of Nov. 21 (No. 277) Mme du Deffand had written: 'Je me suis enfoncée depuis deux mois dans la *Vie de Louis XIII* par Le Vassor, dont il y a vingt-trois volumes; j'en suis au quinzième, et j'aurai la persévérance d'aller jusqu'à la fin ... Cet auteur me plaît; il dit ce qu'il pense avec franchise et audace; son style est le goût des *Mémoires* de Mademoiselle *, et j'aime mieux cette manière que celle des beaux diseurs.'

* Mademoiselle de Montpensier, daughter of Gaston, Duc d'Orléans.

scélérat? Les deux Rois n'étaient-ils pas des brigands dévots? Et Monsr de Meaux n'était-il pas et dévot et scélérat? La Terre sainte ne valait-elle pas le quiétisme et la bulle *Unigenitus?* Et les folies des jésuites et des jansénistes, qu'en diriez-vous, si ce n'étaient des absurdités inintelligibles et plus tristes et moins amusantes que la conquête de Jérusalem[4]?

1337. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 20, 1771.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 140.]

1339. To the Duchesse de Choiseul.

[Jan. 1771.]

[Collated with copy of original—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 141.]

1342*. To Thomas Gray.

Arlington Street, March 25, 1771.

I am very much pleased with the head of Richardson[1], and very angry with Bannerman[2], who shall do nothing

[4] In her reply of Jan. 27 (No. 289) Mme du Deffand wrote: 'C'est une antipathie naturelle que j'ai pour les croisades, et cela dès mon enfance. Je hais Don Quichotte, et les histoires de fous; je n'aime point les romans de chevalerie, ni ceux qui sont métaphysiques; j'aime les histoires et les romans qui me peignent les passions, les crimes et les vertus, dans leur naturel et leur vérité; j'aime surtout les détails des intrigues, et c'est ce qui fait que je préfère infiniment les mémoires et les vies particulières aux histoires générales.'

Letter 1342*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Correspondence of Gray, Walpole, West, and Ashton*, edited by Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. pp. 295–8.

[1] Presumably Jonathan Richardson, the elder (1665–1745), the portrait-painter. He painted portraits both of Walpole and Gray in their youth.

[2] Alexander Bannerman, an engraver, native of Cambridge, where he was resident at this time. Walpole employed him to engrave some of the heads in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, and had offered to employ him again for the fourth and last volume, which was now preparing (see letter to Cole of Nov. 15, 1770), but which was not published till Oct. 19, 1780, though the printing was completed on April 13 of this year (1771).

for me, since he will not do anything for me. I only suspend the bull of excommunication till I am sure I shall not want him. If the young man copies mezzotinto, as well as he does etching, which is not probable, I shall beg you to seize the prints in Bannerman's hands, if it is not inconsistent with the charters of the city of Cambridge, and deliver them to Mr. Tyson's engraver[3]. But as you talked of being in town in March, I hope to settle this with you by a verbal negotiation.

I have had my house in town broken open, and everything broken open in my house, and I have not lost to the value of sixpence[4]. The story is so long, that if I began to tell it you, you would be here before it was finished, tho' you should not arrive till Christmas. It is talked of more than my Lord Mayor[5], and my Lord Mayor knows as much what to make of it as anybody does. If you know any saint that dragged a beautiful young woman into a wood to ravish her, and after throwing her on her back, and spreading open her legs, walked quietly away without touching her, to show his continence, you have a faint idea of my housebreakers. Some people have confounded me with my cousin[6] just arrived from France, and imagine they sought for French papers; others say I am Junius—but Lord help me! I am no such great man, nor keep treason in my glass-case of china. My miniatures, thank you, are very safe, and so is Queen Elizabeth's old face[7], and all my coins and medals, tho' the doors of the cabinets were broken

[3] See letter to Cole of Dec. 20, 1770.

[4] See the detailed account in letter to Mann of March 22-26.

[5] Brass Crosby, M.P. for Honiton. He had defied the House of Commons in the matter of the arrest of a printer under a general warrant, and two days after the date of this letter was committed to the Tower, where he remained until the end of the session (see letters to Mann of March 22 and 30).

[6] Hon. Robert Walpole (1736-1810), youngest son of Lord Walpole of Wolterton, Sir Robert Walpole's younger brother; he was Secretary to the Embassy in Paris.

[7] No doubt the portrait mentioned in the letter to Conway of June 4, 1758.

to pieces. You never saw such a scene of havoc as my first floor was, and yet five pounds will repair all the damage. I have a suspicion about the person, whom we are watching, but not the least guess at his self-denial. He burst a great hole in the door of the area, and must have had an iron crow to force open the chest, for the brass flapper is bent and shivered into seven pieces, but contented himself with tumbling the prints and tapestry chairs. Silver candlesticks, linen, spoons, nothing struck his fancy; yet he was in no hurry, for he ransacked the offices, and every room of the first floor, and nobody knows when he came in or went out, tho' he seems to have taken no precaution not to be heard. There were only the two maids in town, who were waked by a passenger that found the street-door open between five and six in the morning. In short, this is the first virtuoso that ever visited a collection by main force in the middle of the night. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

P.S. Monday night.

I had sealed my letter, but am forced to open it again and put it in a cover, for I have this minute received yours and Thornhill[8]. The likeness is well preserved, and I shall not quarrel with the price, but it is too black, and the wig very hard—however, as Worlidge's[9] style is fashionable, two or three more by the same hand may not displease, therefore pray trouble yourself to give the young man two more, but none to Bannerman. Tell me how I shall send the money I owe you, besides a thousand thanks.

[8] Sir James Thornhill (1675–1734), the painter.

[9] Thomas Worlidge (1700–1766), painter and etcher.

1343*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, April 24, 1771.][1]

Quand je vois une vieille femme sans enfants, sans parents, sans amis, sans esprit, qui ne s'occupe que de sa partie de jeu pour la soirée, je me dis : Voilà une personne heureuse! Elle croit assez à ce que lui dit son directeur pour avoir de l'espérance ; l'on ne saurait guère craindre une éternité de tourments pour avoir pesté contre son chat ou sa femme de chambre. Son apothicaire, ses petits comptes, sa marchande, son dîner, et quelque dévote qui lui confie des mensonges scandaleux, l'amusent, et elle se croit pieuse en damnant sa voisine ; elle n'aime personne et se croit pétrie de tendresse pour le genre humain, en donnant quelques sous aux pauvres, les dimanches. Mon amie, vous vous moquerez de moi, mais voilà ce que j'appelle le bonheur. Rien n'afflige cette bonne personne. C'est le pendant d'un philosophe. Son libraire, c'est l'apothicaire de la dévote; ses rivaux, ses voisines ; son cercle chez le baron d'Holbach [2], la partie de jeu. Le dîner tient la même place chez l'un et l'autre ; et la renommée est le paradis de l'encyclopédiste. J'aimerais mieux cependant être la dévote; il y a moins d'affectation à son fait [3].

Letter 1343*.—Not in C. ; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 244, n. 3.

[1] The date of this letter is supplied by Mme du Deffand in hers to Walpole of May 1 (No. 304).

[2] Paul Henri Thiry, Baron d'Holbach (1723–1789), author of *Le Système de la Nature*, and a contributor to the *Encyclopédie*. In his letter to Selwyn of Dec. 2, 1765, from Paris, Walpole says: 'I sometimes go to Baron d'Olbach's; but I have left off his dinners, as there was no bearing the authors, and philosophers, and *savants*, of which he has a pigeon-house full.' In his letter to Conway of Nov. 12, 1774, he gives an account of a trick he played on the Abbé Raynal at one of the Baron's dinners.

[3] In her letter of May 1 Mme du Deffand replied: 'Vous me faites une peinture bien pathétique du bonheur dont on peut jouir dans la vieillesse, quand on conforme les occupations de sa vie à cet état; un chien, un chat, un apothicaire, un directeur, des voisines médisantes; hors ce dernier article, tous les autres me manquent; j'aurai bientôt un chat, je voudrais avoir un chien, mais pour les deux autres je ne saurais les désirer.'

1350. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, June 17, 1771.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 141.]

1354. To the Earl of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Sunday night, June 23, 1771.

[Collated with copy of original—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 141.]

1368. To Mrs. Abington.

Paris, Sept. 1, 1771.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 141.]

1373. To the Rev. William Cole.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 10, 1771.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 142.]

1379*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[October, 1771.]

En tout, qu'on pense ce qu'on veut, il n'y a de sûr que le sens commun. Il me semble que toute autre sorte d'esprit n'est qu'un écart, une manière de déraisonner agréable pour le moment, mais suivie de regrets. Notre route est crayonnée, bornée, limitée. Il faut y marcher aussi doucement qu'il est possible ; il ne tient pas à nous d'en tracer une nouvelle, sans rendre la seule que nous ayons plus difficile et quelquefois dangereuse. Si j'avais un enfant à élever, je serais tenté de ne lui dire que ce peu de mots : Ne prenez de guide à votre conduite que le sens commun, qu'il soit votre confesseur, votre médecin et votre avocat[1].

Letter 1379*.—Not in C. ; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 304, n. 4.

[1] In her letter of Nov. 13 (No. 333) in reply Mme du Deffand wrote: 'Je suis charmée de tout ce que vous dites sur le sens commun ; tout esprit qui ne l'a pas pour base est fatigant, et ennuyeux à la longue. Je suis absolument du même avis que vous.'

1380*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

Londres, 7 Novembre 1771.

Ce n'est pas aujourd'hui que je vous dirai que nous n'avons point de nouvelles! Ha, Seigneur! il n'y en a que trop. Nous croyons le Duc de Gloucester mort; un courrier de Livourne qui arriva mardi le laissa à l'extrémité; je ne sais quel doit être le sort de ma pauvre nièce[1]; la voilà bien à plaindre! Je vous ai dit constamment qu'elle se préparait une destinée bien malheureuse. Si elle avait voulu suivre mes conseils, elle ne s'y serait jamais embarquée. Le public croit que la Princesse de Galles est dangereusement malade[2] et qu'elle a un cancer à la bouche; mais voici une histoire qui fait qu'on ne parle presque pas du reste! Savez-vous que vous avez actuellement à Calais un autre frère du Roi? Oui! Sa femme? Oui, un prince, une princesse du sang! Oui, vraiment! Non seulement le Duc de Cumberland, mais encore une Duchesse de Cumberland aussi. C'est peu encore. Encore ce n'est pas Milady Grosvenor; et ce qui jette encore de l'extraordinaire sur cette surprenante nouvelle, c'est que la Princesse tient de bien près aux affaires de Wilkes; ce n'est pas sa fille, mais enfin c'est la propre sœur du Colonel Lutterel, que la cour avait introduit par force à la Chambre des Communes à la place de Wilkes. Ceci fait tourner la tête, mais venons au détail.

Vendredi passé, le Roi reçut une lettre de son frère qui lui annonça sa retraite à Calais avec Madame Houghton (même nom[3] avec la maîtresse fameuse[4] des Ducs de

Letter 1380*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 302, n. 1.

[1] The Dowager Countess Waldegrave (Maria Walpole), the unacknowledged wife of the Duke of Gloucester.

[2] She died in February 1772.

[3] The real name was Horton; the lady in question was the Hon. Anne Luttrell, daughter of first Baron Irnham, and widow of Christopher Horton, of Catton Hall, Derbyshire.

[4] Nancy Parsons, who was sometimes known as Mrs. Horton.

Grafton et de Dorset) qu'il avait épousée, et qui était grosse de son fait. Cette femme est veuve, charmante, coquette au possible, vertueuse, agaçante et insinuante à tourner des têtes beaucoup mieux constituées que celle de Son Altesse. Elle n'a que vingt-quatre ans, mais c'en est trop de trois; l'un et l'autre sont libres, et le mariage tiendra bon contre toute la puissance humaine. Les réflexions ne finissent point, mais je vous les sauverai; on ne sait encore rien du parti que prendra le Roi. L'affaire n'éclata qu'hier. J'arrivai par accident à quatre heures, j'apprends la mort du Duc de Gloucester d'abord; le soir, le mariage de son frère; on pleure l'un, on rit de l'autre, on blâme, on raisonne, on fait des conjectures, on tire des horoscopes, on dit des folies, des impertinences, on cite l'histoire, on ne trouve rien de pareil quant aux circonstances; on plaint le Roi, on fait l'histoire galante de Son Altesse! Moi, ma petite, que fais-je? Je me tais; je vois tout ce que ce mariage a de fâcheux dans tous ses rapports. Enfin c'est un moment bien important, plein d'attente et qui peut même n'être pas indifférent pour l'avenir.

Un courrier arriva hier qui nous apporta la consolation d'apprendre que le Duc de Gloucester se porte beaucoup mieux. On dit même qu'il est hors de danger[5]. J'ai peine à le croire. Cependant les évaçuations pourront nous le conserver encore quelque temps. Dieu le veuille! C'est un prince excellent!

1381*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

Londres, 21 Novembre 1771.

Monsr de Breteuil[1] va donc à Naples? Et mon lit, où va-t-il? Comment arrivera-t-il? Je ne sais si Monsr de

[5] The Duke of Gloucester lived until 1805.

Letter 1381*.—Not in C.; (apparently a fragment) reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 315, n. 5.

[1] Louis Charles Auguste le Tonne-

Guines[2] pourrait me l'apporter ; il me l'apporterait j'en suis bien sûr, si cela se peut. Mais que sais-je moi s'il reviendra? On parle du Marquis de Noailles[3]. Vous aurez la bonté de m'informer dès que vous en saurez quelque nouvelle. On ne sait rien ici de la cour de Calais, sinon que Leurs Altesses Royales[4] viennent de donner un bal aux officiers de la garnison. On ne comprend rien à la fuite, ni au séjour au dehors.

Vendredi.—On vient de me dire qu'on a dépêché hier à l'Altesse de Calais un courrier portant défense de se montrer à la cour. Je ne réponds pas de la vérité du fait ; mais étant vrai le 'Temple'[5] ne fera-t-il pas cause commune avec ces disgraciés?

1396*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, February, 1772.]

Comment! je ne vous reconnais plus: quoi donc! vous, vous qui ne vous souciez pas du style, qui n'aimez que les exhalaisons de l'âme et le naturel, vous trouvez belles les lettres de Bussy[1], où il n'y a que des riens en beau langage,

lier, Baron de Breteuil (1730–1807), French ambassador at Vienna (1771); he was ambassador at Naples, 1772–1774.

[2] Adrien Louis de Bonnières, Comte (afterwards Duc) de Guines (1735–1806), French ambassador in London (1770–1776).

[3] Emmanuel Marie Louis, Marquis de Noailles (1743–1822); he was French ambassador in London, 1776–1783.

[4] The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland (Mrs. Horton); see letter 1380*.

[5] The Prince de Conti, who resided in the Temple at Paris and was at this time in opposition to the Court.

Letter 1396*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 352, n. 1.

[1] In her letter of Feb. 7–9 (No. 346), to which this is a reply, Mme du Deffand had said: 'Je lis toutes sortes de livres . . . celui qui me fait le plus de plaisir actuellement, ce sont les *Lettres* de Bussy; vous allez vous récrier : tout le monde s'en est dégoûté et n'en a porté de jugement que sur celles qu'il écrit au Roi. Je ne lis point celles-là, et je hausse les épaules en lisant celles de Mme de Scudéry; je m'imagine que vous trouvez que les miennes leur ressemblent, et ce qui me le persuade le plus, c'est que les réponses de Bussy ressemblent beaucoup à celles que vous me faites . . . si l'on peut se bien juger soi-même, vous conviendrez que vous avez beaucoup du style de Bussy. Vous en avez la vérité, le délibéré, le bon goût, mais vous n'en avez pas la vanité.'

et la plus fade vanité du monde! Il est pétri de prétentions, jusqu'à son amour pour sa fille, où il n'était que le singe de Madame de Sévigné, et vous trouvez que je lui ressemble! Me voilà bien humilié. Tout modeste que je suis, et je le suis par excès d'ambition, je me trouve si inférieur à ce que je voudrais être, que je ne vois rien en moi que de fort médiocre; au lieu que Bussy, qui au fond de son cœur se rendait justice, s'imposait l'air de se croire un génie; encore renforçait-il ce faux mérite par l'orgueil de la naissance. *Un homme comme moi*, voilà le précis de tout ce qu'il a fait, bien qu'on est toujours fort peu de chose quand on n'est *qu'un homme comme moi*; ses *Mémoires* sont la platitude même; ses lettres, sauf votre respect, du dernier froid. Enfin, il n'y a que son *Histoire des Gaules* qui vaille quelque chose, mais celle-là me plaît beaucoup[2].

1396**. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, Feb. 1772.]

Qu'est-ce que la grandeur externe? Un hommage qu'on rend aux rangs dans tous les pays, dans tous les âges, aux sots bien nés, à leurs femmes bien ou mal nées, à des Rois de Danemark, aux Czarines! bassesse du peuple en présence des ducs, bassesse des ducs en présence des rois, adulation d'historiens, et menteries de généalogistes! Voilà contre quoi on troque le bonheur! Le bonheur, ce moment de tranquillité qu'on laisse toujours s'échapper, et qu'on ne retrouve plus![1]

[2] In her reply of Feb. 21 (No. 349) Mme du Deffand wrote: 'Je ne saurais être de votre avis sur les *Lettres* de Bussy. . . . Il avait l'âme froide; il avait la vanité d'une provinciale et toutes les bassesses d'un courtisan . . . sa vanité était insoutenable. Cependant la vanité tout à découvert n'est pas ce que je hais le plus; celle que je déteste est celle qui prend le voile de la modestie . . . Bussy ne disait de lui que le bien qu'il en pensait . . .'

Letter 1396**.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 363, n. 9.

[1] In her letter of Feb. 27–March 4 (No. 351) Mme du Deffand replied:

1397*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, March, 1772.]

Mais pourquoi toujours lire? pourquoi ne pas écrire? cela intéresse davantage. Écrivez ce que vous avez vu. Si vous n'êtes pas contente de ce que vous écrivez, vous n'avez qu'à le brûler. Mon ami M. Gray disait que si l'on se contentait d'écrire exactement ce qu'on avait vu, sans apprêt, sans ornement, sans chercher à briller, on aurait plus de lecteurs que les meilleurs auteurs[1].

* * * * * *

Vous aimerez mieux *vous* tant qu'il vous plaira, mais soyez sûre que *vous* êtes bien insipides auprès de *nous*. Vous êtes bien monotones, vos petits-maîtres savent-ils se faire tour à tour, beaux garçons, jockeys, législateurs, joueurs? Perdent-ils des millions, et se vendent-ils pour des pensions qui ne suffisent pas pour payer leurs bouquets journaliers? Oui, nous avons des cadets qui donnent un louis par jour pour des roses, et des fleurs d'oranger au mois de janvier. Ils entrent dans une assemblée derrière un buisson, comme nos anciens Anglais qui allaient à la rencontre de Guillaume le Conquérant en portant chacun une branche d'arbre. Lauraguais[2] le Visigoth s'en formalise.

'Je suis de votre avis sur l'ambition, j'en reconnais le creux, le faux, le vide, mieux que personne; mais je la préférerais cependant à l'ennui, que j'ai peur qu'on ne confonde avec la tranquillité.'

Letter 1397*.—Not in C.; extracts from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 363, nn. 1, 2.

[1] In her letter of March 11 (No. 351) Mme du Deffand wrote in reply: 'Vous me donnez un conseil que je ne puis suivre; je n'ai ni le goût ni le talent d'écrire. Ce ne peut être un amusement pour moi, il faut que j'y sois déterminée par une raison quelconque; je ne saurais écrire à froid; le passé est presque effacé de mon souvenir; à moins qu'on ne me questionne, jamais je ne me le rappelle, et pour ce que je vois journellement, il ne m'intéresse pas assez pour chercher à en conserver le souvenir.'

[2] Louis Léon Félicité, Comte de Lauraguais, subsequently Duc de Brancas (1733–1824). He was a friend of Craufurd, and had visited England in 1765. He had a passion for horse-racing (see Walpole's letters to Cole of Feb. 28, 1766; to Anne Pitt of March 1, 1766; and to Lord Hertford of March 10, 1766, No. 1102*). Mme du Deffand described him as 'le plus sot homme de France'.

Enfin nous avons des Perses et des Spartiates; nos damoiseaux sont couverts de guirlandes, et nos femmes écrivent sur la république. Après, pas un individu qui ressemble à un autre: des originaux partout. Il serait impossible de faire un portrait qui ne serait reconnu d'abord. Je gage que vous m'avez trouvé assez original, moi; eh bien, je ne fais pas sensation; on me trouve assez plat et raisonnable[3].

1397**. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, March, 1772.]

Enfin, j'ai lu cette lettre de Bussy[1], et je m'étonne que vous ayez eu envie de la citer. Que dit-elle d'abord? Sinon que quand Mme de Scudéry avait des vapeurs, elle persécutait Bussy, et lui reprochait le manque d'amitié sans rime ni raison. Il s'ennuya de ses fantaisies, voilà par où je lui ressemble. Il valait bien la peine de rappeler le passé pour citer ce beau morceau! Mais, de façon ou d'autre, il faut toujours en revenir là.

* * * * * *

Vos deux Évêques[2] ne me donnent point l'idée d'hommes

[3] In the letter above quoted Mme du Deffand replied: 'Je suis bien de votre avis, nous sommes fort monotones; mais si vous n'êtes pas un original dans votre pays, c'est que tout y est outré et dépravé, et que vous n'êtes que naturel; mais vous seriez un original chez nous, parce que nous ne sommes rien par nous-mêmes, et que voulant être quelque chose, nous nous faisons copie de tels et tels, qui le sont, peut-être de ce qu'ils ont lu, ou entendu raconter; enfin la simplicité, la vérité ne se trouvent pas chez nous; j'en conviens.'

Letter 1397**.—Not in C.; extracts from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 367, n. 1; p. 368, n. 4.

[1] In her letter of Feb. 7–9 (No. 346) Mme du Deffand had said: 'Les réponses de Bussy à Mme de Scudéry ressemblent beaucoup à celles que vous me faites. Pour vous le prouver, vous n'avez qu'à lire la cent quatre-vingt-neuvième du tome cinquième ... je veux mourir si vous ne trouvez pas une parfaite ressemblance!'; and in her letter of Feb. 21–26 (No. 349): 'Vous n'avez point eu la complaisance de lire la lettre de Bussy que je vous ai indiquée; au nom de Dieu, lisez-la; et si vous ne vous y reconnaissez pas, je consens à être traitée par vous d'imbécile.'

[2] The Bishops of Arras and of St. Omer, who were brothers; see notes

sans ambition. Il faut se contenter, si les ambitieux montent aux grandeurs par l'échelle de la bienfaisance.

1398*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, April, 1772.]

Milord Carlisle me remit votre lettre hier; si vous saviez à quel point vous contez bien, vous ne feriez autre chose, et vous vous ennuieriez bien moins. Quelle folie que de vouloir aller à Chanteloup[1] pour vous désennuyer! C'est absolument une manie que la manière dont vous parlez de l'ennui; on dirait que vous êtes une fille de seize ans qui est au désespoir qu'on ne lui permette pas de se divertir tant qu'elle veut. Qu'est-ce donc que vous cherchez? Vous voyez beaucoup de monde, et ne savez-vous pas encore que tout le monde n'est pas parfait? qu'il y a des sots, des ennuyeux, des traîtres? Vous vous lamentez tout comme si vous étiez à votre première découverte de la fausseté ou de la frivolité. Je vous parle actuellement sans humeur; je vous prie et vous conseille de quitter cette folie. Rendez-vous à la raison, prenez le monde comme il est; n'attendez pas à le refaire à votre gré, et ne ressemblez pas à ce prince dans les contes persans, qui courait le monde pour trouver une princesse qui ressemblât à certain portrait qu'il avait

2 and 3 on letter to Mme du Deffand of Sept. 19, 1773 (No. 1491*). In her letter of Feb. 27–March 4 (No. 350) Mme du Deffand wrote: 'Je soupai le samedi avec deux prélats qui se ressemblent comme deux gouttes d'eau, pour la taille, le son de voix, le même esprit, les mêmes sentiments, les mêmes idées, les Évêques d'Arras et de Saint-Omer; ils ne sont ni plaisants ni badins: ce sont gens solides, occupés d'affaires, d'administration; ils sont adorés dans l'Artois. Ils y font des biens infinis; c'est, à ce que je crois, où ils bornent leur ambition; ils en ont l'air, ils le disent, mais ils seraient, je pense, très-propres à des places plus importantes.'

Letter 1398*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 377, n. 5.

[1] The country residence, near Amboise, of the Duc de Choiseul, where he was at this time living in exile. A few weeks later, in spite of Walpole's remonstrances, and much to his displeasure, Mme du Deffand set out for Chanteloup, and stayed there for a month.

vu au trésor de son père, et qui se trouva avoir été la maîtresse de Salomon. Vous ne découvrirez pas la maîtresse de Salomon à Chanteloup.

1401. To the Rev. William Mason.

Strawberry Hill, May 9, 1772.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 142.]

1420. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Aug. 3, 1772.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 142.]

1439. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Arlington Street, Dec. 29, 1772.

[Now first printed in full—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 142.]

1442*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, January, 1773.]

J'obéirai aux ordres de la grand'maman comme imprimeur, non comme auteur[1]. Elle aura tous les livres de ma presse, dont quelques-uns sont de moi. Ils se vendront en futur comme des raretés, pas comme de bons écrits; mais voilà le seul titre sous lequel j'aurai la hardiesse de les offrir à Madame de Choiseul. Ce n'est pas que je la soupçonnerais d'être capable de me traiter comme a fait Voltaire, qui me demanda mon *Richard III*, et puis m'accusa de lui

Letter 1442*.—Not in C.; extracts from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 468, nn. 1, 2.

[1] The Duchesse de Choiseul ('la grand'maman') had sent a message to Walpole, in a letter to Mme du Deffand, thanking him for a presentation copy of his edition of the *Mémoires de Gramont*, and expressing the wish for a set of his works: 'Il me ferait un présent bien plus précieux encore, s'il voulait bien me donner ses *Œuvres*; je goûterais le prix de l'ouvrage, et je sentirais celui de l'amitié qui m'en aurait gratifiée.'

avoir envoyé mes ouvrages sans qu'il me les eût demandés. Je ne savais pas que la grand'maman lût l'anglais ; si elle ne le sait point, j'aurai le plaisir de lui marquer mon attachement[2]. Je craindrai l'Abbé, si pour rendre complète la suite de mes impressions, j'y mets ma tragédie[3] ; j'ai moins de répugnance pour mon *Château d'Otrante*, qui peut passer pour une plaisanterie ; mais une tragédie dont le sujet est révoltant[4], voilà qui est curieux.

* * * * * *

M. Selwyn et moi nous trouvons que votre commerce avec nous autres Anglais vient d'influer sur la pureté de votre style. Avons-nous raison de nous formaliser d'une expression dans votre dernière lettre où vous vous servez de cette phrase, *par extraordinaire ;* — 'j'ai dormi cette nuit *par grand extraordinaire*'[5], nous a l'air extrêmement anglais. Nous voilà puristes ! Que je trouve quasi crime dans des lettres familières dont les négligences sont de beautés[6].

[2] In her reply of Jan. 25 (No. 395) Mme du Deffand threw cold water on this proposal : 'Vous enverrez, dites-vous, à la grand'maman, non seulement tout ce que vous avez fait, mais tout ce que vous avez imprimé. Je vous dirai naturellement que je ne vous le conseille pas : elle n'entend point l'anglais ; la demande qu'elle vous a faite est une politesse et un mouvement d'amitié pour vous et pour moi : elle ne s'en souvient peut-être déjà plus ; attendez qu'elle renouvelle sa demande. Ignorez-vous que dans notre pays on a une civilité banale qui ne signifie rien ? La grand'maman a mieux que cela, j'en conviens ; elle a de la bonté, elle veut obliger, elle veut qu'on soit content d'elle ; mais excepté son mari, soyez sûr qu'elle n'aime rien ; gardez vos livres, croyez-moi.'

[3] *The Mysterious Mother.*

[4] The plot turns on an incestuous connexion between mother and son.

[5] Mme du Deffand had used this expression in her letter of Jan. 11 (No. 393).

[6] In her letter of Jan. 25, above quoted, Mme du Deffand replied : 'Vous et M. Selwyn, vous êtes de mauvais puristes dans notre langue ; j'ai consulté un très-grand grammairien, M. de Beauvau, pour savoir si j'avais fait une faute en écrivant *par un grand extraordinaire, j'ai dormi*, etc. C'est une expression, m'a-t-il dit, fort usitée dans la conversation, dans les lettres et dans les discours familiers. Ce n'est pas que je prétende au beau langage ; je ne sais pas un mot de grammaire, ma manière de m'exprimer est toujours l'effet du hasard indépendant de toute règle et de tout art ; aussi je ne suis point flattée quand on me dit que j'écris bien, car je n'en crois rien.'

1446*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, Feb. 1, 1773.][1]

Les critiques de mon *Gramont* ne me choquent point, elles sont bien légères. Je trouve votre éloignement pour y voir votre nom très-déplacé[2]. On en aura dit tout ce qu'on en pourrait dire, et qu'importe?—La jalousie des envieux doit-elle être un obstacle à la déclaration de mon amitié et de ma reconnaissance? Il me semble que l'omission me donne mauvaise grâce, et a l'air de partir de ma timidité plutôt que de la vôtre. C'est pourquoi j'insiste, et vous supplie de m'accorder la permission.

1450*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, February, 1773.]

On m'a conté une anecdote dont je suis très-curieux d'apprendre les détails. C'est qu'il mourut, il y a cinq ou six ans, à Saint-Germain-en-Laye, une vieille femme qui

Letter 1446*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 469, n. 4.

[1] The date of this letter is supplied by Mme du Deffand in hers to Walpole of Feb. 7–10 (No. 397).

[2] In her letter of Jan. 25 (No. 395) Mme du Deffand had said: 'Si vous faites une seconde édition de *Gramont*, il y faudra observer bien des choses; que les caractères soient plus nets, l'encre plus noire et moins grasse, les lignes moins pressées et l'orthographe mieux observée . . . voilà ce qui regarde le public. Pour ce qui me regarde en particulier, et que j'ai fort à cœur, c'est que mon nom ne soit jamais imprimé; j'ai craint qu'il ne le fût dans votre première édition, je crains bien plus qu'il ne le soit dans la seconde; on croirait que, mécontente de ce que l'on ne m'a pas devinée, j'ai obtenu que vous me fissiez connaître . . .' Walpole's edition of the *Mémoires du Comte de Gramont* (printed in 1772) was dedicated to Mme du Deffand, in the following terms: 'A Madame * * *. L'Editeur vous consacre cette Edition, comme un monument de son Amitié, de son Admiration, et de son Respect; à Vous, dont les Grâces, l'Esprit, et le Goût retracent au siècle présent le siècle de Louis quatorze et les agrémens de l'Auteur de ces Mémoires.' In the second edition, published by Dodsley in 1783, after Mme du Deffand's death, the dedication is headed: 'A Madame Marie de Vichi, Marquise du Deffand.'

Letter 1450*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 480, n. 1.

s'appelait Madame Ward; après sa mort on vérifia sur ses papiers qu'elle était fille naturelle de notre Roi Jacques II. Je tiens cette histoire de bonne main, et je vous serais très-obligé si vous voulez vous donner la peine de vous informer de tout ce qui la regarde, comme le nom de la mère, son propre âge, etc.; vous savez combien j'aime les particularités historiques[1].

1450**. To the Marquise du Deffand.

Londres, 25 Janvier [Février] 1773.

Vous avez très bien jugé les ouvrages que je vous avais demandés. Quelle pitoyable pièce que *Les Lois de Minos*[1], sans force, sans goût, sans caractère, sans événements, sans conduite, sans poésie et peu s'en faut sans plan! surtout sans probabilité! Il est difficile d'assembler plus de défauts dans une tragédie. Le Roi est sot; l'héroïne arrogante et poltronne; les autres acteurs ne savent pas ce qu'ils veulent et changent d'avis comme le peuple. Les *Trois Siècles*[2] est un livre dont on ne saurait dire s'il est plus effronté ou plus ennuyeux, ne contenant au fond que deux articles, dont l'un

[1] In her reply of Feb. 24 (No. 400) Mme du Deffand wrote: 'Vous me donnez une commission que je doute de pouvoir exécuter . . . une bâtarde de Jacques II, le nom de sa mère. Je ne connais point de vieux catholique anglais: je ne connais que des Anglais hérétiques et modernes; enfin j'y tâcherai, mais ne comptez pas sur le succès.' In a subsequent letter (March 10, No. 402) Mme du Deffand sent the result of her inquiries in the shape of the following note: 'Madame la Comtesse de la Marck a fait faire toutes les perquisitions possibles touchant l'origine, l'état et la résidence de Madame Ward. Les plus anciens Irlandais qui demeurent au château de Saint-Germain ont été interrogés; aucun ne se rappelle d'avoir jamais entendu parler de ce nom, aucun ne sait si cette dame existe; on a de plus feuilleté les registres mortuaires depuis 1750 jusqu'à présent; il ne s'y trouve aucun nom qui approche de celui que l'on cherche.'

Letter 1450**.—Not in C.; apparently extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 477 n. It is dated January apparently in error (perhaps by a mistake of the copyist), as it seems to be a reply to Mme du Deffand's letter of Feb. 7 (No. 397).

[1] A tragedy of Voltaire.

[2] *Les Trois Siècles de notre Littérature, ou Tableau de l'Esprit de nos Écrivains, depuis François 1er jusqu'en 1772, par ordre alphabétique*, by the Abbé Sabatier de Castres.

s'efforce de louer sans honte les plus mauvais théologiens et l'autre à décrier les philosophes modernes, qui ne valent peu qu'en comparaison des autres. L'auteur a toutes les mauvaises qualités des deux partis; il y a de la justice dans l'article de Voltaire, mais point d'esprit: enfin, je vous en suis obligé, mais j'en suis excédé, sans en être encore au second volume. J'attendais plus de nouvelles dans votre lettre par les Manchester[3]. J'ose dire que la chanson sur les Princes est plus bête et plus insipide que le plus mauvais article des *Trois Siècles*. Quand on écrit aussi mal, il est à espérer que le bon goût reviendra; l'âge ne saurait tomber plus bas.

1452*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, March 5, 1773.][1]

L'omission du nom de la grand'maman est d'une malhonnêteté outrageante. Le grand-papa l'a rétablie à son honneur. Il devrait faire rougir ce polisson de prince[2].

* * * * * *

[3] The Duke and Duchess of Manchester, who had been on a visit to Paris. In her letter of Feb. 1–3 (No. 396) Mme du Deffand had said: 'Je vous écrirai par les Manchester avec plus de liberté que je ne peux faire par la poste;' and in her letter of Feb. 7 above mentioned: 'Les Manchester partent dans le courant de cette semaine; je compte que votre première lettre m'apprendra si vous voulez les *Trois Siècles de notre Littérature*; vous les avez peut-être chez vous, mais si vous ne m'en parlez point, je vous les enverrai toujours avec les *Lois de Minos* qui vous surprendront.'

Letter 1452*.—Not in C.; extracts from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 484, nn. 5, 6.

[1] The date of this letter is supplied by Mme du Deffand in hers to Walpole of March 10 (No. 402).

[2] The reference is to the insulting behaviour of the Duc de Chartres, who, in a letter to the Duc de Choiseul ('le grand-papa') proposing a visit to him at Chanteloup, while making special mention of Choiseul's sister, the Duchesse de Gramont, studiously avoided any reference to the Duchesse de Choiseul. In his reply, in which he respectfully declined the proposed honour, Choiseul made a point of introducing the name of the Duchesse de Choiseul, together with that of his sister. In her letter of Feb. 26–28 (No. 401) Mme du Deffand had given an account of the incident and had enclosed copies of the letter of the Duc de Chartres and of Choiseul's reply.

Je viens de lire le discours de Monsr Guibert [3], j'en suis bien médiocrement frappé. Le sujet demande de la profondeur, et ce monsieur n'est pas profond. Les comparaisons sont puériles, et sentent l'esprit d'Ovide. J'aime mieux la seconde partie, apparemment parce que je l'entends moins.

1457*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

Londres, 30 Mars 1773.

Je n'ai plus rien à dire, Madame, je vois l'impossibilité qu'il y a d'accorder deux humeurs aussi opposées que la vôtre et la mienne, et je ne ferai plus d'efforts pour rendre agréable un commerce dont à force de me tourmenter vous m'avez entièrement dégoûté : qu'il aille tout au hasard.

Si vous me faites l'honneur de m'écrire des lettres auxquelles on peut répondre, j'y répondrai. Sinon vous me dispenserez, je crois, d'écrire, car je ne vois pas la nécessité d'une correspondance régulière, quand on est si peu content l'un de l'autre.

1458*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

Londres, 13 Avril 1773.

Après beaucoup de dégoûts on ne revient pas facilement à la bonne humeur ; je vous avoue que je m'attendrai

[3] Jacques Antoine Hippolyte, Comte de Guibert (1743-1790), the lover of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse ; he had just published his *Essai général de Tactique*, which attracted considerable notice, and was highly praised by Burke among others. In her letter of Feb. 26-28 above quoted Mme du Deffand had asked Walpole to read the 'discours préliminaire' and to give her his opinion of it.

Letter 1457*.—Not in C. ; reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 487, n. 1. This was one of the 'lettres offensantes' of which Mme du Deffand complained from time to time. Walpole evidently wrote in resentment at the concluding paragraph of Mme du Deffand's letter of March 10 : 'Si je vous ai regardé comme mon ami, c'était parce que vous m'aviez dit que vous l'étiez ; vous ne voulez plus être que ma connaissance, il faut y consentir.'

Letter 1458*.—Not in C. ; reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 490, n. 2. The letter of Mme du Deffand, to which this is a reply, has not been preserved.

toujours à des persécutions nouvelles, et cette crainte m'ôte tout le plaisir du commerce. J'écris sans envie d'écrire, et je reçois des lettres sans envie de les ouvrir; plus les querelles se réitèrent, plus les raccommodements sont difficiles, et à la fin deviennent impossibles. Je regarde cette conclusion de notre liaison comme immanquable et de là je deviens tous les jours moins soigneux à l'éviter.

Je crois la lettre de l'Empereur authentique, parce que la fausse philosophie et l'impudence rendent tout croyable aujourd'hui; tous les rois du nord en sont infectés. Voltaire doit vivre pour être le panégyriste et le parasite d'eux tous. Je ne sais pas de lecture qui vous ferait plaisir, c'est-à-dire qui m'en fait, le bon goût s'étant éteint. Voyez ce qu'ont fait les encyclopédistes; de francs ignorants, les rois sont devenus des menteurs moraux. On partage savamment les royaumes, comme autrefois on divisait les sermons, et l'on massacre le peuple avec autant de sang-froid qu'on les ennuyait. Voilà un siècle de lumières!

Le Duc de Gloucester a été fort incommodé; il est parti avec la Duchesse pour sa campagne. Elle n'accouchera qu'à la fin du mois prochain ou au commencement de juin. La réponse de la petite de Boufflers[1] est honnête et très-jolie, mais ne console point, je crois, de la mauvaise éducation dont on avait tant espéré. Je suis plus sceptique de jour à l'autre. Laissez les hommes à eux-mêmes, ils sont méchants; instruisez-les, ils n'en sont que plus méchants. Ah! la bonne race! J'aime mieux les oiseaux. Madame de la Vallière a perdu sa petite Chinoise, mais au moins elle n'était pas indigne de ses soins.

[1] The Comtesse Amélie de Boufflers, daughter-in-law of the well-known Marquise de Boufflers, 'l'Idole' of Mme du Deffand's letters.

1463*. To George Augustus Selwyn[1].

[Arlington Street, May, 1773.][2]

Lord and Lady Ossory and some of their court are to dine at Strawberry next Sunday; will you make one of their circle? and shall I say to you as I do to Crawfurd, will you come, though you say you will?

1465. To the Rev. William Mason.

Strawberry Hill, May 15, 1773.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 143.]

1465*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

Londres, 18 Mai 1773.

Voici la nouvelle que votre ami le Baron[1] vient de me dire, c'est que Monsr le Duc d'Orléans a épousé Madame de Montesson, mais que le mariage ne se déclarera point. Bien que vous n'aimiez pas à conter, vous auriez pu me dire ce trait-là.

On va ouvrir une grande scène ici à ce qu'on dit; on va faire rendre à nos pilleurs des Indes leurs trésors. Je ne m'attends pas à des actes de justice, et le peuple Indien, qu'y gagnera-t-il? Le parlement siégera tout l'été; que je suis heureux de n'y être plus! Qu'on est sage de se détacher

Letter 1463*.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy kindly supplied by Messrs. Dodd & Livingston, of New York, owners of the original.

[1] The letter is addressed 'To G. A. Selwyn, Esq.'

[2] This date is supplied conjecturally on the strength of Walpole's letter to Lady Ossory of April 30, 1773, in which it is arranged that she was to come to Strawberry Hill on Saturday, May 8; the 'next Sunday' of the above note would then probably be May 9. Walpole says to Lady Ossory, 'I have asked Crawfurd to meet you, but begged he would refuse me, that I might be sure of his coming'—a quip which is repeated to Selwyn.

Letter 1465*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 494, n. 1.

[1] Baron de Gleichen, formerly Danish Envoy in Paris, at this time on a visit to London (see note 2 on letter to Mme du Deffand of Jan. 1770, No. 1292*).

du monde de bonne heure! Tout ce qui se passe autour de moi ne fait que m'amuser et ne m'intéresse point.

Je crois que vous pouvez vous tranquilliser sur la guerre; pour moi je n'y ai jamais prêté foi un instant. Il y en a des rumeurs de temps en temps; mais ce sont les factieux ou ceux qui se mêlent des flux et reflux des fonds publics qui sèment ces bruits-là. On prétend que le Roi d'Espagne, qui nous hait, veut à toute force la guerre avec nous. Cela peut être, mais je ne crois pas qu'il nous y entraîne. Vous avez des objets de haine bien plus faits pour vous faire enrager. Votre Baron est allé voir des courses. Il s'y ennuiera, mais nos folies pourraient lui faire du bien. Il a véritablement du bon sens, mais il a trop donné dans celui de gens qui l'affichent sans en avoir. Il se perd en définitions de choses qui n'en demandent point, et se noie dans une cuillerée d'eau, à force de vouloir aller au fond. S'il s'efforce de nous connaître comme une grande nation, on lui bouleversera toutes ses idées; car ne parlant pas notre langue, il prendra ses informations des ministres étrangers, qui sont des gens bien malhabiles, et qui raisonnent sur les gazettes. Il nous mesurera à la toise de ce qu'il a lu, ou sur ce qu'il a entendu dire en France. Il cherchera de la philosophie et n'en trouvera point; il croira donc que nous n'agissons que par politique, et s'y trompera davantage. Nous ne sommes que les restes d'un grand peuple, et ce ne sera que le siècle futur qui décidera de ce que nous sommes, et de ce que nous serons; actuellement nous n'avons que ce qu'on peut appeler une routine. Le luxe est l'objet, et l'intérêt personnel le moyen. Tout le monde veut être riche, parce que nous n'avons ni principe, ni point d'honneur; tout le monde veut se ruiner parce que c'est la mode. On n'est pas avare, on n'est que corrompu. On veut être un homme considérable, parce que le pays va perdre toute considération.

1465**. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[May, 1773.]

Je ne sais quelles lectures vous conseiller[1]. Quand on a épuisé tous les sujets, une manière nouvelle de les redire ne les rend pas nouveaux, quoi qu'on en dise. Encore cet avantage tombe-t-il en partage à bien peu de gens. On a tout dit, on a contredit tout. Peut-être recommencera-t-on à rebâtir ce qu'on vient de détruire, et l'on n'y gagnera rien. On a dit que le soleil s'est usé, moi je crois que c'est l'esprit humain. Il est possible qu'avec le temps on voie quelque nouveauté dans l'Amérique. Mais à moins d'un *déluge* (je ne sais si c'est le mot français), l'Europe fournira aussi peu que la Tartarie. Les Impératrices et les Rois renchérissent sur les crimes antiques, mais n'ont pas l'esprit d'en imaginer de nouveaux. Les Jésuites tombent, faute d'être plus méchants. Nos méthodistes ne conservent pas l'Église établie, faute d'absurdités nouvelles; et vos philosophes se trompent en s'attendant à renverser des trônes comme Luther et Calvin, quand les livres ne sont plus une mode nouvelle.

1468*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, June, 1773.]

Un ancien ami[1] m'a recommandé, en mourant, une sienne maîtresse[2] et des enfants dont je suis une espèce de tuteur. Cette femme se maria à un gentilhomme[3], et s'en sépara

Letter 1465**.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 496, n. 5.

[1] In her letter of May 12 (No. 407), Mme du Deffand, after telling Walpole what she had been reading, concluded with the request: 'conseillez-moi quelques lectures.'

Letter 1468*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 509, n. 1.

[1] Richard Edgcumbe, Lord Edgcumbe, who died in 1761 (see note 3 on letter to Mann of June 4, 1743).

[2] Anne Day, afterwards Lady Fenouilhet.

[3] Peter Fenouilhet, Exon of the guard.

l'année après. Elle s'est établie à Calais par économie, et pour élever ses filles au couvent. Elle se conduit très-sagement et très-honnêtement, voit la meilleure compagnie de la ville, en est aimée et respectée: son banquier vient de mourir. Il fallait passer à Londres pour avoir le consentement de son mari à un nouvel arrangement de ses affaires. Elle est ici. On voudrait donner son hôtel, qui est grand, beau et à bon marché, au nouveau commandant de la place. Elle en a écrit à Monsr de Monteynard[4], qui lui a fait une réponse très-honnête, mais sans démordre totalement. Elle croit que la protection pourrait la sauver. Tout ce qu'elle demande, c'est de garder sa maison jusqu'à la fin de son bail, c'est-à-dire deux ans et demi.

1474*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

Londres, 1er Juillet 1773.

Rien n'égale votre bonté pour Madame de Fenouilhet[1], mais elle n'y est pas plus sensible que je le suis, en connaissant la source. Je vous prie d'être persuadée de ma reconnaissance, qui date de bien plus loin. Assurez aussi Madame la Maréchale de Mirepoix combien je suis touché de la manière dont elle a bien voulu m'accorder sa protection pour cette pauvre femme. J'ai infiniment de confiance dans un tel appui, et comme Madame la Comtesse du Barry se pique d'honnêteté pour les Anglais, peut-être bien qu'un mot à propos y pourrait porter bonheur.

Ne le dites pas, mais il me semble qu'on n'est pas fort obligé à Milord Stormont[2]; c'est une assez mince défaite que le prétexte de n'avoir jamais parlé à Monsr de Monteynard[3];

[4] The Marquis de Monteynard, French Minister of War.

Letter 1474*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 511, n. 1.

[1] A lady for whom Walpole was trustee; see letter to Mme du Deffand of June, 1773 (No. 1468*). Walpole had enlisted Mme du Deffand's interest on her behalf.

[2] English Ambassador in Paris.

[3] French Minister of War. In

un ambassadeur ne protège-t-il ses compatriotes que vis-à-vis de ses connaissances? Mais n'importe, je veux bien me flatter que la Maréchale a plus de crédit. Il est trop tard de profiter des conseils de Monsr le Prince de Beauvau. Il y a longtemps que Madame de Fenouilhet avait indiqué d'autres maisons, même cinq ou six, à Monsr de Monteynard; mais voilà qui est trop! Votre grande facilité à m'obliger devrait faire que je vous persécutasse moins des intérêts de mes protégés.

1480*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Strawberry Hill, August, 1773.]

Comme vous me demandez quelquefois des lectures, je vous prie de relire deux pièces que sûrement vous avez bien lues; mais lisez-les, de grâce, avec attention: c'est la *Zaïre* de Voltaire et le *Mithridate* de Racine. Ai-je tort de les trouver pitoyables? Le langage surtout de la première me paraît familier et trivial jusqu'au burlesque. À l'une et l'autre nul caractère, nulle probabilité, et dans *Mithridate* pas une pensée nouvelle, un seul sentiment qui fasse impression. Je viens de les relire, parce que j'ai envie de faire une autre tragédie, et je fus étonné de leur médiocrité. Je ne crois pas que je risquerai de faire pis, car je trouve que, depuis ma dernière goutte, le peu d'esprit que j'avais s'est fort affaibli. Il me semble que c'est la gêne de la rime qui a été cause du peu de noblesse que Voltaire a mis dans ses expressions. Dites-moi si j'ai tort, et si je dois trouver *Mithridate* une belle pièce. Selon moi, c'est l'ouvrage d'un garçon qui sort du collège. La nature y parle-t-elle? y a-t-il

her letter of June 20 (No. 413) Mme du Deffand had written: 'Milord Stormont ne connaît point du tout M. de Monteynard, il ne lui a jamais parlé de sa vie; j'ai eu recours à d'autres.'

Letter 1480*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 524, n. 1.

rien qui surprenne à force de vérité même? n'est-ce pas l'éducation qui fait faire de telles pièces, et non pas la connaissance intime de l'âme et des passions? Je veux relire *Phèdre*[1], *Britannicus*[1], *Cinna*[2], *Rodogune*[2], *Alzire*[3], *Mahomet*[3] et *Athalie*[1] que j'ai infiniment aimés, et dont je vous dirai mes sentiments. J'en suis à l'*Iphigénie*[1], dont j'ai lu trois actes, et que je suis loin de trouver un chef-d'œuvre, comme l'estime Voltaire. C'est qu'il faut, pour que j'aie une satisfaction parfaite, que je sois grandement ému. Il me faut un grand choc de passions, des traits hardis et naturels, des caractères très-marqués, mais en même temps nuancés, et cette connaissance du cœur humain qui distingue les grands maîtres, et qui frappe comme un coup de lumière les esprits les plus communs. Le mécanisme d'une pièce faite pour s'assurer des suffrages, et non pas pour faire de grandes sensations, ne me frappe non plus qu'une pendule. La première pendule m'aurait causé de l'étonnement; j'aurais acheté la seconde à mon usage; je donnerais la troisième à un enfant.

Ce sont nos auteurs tragiques que j'aime, c'est-à-dire Shakespeare, qui est mille auteurs. Je n'accorde pas, comme vous, le même mérite à nos romans. *Tom Jones* me fit un plaisir bien mince; il y a du burlesque, et ce que j'aime encore moins, les mœurs du vulgaire. Je conviens que c'est fort naturel, mais le naturel qui n'admet pas du goût me touche peu. Je trouve que c'est le goût qui assure tout, et qui fait le charme de tout ce qui regarde la société. Scarron peut être aussi naturel que Madame de Sévigné, mais quelle différence! mille mères peuvent sentir autant qu'elle; c'est le goût qui la sépare du commun des mères. Nos romans sont grossiers. Dans *Gil Blas*, il s'agit très-souvent de valets et de telle engeance, mais jamais, non,

[1] Plays of Racine. [2] Plays of Corneille. [3] Plays of Voltaire.

jamais ils ne dégoûtent. Dans les romans de Fielding, il y a des curés de campagne qui sont de vrais cochons.—Je n'aime pas lire ce que je n'aimerais pas entendre [4].

1482*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Strawberry Hill, August, 1773.]

Nous ne sommes nullement d'accord sur nos romans; c'est le défaut du naturel qui me dégoûte, et que vous croyez y voir. Les caractères sont apprêtés, et travaillés au point d'en découvrir tout le mécanisme. Dans *Gil Blas* rien n'est forcé; un trait peint un caractère, et un certain air négligé le rend vraisemblable. Je conviendrai de tout ce que vous dites d'*Athalie*, mais *Tom Jones* ne me fait pas la moindre impression [1].

[4] In her letter of Aug. 8 (No. 421) in reply Mme du Deffand wrote: 'Vous pouvez avoir toute raison dans vos critiques. Si nos théâtres vous paraissent froids ou plats, ils ne valent rien pour vous. J'ai seulement fait une remarque, c'est que la disposition où nous nous trouvons influe beaucoup sur les impressions que nous recevons, et en conséquence sur les jugements que nous portons; je crois que vous en conviendrez. Il me semble que la comparaison que vous faites de l'effet que vous aurait fait une pendule dans trois âges différents, peut s'appliquer à ce que je viens de dire. Je ne puis pas sentir le mérite de Shakespeare; mais comme j'ai beaucoup de déférence pour vos jugements, je crois que c'est la faute des traducteurs. A l'égard de vos romans, j'y trouve des longueurs, des choses dégoûtantes, mais une vérité dans les caractères (quoiqu'il y en ait une variété infinie) qui me fait démêler dans moi-même mille nuances que je n'y connaissais pas. Pourquoi les sentiments naturels ne seraient-ils pas vulgaires? N'est-ce pas l'éducation qui les rend grands et relevés? Dans *Tom Jones*, Allworthy, Blifil, Square et surtout Madame Miller, ne sont-ils pas d'une vérité infinie? Et Tom Jones, avec ses défauts et malgré toutes les fautes qu'ils lui font commettre, n'est-il pas estimable et aimable autant qu'on peut l'être? Enfin, quoi qu'il en soit, depuis vos romans, il m'est impossible d'en lire aucun des nôtres. A l'égard de notre théâtre, je ne m'éloigne pas de votre façon de penser; mais *Athalie* me paraît une très-belle pièce, et je trouve de grandes beautés dans *Andromaque*; le style de Racine a une élégance charmante, mais qui peut-être n'est sentie que par nous. Il y a des beautés dans Corneille qui ressemblent beaucoup (à ce que j'imagine) à plusieurs traits de votre Shakespeare.' For Walpole's reply to these observations, see letter 1482*.

Letter 1482*.—Not in C.; extracts from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 525, n. 2; p. 526, n. 3.

[1] Walpole is here replying to Mme du Deffand's remarks in her letter of Aug. 8 (No. 421)—see note 4 on letter 1480*.

Voltaire reprend sa correspondance avec vous[2], tant mieux; il vous amusera de temps en temps, et vous vous amuserez à lui répondre; ses plus mauvaises lettres vaudront mieux que celles des autres. Je ne suis pas son enthousiaste, mais qui est-ce qui le remplacera?

1490*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

Strawberry Hill, 11 Septembre 1773.

Je suis un peu étonné de la force de vos expressions sur Chanteloup[1]; inquiétude, c'est beaucoup dire! Je ne vous croyais pas avancée jusque là! Que deviendrait Chanteloup? Comment tout le monde est-il avancé jusque là? Je ne sais plus où j'en suis. La grand'maman[2] prétend que vous irez. Ah! que nenni! Vous n'y songez pas, je me flatte. Rassurez-moi de grâce, ce serait moi qui aurais véritablement de l'inquiétude. Vous vous êtes tirée heureusement du dernier voyage; ce serait comble de l'imprudence d'en hasarder un second.

J'ai bien peu de curiosité sur l'*Éloge de M. Colbert*[3]. En premier lieu, je n'aime pas de telles fadeurs apprêtées de longue main; en second, je n'ai pas le goût des discours philosophiques et académiques: des dissertations sur le commerce, par un homme qui n'y entend rien, m'ennuieront; de grandes phrases pour décorer et rendre intelligibles des choses fort communes, me paraîtront pédantesques et pleines d'affectation. On prétendra faire la critique de Louvois, et on aura le dessein de faire la satire de quelque

[2] In her letter of Aug. 8 above mentioned Mme du Deffand had said: 'J'ai reçu ces jours-ci une grande lettre de Voltaire, et je n'en suis point bien aise, parce qu'il a fallu y répondre.'

Letter 1490*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 529, n. 1.

[1] The country residence, near Amboise, of the Duc de Choiseul, to which he had been banished after his fall.

[2] The Duchesse de Choiseul.

[3] By Necker; this *Éloge* had won the 'prix de l'éloquence' offered by the Académie Française.

ministre vivant. On ajoutera les éloges de la Czarine, du Roi de Prusse et peut-être du petit aspirant à la scélératesse, le Roi de Suède ; et je n'ai pas envie de lire la flatterie dans la bouche des prétendus philosophes ; qu'on les paye, cela doit leur suffire. Il n'y a que Voltaire qui se fait encore lire, malgré tout ce qu'il a fait d'indigne. Envoyez-moi son *Épître à Marmontel.* Je vous dispense de la réponse, que certainèment je ne lirai point. On est venu à bout, chez vous, de rendre la raison aussi absurde que l'ancien galimatias des écoles, et la morale aussi fatigante que les controverses sur la religion. On prêche dans l'opéra-comique, et les romans parlent agriculture. On fait regretter l'ennuyeux La Calprenède. Voltaire lui-même prêche, comme un chef de secte, contre le bon goût que je suis presque tenté de nommer le joli goût, comme étant l'antidote de l'ennui, tant son enthousiasme le rend atrabilaire, et des fois mauvais plaisant. Il ne prise, et avec grande raison, que le siècle de Louis XIV ; et malgré cela, c'est lui qui a donné cours au mauvais ton d'aujourd'hui. Il a tout effleuré, et ses singes ne font qu'effleurer tout. Ah ! Montesquieu approfondissait tout, ne se fâchait point, ne rabaissait pas tous les grands hommes, n'ennuyait jamais. C'est là qu'a fini votre grand siècle ; car le mauvais goût n'eut point de part à ses ouvrages. Je ne m'étonne pas que vous ne trouvez plus de lectures amusantes. Vous avez tâté du meilleur ; vous en avez été ; la lettre des Champs-Élysées [4] en fait foi. Je viens de l'imprimer dans un catalogue raisonné que j'ai fait de ma collection ; il ne sera pas publié, il n'est que pour mes amis : la liste n'est pas nombreuse : ce sera mon dernier ouvrage. Milord Orford [5] ne me laissera

[4] The letter written to Walpole by Mme du Deffand in the name of Mme de Sévigné, which was dated from the Champs-Élysées (see Walpole's letter to Lady Hervey of June 28, 1766).

[5] The third Earl, Horace Walpole's nephew; he was at this time suffering from one of his periodical attacks of insanity, during which Walpole assumed the guardianship of his affairs.

pas le temps d'écrire. Je quitte le métier d'auteur pour celui de bailli. Mes songes ne me présenteront plus un château d'Otrante. C'est triste de troquer des visions contre des comptes. Je m'étais fait un monde qui ne ressemblait en rien à celui des affaires. Hélas! il faut apprendre des choses utiles. Que mes tablettes contiennent des choses bien nouvelles! Des comptes de bœufs, de moutons, de chevaux de course et de leurs généalogies, des réparations à faire, des fermes à louer, des hypothèques, des greniers à faire bâtir, des consultations à faire, des procureurs à voir. Ah! quel chaos! je ne me connais plus. Que deviendront tous mes projets? Ils s'en iront en fumée au lieu de l'être. Je me vengerai un jour en faisant la comédie de moi-même et je l'appellerai 'Le Romancier Homme d'Affaires'; au moins le canevas serait bon.

1491*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

Londres, 19 Septembre 1773.

Voici une histoire qui me tient à cœur et où il faut, s'il vous plaît, que vous preniez part. On veut absolument chasser de sa maison ma pupille Milady Fenouilhet[1]; on la demande pour Monsr de Bienassizes, commandant de Calais; on la veut au mois d'octobre. Elle fait de grands cris. On lui propose celle d'un Monsr de Bergue. Ce beau logement ne consiste que de quatre pièces et d'une petite cuisine mariée à la salle: deux des pièces n'ont ni lambris ni plafond; au lieu que l'hôtel actuel de Milady se vante de posséder dix pièces. Ce qui augmente l'injustice c'est qu'on demande de la cabane cinq cents livres et Milady n'en paye pas davantage pour celle qu'elle habite. Le commandant

Letter 1491*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 534, n. 1.

[1] See note 1 on letter to Mme du Deffand of July 1, 1773 (No. 1474*).

s'est épris d'amour pour celle-ci. Milady m'en nomme sept autres aussi grandes où Monsr de Bienassizes serait tout aussi bien assis. Je vous supplie d'écrire ce détail à notre protectrice Madame la Maréchale de Mirepoix; qu'elle ne laisse pas son bienfait imparfait.

Milady me jure que le Roi n'a de mémoire de femme fait chasser le beau sexe. Elle a donné en mariage sa fille aînée à Monsr de Prades, gentilhomme français au service du Roi; j'ai idée même que Milady est catholique; voilà des titres.

Enfin vous écrirez une lettre badine à la Maréchale, en appuyant très-sérieusement sur nos griefs, sur nos prétentions, et comme c'est très-vrai que Milady réclame de bonne foi la galanterie de Sa Majesté, il serait bon d'en faire mention; mais je ne doute pas de votre bonté pour y donner les plus belles couleurs.

Je devais vous dire que c'est Monsr le Comte de Dagay, intendant de Picardie, qui a fait la proposition de quitter sa maison à la dame de Fenouilhet. Vos évêques d'Arras[2] et de Saint-Omer[3] ne seraient-ils point en cas de lui rendre service?

1492*. To Benjamin Ibbot[1].

Sir, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 24, 1773.

I am much obliged to you for the favour of your letter, and the trouble you have been so good as to give yourself

[2] Louis François Marc Hilaire de Conzié, Bishop of St. Omer, 1766–1769; of Arras, 1769–1790.

[3] Joachim François Mamert de Conzié, younger brother of the preceding, Bishop of St. Omer, 1769–1774, subsequently Archbishop of Tours (1774–1790); see note 2 on letter to Mme du Deffand of March, 1772 (No. 1397**); for Walpole's opinion of the former, see his letter to Miss Mary Berry of Nov. 18, 1790 (vol. xiv. p. 322).

Letter 1492*.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy kindly supplied by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, owner of the original.

[1] The letter is addressed 'To Benjamin Ibbot, Esq. in Dartmouth Street, Westminster'—doubtless the son of Benjamin Ibbot (1680–1725), Chaplain to George I, and Prebendary of Westminster.

about the pictures of the Cromwells. I shall be glad to see them when I am in town in the winter, but I own, between you and me, I suspect that the Oliver is only a copy, for I was positively told that the Duchess of Kingston[2] had bought the original. If she has not, I should still be glad to know what is asked for it, for if the price is kept up to near what was asked of me formerly, it would be to no purpose for me to see it, as I certainly would not think of it at so vast a rate. In short, Sir, it was valued at £400, and I will never give above a quarter of that sum, having bought things as fine cheaper, and nothing of the kind so high; though I certainly have the first miniature in the world[3]. It would be giving Lady Frankland[4] unnecessary trouble. I am not the less obliged to you for your goodness, and am, Sir,

Your most obedient,
humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

1493*. TO THE MARQUISE DU DEFFAND.

[Strawberry Hill, October, 1773.]

JE trouve l'*Éloge*[1] l'ouvrage d'un homme d'un très-bon esprit, et d'un homme de bien, pas fort éloquent. Il y a des endroits obscurs et trop pressés; et quoique en général

[2] Elisabeth Chudleigh, the bigamous wife (1769) of Evelyn Pierrepont, second Duke of Kingston, who died the day before this letter was written.

[3] No doubt Zincke's miniature of Cowley, the poet, after Sir Peter Lely, which in his *Description of Strawberry Hill* Walpole describes as Zincke's masterpiece, and 'perhaps the finest piece of enamel in the world' (*Works*, ed. 1798, vol. ii. p. 475).

[4] Presumably the wife of Sir Thomas Frankland, fifth Baronet, who was a descendant of Oliver Cromwell, his grandfather, the second Baronet, having married a daughter of the Protector's youngest daughter, Frances.

LETTER 1493*.—Not in C.; extracts from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 538, n. 1; p. 539, n. 3.

[1] *L'Éloge de Colbert*, by Necker—see note 3 on letter to Mme du Deffand of Sept. 11, 1773 (No. 1490*).

l'auteur se sauve du galimatias clinquant d'aujourd'hui, il donne quelquefois trop dans les phrases abstraites qui sont en usage, et qui ne se trouvent jamais dans vos bons auteurs. En général, le discours est trop long, et surtout la première partie, qu'il aurait pu rendre plus courte, sans peser tant sur ce qu'il veut établir. Excepté le *Phaéton*, les comparaisons sont belles et justes. La quatrième partie est infiniment belle, touchante, attendrissante même, bien pensée, et, à peu de chose près, claire comme les bons auteurs. Somme totale, l'auteur me paraît un bon citoyen, homme assez profond, mais pas un génie assez versé dans son métier. Il ne frappe pas, mais il développe. Il persuade plus qu'il ne charme ; et à force de détails, il laisse à soupçonner qu'il ne s'est pas trop persuadé. Il a l'air d'excuser les fautes de Colbert comme s'il demandait qu'on lui en tînt compte comme des bienfaits. La protection des arts, des modes, des inutilités, tient lieu à Colbert de mérite. Il aurait mieux valu dire la vérité, que Colbert combattait le penchant de Louis pour la guerre, en servant son goût pour la magnificence. Il savait que son maître ne se connaissait en rien, et n'aimait véritablement que la gloire, et pourvu qu'on parlât de lui, qu'il ne se souciait pas que ce fût pour avoir fait massacrer ou récompenser les hommes. Sully n'aimait que le bien ; il osa combattre les goûts de son maître. Il est vrai que c'est Henri IV qui gagne sur Louis XIV plus que Sully sur Colbert. Sully connaissait la belle âme, le bon esprit de Henri, et se confiait aux retours du Roi sur lui-même. Colbert, plus courtisan par nécessité, détournait les faiblesses de Louis plus qu'il ne les choquait, et se contentait de faire un bien médiocre pour sauver à la patrie un mal horrible. Pour les bien juger, il faudrait que Sully fût le ministre de Louis, et Colbert de Henri. Louis eût craint et haï Sully : il resterait à voir si son austère vertu se fût pliée aux manéges adroits et bien

intentionnés de Colbert. Je doute que Colbert eût eu la fermeté de Sully vis-à-vis Henri IV[2].

* * * * * * *

Les vers de Voltaire[3] sont à faire pitié, et ne seraient pas même passables si Marmontel les avait faits. Les siens sont meilleurs, mais à bâtons rompus, et la chute fort mauvaise[4].

1496*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[October, 1773.]

Vous louez mon courage[1]; ah! je n'en ai guère. Je suis colère et timide; je n'ai aucune présence d'esprit; il me faut du temps pour me calmer et pour me donner du jugement. Je suis bien petit à mes propres yeux. Je fais le fier mal à propos, le souple avec plus mauvaise grâce encore. Tantôt c'est la vengeance qui me séduit, et tantôt la finesse. Mon Dieu! quelle misère que l'âme de l'homme! Toutes réflexions faites, je rends grâce au ciel de n'avoir pas été monarque ou grand homme: la flatterie m'eût séduit; je me serais cru très-capable; j'aurais été despote par droiture, ou fripon par indignation; j'aurais méconnu les hommes ou moi-même. Hélas! c'est bien tard que je fais mon éducation! Dieu merci, j'ai un maître sévère; et c'est moi-même[2].

[2] In her reply of Oct. 9 (No. 427) Mme du Deffand wrote: 'Il est impossible de mieux analyser un ouvrage, et je suis bien tentée de vous lire à l'auteur, ce que je ne ferai pourtant pas sans votre permission;' at the close of her letter she added: 'Toute réflexion faite, je ne lirai point à l'auteur de l'*Éloge de Colbert* ce que vous m'en écrivez; tout auteur est Archevêque de Grenade.'

[3] His *Épître à Marmontel.*

[4] Mme du Deffand replied in the letter above quoted: 'Je n'approuve pas votre jugement sur les vers de Voltaire; ils ont une facilité que n'ont point ceux de Marmontel.'

Letter 1496*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 544, n. 1.

[1] In respect of his conduct of the affairs of his nephew, Lord Orford.

[2] In her reply of Nov. 2 (No. 431) Mme du Deffand said: 'Rien n'est si bien écrit ni si bien démêlé que la peinture que vous me faites de votre caractère. . . . Vous vous troublez, et vous ne voyez pas dans le premier moment tout ce que la réflexion vous fait apercevoir après. . . . Non, vous n'avez point de vanité, vous ne courez point après une considération vaine et non méritée,

1499*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[November, 1773.]

Avec tout l'esprit et tous les agréments possibles, vous ne voulez vous contenter de rien. Vous voulez aller à la chasse d'un être qui ne se trouve nulle part, et dont votre usage du monde doit vous dire n'existe point: c'est-à-dire, une personne qui vous fût uniquement et totalement attachée, et qui n'aimât qu'un seul sujet de conversation. Encore n'est-ce pas un tel, ou un tel; non, c'est quelqu'un, n'importe qui. Il faudrait que ce quelqu'un eût toutes les attentions d'un amant, sans amour s'entend; toutes les qualités d'un ami, et cependant qu'il n'eût du goût pour rien, ne devant être occupé que de vos goûts et de vos amusements. Vous voudriez qu'il fût un homme d'esprit pour vous entendre, et qu'il n'en eût point en même temps, sans quoi il lui serait impossible de soutenir un tel rôle[1].

1501*. To Benjamin Ibbot[1].

Arlington Street, Nov. 18, 1773.

Mr. Walpole sends his compliments to Mr. Ibbot, and will be much obliged to him if he will call, in his walks, in Arlington street any morning between eleven and one, after Monday next.

mais vous êtes pour ainsi dire trop glorieux. Vous voulez vous pouvoir croire parfait, et l'extrême vérité de votre caractère vous rend très-difficile à vous contenter de ce que vous êtes.'

Letter 1499*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 553, n. 2.

[1] In her letter of Nov. 22 (No. 435) Mme du Deffand replied: 'Je ne m'aperçois pas que l'on me trouve exigeante, et qu'on juge que je veuille qu'on ne soit occupé que de moi; il me paraît que personne ne mette autant dans la société que moi, ni que j'ennuie personne par la métaphysique que j'ai en horreur, ni que toutes mes conversations ne soient que d'un seul genre. J'ai sans doute beaucoup de défauts, je crois les connaître, et cette connaissance me rend fort malheureuse.'

Letter 1501*.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy kindly supplied by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, owner of the original.

[1] The letter is addressed, 'To Benjamin Ibbot, Esq. in Dartmouth Street, Westminster.'

1502. To the Rev. William Mason.

Arlington Street, Nov. 19, 1773.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 143.]

1502*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Arlington Street, November, 1773.]

J'ai achevé ma Sévigné[1]. Vous l'avez très-bien jugée. Nonobstant, je trouve que Madame de Simiane[2] ayant eu quelque chose à dire, l'eût bien dit. Il n'y a rien qui dépose qu'elle eût des entrailles. Elle ne fait que flatter un intendant pour se faire donner des places pour ceux de sa suite. Corbinelli ennuie à la mort avec sa plate jalousie prétendue. Il y en a deux de Madame de Sévigné qui sentent l'ancien style, celles sur Vardes[3], et sur la mort du grand Condé[4], mais ce qui me ravit, c'est un mot, une

Letter 1502*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 549, n. 1.

[1] In her letter of Nov. 13 (No. 433), to which this is a reply, Mme du Deffand had written: 'Enfin voilà les lettres de Madame de Sévigné*. Ce recueil ne fera pas honneur à l'éditeur; . . . sa préface m'a paru plate. En parcourant tous les sujets de ces lettres, il ne dit rien de sa tendresse pour sa fille, c'est ce que j'en admire le plus, et ce qui (malgré ce que vous en dites) vous la fait nommer votre sainte†. Les lettres de Corbinelli sont ennuyeuses et communes. Il est ineffable qu'on ait conservé les lettres de Madame de Simiane, elles devaient être jetées derrière le feu à mesure qu'on les recevait.'

[2] Mme de Sévigné's granddaughter—see note 3 on letter to Mme du Deffand of September, 1768 (No. 1231*).

[3] François René Crespin du Bec, Marquis de Vardes, Governor of Aigues-Mortes. He was one of the authors of the letter written to Queen Maria Theresa to inform her of Louis XIV's intrigue with Mademoiselle de la Vallière, and was in consequence imprisoned in the Bastille (1664), and subsequently exiled. He was recalled in 1683, and restored to favour; he died in 1688. The letter of Mme de Sévigné to which Walpole refers is doubtless that written to the Président de Moulceau on May 26, 1683, a few days after the recall of Vardes.

[4] Louis de Bourbon, Prince de

* A collection of *Lettres nouvelles de la Marquise de Sévigné et de la Marquise de Simiane, sa petite-fille*, published in Paris in this year by Lacombe.

† Walpole, who had a great admiration for Mme de Sévigné, used to speak of her as 'la Sainte de Livry.'

application la plus heureuse qui fût jamais, c'est où elle console Monsr de Moulceau[5] de ce qu'il est devenu grand-père, en lui citant ce mot de la fameuse épigramme de Martial: *Paete, non dolet*[6]. Voilà ce qui est unique! voilà ce qui mérite la canonisation!

1502**. To Richard Stonhewer.

Nov. 27, 1773.

[Misplaced in T.—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 161.]

1506*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[December, 1773.]

Il y a de bien jolis vers au commencement de la *Tactique*[1]. Je n'en saurais dire autant de la conclusion, ni de la matière, qui me paraît un peu lieu commun. Je n'aime pas non plus le nom de *M. Guibert*, et ces familiarités qui dégradent la poésie.

Condé (1621–1686); the letter referred to is probably that to the Président de Moulceau of Dec. 13, 1686, written five days after Condé's death.

[5] Président de la Chambre des Comptes at Montpellier.

[6] When Cecina Paetus was ordered by the Emperor Claudius to put an end to his life (A. D. 42), and hesitated to do so, his wife Arria stabbed herself and then handed the dagger to her husband, saying, 'Paete, non dolet' (see Pliny, *Epist.* iii. 16; Martial, *Epig.* i. 14). In the letter in question to the Président de Moulceau (dated Jan. 27, 1687) Mme de Sévigné wrote: 'Je veux vous demander par occasion comme vous vous portez d'être grand-père. Je crois que vous avez reçu une gronderie que je vous fais sur l'horreur que vous me témoigniez de cette dignité: je vous donnais mon exemple et vous disais: "Pétus, *non dolet.*"'

Letter 1506*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 555, n. 6.

[1] A poem of Voltaire, written à propos of the *Essai général de Tactique* of Guibert—see note 3 on letter to Mme du Deffand of March 5, 1773 (No. 1452*). In her letter of Nov. 22–24 (No. 435) Mme du Deffand had written: 'Je reçois dans le moment une lettre de Voltaire et des vers intitulés *La Tactique* . . . il y a longtemps qu'il n'avait rien fait d'aussi bien.'

1507. To Viscount Nuneham.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 6, 1773.

[Correction in note ; addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 143.]

1508. To the Rev. William Mason.

Arlington Street, Dec. 8, 1773.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 143.]

1511. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Arlington Street, Dec. 14, 1773.

[Correction in note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 144.]

1514*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[December, 1773.]

Vous avez achevé *Cléopâtre*[1]; voilà ce qui s'appelle du courage! Je commençai il y a quelques années *Cassandre*[1]: apparemment que je ne passai pas les trois premiers livres, car je le trouvai l'ouvrage le plus bête, le plus plat, le plus assommant de tous les livres connus. L'auteur n'attrape point la moindre vraisemblance; bien que tous les événements soient du dernier commun, pas le moindre petit brin d'invention, et puis point de caractère. Toutes les aventures se répètent. Tous ces princes, généraux et dames, sont ennuyeux comme s'ils étaient aux grands couverts. Il est impossible que vous lisiez un tel livre par ennui, à moins

Lettre 1514*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 559, n. 5.

[1] Romances of La Calprenède; *Cassandre* (in 10 volumes) was published in 1642-50; *Cléopâtre* in 1648. In her letter of Dec. 11 (No. 438), to which this is a reply, Mme du Deffand had said: 'J'ai fini *Cléopâtre*; j'en ai sauté les deux tiers; il y a des endroits fort beaux, et l'auteur n'était pas sans génie. J'ai commencé *Cassandre*, dont les trois premiers livres sont d'un ennui affreux; je le continuerai cependant, parce que je me souviens qu'autrefois il m'a fait plaisir.' In a subsequent letter (Jan. 17, 1774—No. 443) she writes: 'Je suis quitte de La Calprenède. Ah! le détestable auteur! J'en passais les deux tiers.'

que ce ne fût dans le sens de chasser un poison par un autre. Vous me permettrez de vous dire que de tels romans ne peignent pas des hommes ; et si les portraits historiques sont aussi peu fidèles, au moins ont-ils de la ressemblance. Quand, croyez-vous, existait-il des hommes comme ceux de la *Cassandre* ? Il est vrai, comme vous dites, qu'ils écartent toutes réflexions. Des images de carton, montées sur des brodequins, ne font pas réfléchir.

1523. To the Rev. William Mason.

Jan. 21, 1774.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 144.]

1529*. To Sir William Hamilton [1].

Arlington Street, Feb. 22nd, 1774.†

. . . As your friend I will take the liberty of saying that I hope you will be sure of an equivalent at home, before you give up Naples. The market is greatly overstocked at present, and a seat in Parliament gives little chance of a place. The Opposition give up the game, and half of them, I conclude, are trying to make a bargain—you may judge, therefore, whether this is a proper moment for quitting a certainty for a great improbability. Forgive my freedom, but a person on the spot can see the situation of things better than those at a distance.

I am heartily glad you have escaped both the real [2] and posthumous Duchess [3]. For the Duchess, who was long a

Letter 1529*.—Not in C.; extracts from letter, reprinted (with additions and corrections) from Catalogue (No. 314, Sept.-Oct., 1913) of Messrs. Maggs Brothers, 109 Strand, W.C.

[1] English envoy at the Court of Naples, 1764–1800.

[2] Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston (see note 4).

[3] Lady Mary Coke, who had wished to marry the Duke of York, and after his death (in 1767) gave out that they had been privately married (see letters to Mann of Feb. 23, 1774, and Feb. 15, 1776).

† By the courtesy of Messrs. Maggs Brothers, owners of the original, this letter is now printed in full—see *Supplementary Addenda*.

virgin after being married and a mother, and who became a second wife before she ceased to be a first[4], I think she will only entertain you. We have such plenty of wonderful characters, that we do not miss those that are absent. They are even in the right to search new theatres, where they will strike more than at home. We can spare a heaven-born general, or a peeress that does not date her patent from quite so high. If you were to come over, you would find us a general masquerade. The Maccaronis, not content with producing new fashions every day, and who are great reformers, are going to restore the Vandyck dress, in concert with the Maccaronesses. As my thighs would not make a figure in breeches from my navel to my instep, I shall wait till the dress of the Druids is revived, which will be more suitable to my age. In the meantime your Gothic shields[5] will be extremely welcome. As both duels[6] and change of raiment are in fashion, I will wear one at the first tournament in defence of the next Maid of Honour that is accused of bigamy[7].

I have been just reading Pliny on ancient music: pray, have you found any silver flutes in Herculaneum or Pompeii? As the edition of the former[8] seems at a stand, would not it be worth your while to send over and publish a mere list of all the utensils, etc., that have been discovered at either? My press is at your service. I should be particularly glad of an account of any new musical instruments or singularities in old ones. A friend of mine[9] is actually employed

[4] Miss Chudleigh married, first (privately, in 1744), the Hon. Augustus John Hervey, afterwards third Earl of Bristol; secondly (in 1769, during the lifetime of her first husband), Evelyn Pierrepont, second Duke of Kingston. She was tried for bigamy, and found guilty. She had a son in 1747, whose birth and death she concealed, she being at the time Maid of Honour

[5] See note 1 on letter to Sir William Hamilton of June 19, 1774.

[6] See letter to Lady Ossory of Dec. 14, 1773.

[7] See note 4 above; and note 4 on letter to Mann of Dec. 22, 1750.

[8] *Le Pitture ed i Bronzi d'Ercolano*, in 8 vols., 1757–1792.

[9] Sir John Hawkins, whose *General History of the Science and Practice of Music* was published in 5 vols. 4to

on such work, and Lady Hamilton[10] is better qualified than anybody to assist you. My best compliments to her.

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. Don't forget your promised history of the great lady and *her* Médecin malgré Lui.

1530*. TO THE MARQUISE DU DEFFAND.

Londres, 1er Mars 1774.

CHARLES Fox cause des bruits nouveaux : il s'est brouillé avec Milord North le ministre, et l'a attaqué au parlement assez brusquement. Le ministre lui a fait ôter sa charge[1], ce qu'il ne voulait pas croire, et quand on lui donna sa lettre de démission il dit, 'Bon! voilà un tour de Selwyn.' Ensuite il déclama contre Milord North, qui, a-t-il dit, a rabaissé la dignité du Parlement, en ajoutant qu'il s'estime heureux d'en être le martyr : on l'appelle Charles le Martyr d'après son aïeul le Roi. Le peuple croit qu'on l'a chassé, parce qu'il avait volé le trésor public.

Je fus dimanche à mon château, tout est noyé. Je ne pouvais pas me promener, et m'en revins hier assez volontiers. J'aurai en peu de jours un payement pour Madame la Maréchale[2]. Comment le lui remettre? Ne faut-il pas que ce soit par le moyen de l'ambassadeur? Elle peut l'en

n 1776 (see letters to Mason of Feb. 29, 1776, and to Lady Ossory of Dec. 3, 1776).

[10] Sir William Hamilton's first wife (d. 1782), daughter and heiress of Hugh Barlow, of Lawrenny Hall, Pembrokeshire; she was an accomplished musician (see letter to Hamilton of June 19, 1774).

LETTER 1530*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 589, n. 2.

[1] Fox was Lord of the Treasury.

[2] The Maréchale de Mirepoix; she had had a bill of Edward Wortley Montagu (son of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu) for some 30,000 francs, which she had handed to a Mr. Taaffe to get negotiated; this he had failed to do before his death in the previous year, and the Maréchale had requested Walpole to try and recover the money.

prier. Est-il vrai que Monsr de Guines[3] a gagné sa cause? On le dit, et que Monsr le Prince de Masseran[4] lui a été très-utile. C'est un très-honnête homme. Mon neveu[5] m'a écrit des lettres d'une sagesse extrême, mais on me dit qu'il songe à reprendre ses liaisons avec Newmarket, qui sera la pierre de touche.

1531*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[March, 1774.]

J'ai reçu les mémoires de Beaumarchais; j'en suis au troisième, et cela m'amuse beaucoup[1]. Cet homme est fort adroit, raisonne juste, a beaucoup d'esprit; ses plaisanteries sont quelquefois très-bonnes, mais il s'y complaît trop. Enfin, je comprends que, moyennant l'esprit de parti actuel chez vous, cette affaire doit faire grande sensation. J'oubliais de vous dire l'horreur qui m'a pris des procédés en justice chez vous: y a-t-il un pays au monde où l'on n'eût puni sévèrement cette Madame Goëzman[2]? Sa déposition est d'une impudence affreuse. Permet-on donc chez vous qu'on mente, qu'on se coupe, qu'on se contredise, qu'on injurie sa partie d'une manière si effrénée? Qu'est devenue cette créature et son vilain mari? Répondez, je vous prie.

[3] Adrien Louis de Bonnières, Comte (afterwards Duc) de Guines, French ambassador in London, 1770–1776; he was engaged in a suit against a former secretary, named Tort, whom he accused of betraying his confidence and of embezzlement, to which Tort replied by accusing the Comte de Guines of speculating in the public funds.

[4] Spanish ambassador in London.

[5] Lord Orford.

Letter 1531*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 593, n. 1.

[1] In her letter of March 5 (No. 452) Mme du Deffand wrote: 'Je vous ai envoyé les mémoires de Beaumarchais; ... ils ont une vogue ici prodigieuse.'

[2] The reference is to the celebrated 'affaire Goëzman.' Beaumarchais had been accused by one Goëzman of an attempt to bribe him and his wife in order to obtain a favourable verdict in an action against himself. Though they appear to have perjured themselves in the most shameless way, Goëzman and his wife were merely censured. Beaumarchais published several 'mémoires' in answer to the accusation, which created a great sensation in Paris, and were read by every one, from the King downwards.

1535*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

Londres, 12 Avril 1774.

J'ai lu entièrement les lettres de Milord Chesterfield, qui remplissent deux gros volumes in-quarto[1], dont un et demi est très-ennuyeux, à cause des répétitions, qui ne finissent point. C'est son plan d'éducation pour son fils naturel et il n'y a point de minutie qu'il oublie, si ce n'est le cœur, qu'il consigne au gouverneur. Cet enfant était un gros cochon brutal qu'il s'efforçait de polir et d'en faire un homme de cour, un homme à bonnes fortunes, un homme aimable, dont il ne vint jamais à bout. La moitié du dernier tome contient des lettres fort agréables, où il parle de nos affaires et de notre monde, mais trop à la hâte. On traduira certainement ces lettres chez vous, si on l'ose, mais j'en doute fort, car il parle avec on ne peut pas moins de respect de la première personne en France, comme il fait aussi de notre dernier Roi. Il dénigre fort injustement feu Monsr de Cumberland, et parle très-librement de plusieurs personnes distinguées, entre autres du Maréchal de Richelieu, comme d'un homme fort aimable, et de feu Milord Albemarle, sans leur accorder un brin d'esprit. Il traite le Cardinal de Bernis avec le dernier mépris, et comme il est assez impartial pour les particuliers de l'un et de l'autre pays, Milord Bute n'est pas ménagé ; du reste il vous préfère infiniment à sa patrie, mais ce qui me choque surtout, car il parle de mon père avec assez de vérité, c'est qu'il nomme par son nom notre belle et bonne Duchesse[2] et de Bissy[3]. C'est réellement

Letter 1535*.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 599, n. 2.

[1] Horace Walpole's copy of Chesterfield's Letters, which contains numerous marginal notes in his handwriting, is now in the British Museum.

[2] The Duchesse de la Vallière.

[3] Walpole is apparently referring to a passage in Chesterfield's letter to his son of March 25, 1751 (O.S.): 'Lord Albemarle has, I hear, put you into the hands of Messieurs de

affreux qu'on imprime des lettres particulières quand elles sont si fraîches. Ce n'est pas la seule femme de condition, française ou anglaise, qui n'est pas ménagée; les femmes en général sont très-outragées par tout l'ouvrage. Il propose à son polisson Mesdames du Pin, de Caus[4] et de Blot, et même Madame du Boccage qu'il prend pour une femme de qualité. Il loue à l'excès Madame de Sandwich; vous n'en serez pas d'accord; Monsr de Nivernais comme un modèle. Il fait un caractère fort juste de Milord Bolingbroke et c'est ce qu'il y a de mieux fait. Le Roi de Prusse est son héros; il dit des vérités de Milord Chatham de côté et d'autre, élève aux cieux Voltaire, mais trouve indignes de lui plusieurs de ses derniers ouvrages. Enfin c'est un livre fort curieux, ridicule à plusieurs égards, et qui fera bien plus de mal que de bien. À propos, il donne hardiment à Monsr de Richelieu Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne: J'ai toujours entendu dire qu'il s'était caché à quinze ans sous son lit, et de là mis à la Bastille, mais je n'ai jamais ouï dire qu'on soupçonnât la Princesse d'être de moitié. À cet article je ne demande pas de réponse, car je ne suis pas curieux de la chronique scandaleuse. Ce qui vous surprendra après ce que vous venez de lire, c'est qu'on a supprimé force lettres et des portraits de ses contemporains que j'avais la plus grande envie de voir.

On dit que Milord Chatham va se reproduire au parlement pour la question de nos colonies; je n'en crois rien.

Je chercherai moyen d'envoyer son argent à Madame la Maréchale[5]; je ne suis en ville que d'aujourd'hui. J'oubliais de vous dire que parmi les lettres de Milord Chesterfield il y en a en français, mais pas les meilleures. Milord Stormont[6] pourra vous les prêter. Elles feront bien parler

Bissy. . . . One of them, at least, will naturally carry you to Madame de la Valieres, unless she is discarded by this time.'

[4] Spelt also 'Case' and 'Caux'.

[5] See note 2 on letter to Mme du Deffand of March 1, 1774 (No. 1530*).

[6] English ambassador in Paris.

d'elles, à moins que l'ennui d'en lire les trois quarts ne les étouffe [7].

1536*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[April, 1774.]

Un couvent serait une recette très-singulière contre l'ennui, surtout pour vous qui, par malheur, ne pouvez lire. Vous avez plus besoin de compagnie que de solitude. Est-ce parmi des sottes et des folles que vous compteriez trouver une conversation raisonnable? Vous voyez ce qu'il y a de mieux, cela ne suffit pas: des religieuses, des dévotes, des tracassières, valent-elles l'Abbé Barthélemy [1], les Beauvau [2], Madame de Mirepoix [3], que vous voyez souvent? La Sanadona [4] ne vous contente point; une douzaine de *Santa Donnas* vous amuseraient assurément davantage! Ah! mon amie! l'ennui vous doit bien peser, quand il vous fait déraisonner

[7] In her reply of April 17 (No. 458) Mme du Deffand wrote: 'Vous me donnez une grande curiosité des *Lettres* de Milord Chesterfield; les jugements qu'il porte ne me donnent pas une grande idée de son discernement, cependant il y en a quelques-uns de justes. . . . Louer Madame Dupin, cela est étrange! passe encore pour Madame de Blot, sa figure, son maintien en imposent; elle a beaucoup d'admirateurs: je ne la connais pas, mais je connais la plupart de ses juges. Je ne sais ce que c'est que Madame de Caux, je n'en ai jamais entendu parler. Vous êtes très-bien instruit de ce qui regarde M. de Richelieu et Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne; ce qu'en dit le Milord est une fable.'

Letter 1536*.—Not in C.; extracts from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 598, n. 1; p. 601, n. 7.

[1] Jean Jacques Barthélemy (1716–1795), author of the *Voyage du jeune Anacharsis en Grèce*, on the strength of which he was elected a member of the Académie Française (1789). He was a devoted adherent of the Duc and Duchesse de Choiseul, and a constant visitor and correspondent of Mme du Deffand.

[2] Charles Juste de Beauvau-Craon, Prince de Beauvau (1720–1793), an intimate friend of Mme du Deffand. His wife (*née* Marie Sylvie de Rohan-Chabot) was a great friend of the Duchesse de Gramont, Choiseul's sister.

[3] Anne Marguerite Gabrielle de Beauvau-Craon, sister of the Prince de Beauvau, and widow of the Maréchal-Duc de Mirepoix. She and the Maréchale de Luxembourg were old-established friends of Mme du Deffand, in whose letters they figure frequently as 'les Maréchales.'

[4] Mademoiselle Sanadon, Mme du Deffand's companion, who replaced Mademoiselle de Lespinasse.

de la sorte ! Le voyage de Chanteloup[5], que je ne conseille pas, vous dissiperait au moins. Mais que peut-on vous dire ? Si votre bon esprit et votre usage du monde sont inutiles pour vous faire supporter les chagrins de la vie, est-ce en changeant de place qu'on y remédie ? Une longue vie assure la perte des amis. Je sais qu'on ne console pas par des raisonnements ; mais aussi, rend-on la vie plus insupportable en se plaignant d'événements qui sont communs à tous. Vous cherchez des chimères, et ne faites pas usage de votre raison, qui au moins, quand on n'est plus jeune, peut servir de quelque chose[6].

* * * * * *

J'admire aussi Corneille[7], mais j'aime mieux *Phèdre*[8], *Britannicus*[8] et *Athalie*[8]. Je vous ai dit que *Mithridate*[8] et *Iphigénie*[8] ne me plaisaient point, ni *Zaïre*[9]. J'aime *Mahomet*[9], et *Alzire*[9], et *Sémiramis*[9]. Pour vos auteurs tragiques actuels, si l'on doit juger sur tous ceux que j'ai lus, je les crois au-dessous de la plus mauvaise pièce de Corneille. Molière me charme ; j'aime infiniment aussi *l'Enfant prodigue*[9], et *le Préjugé à la mode*[10], et *l'Homme du jour*[11]. Mais je vous avoue que je préfère infiniment à tous, les bonnes parties de Shakespeare. Il possédait également la nature et le merveilleux. Racine savait tout ce que l'art peut faire, Corneille ce que l'éducation et les mœurs d'un

[5] The Duc de Choiseul's country residence.

[6] In her letter of April 17 (No. 458) Mme du Deffand had said : 'Je suis excessivement lasse du peu de retour qu'on trouve à tout ce qu'on fait pour les autres, et je déteste le monde au point que, si je croyais pouvoi trouver deux ou trois personnes dans un couvent quelconque qui eussent le sens commun, je m'y réfugierais. . . . Je suis fort invitée d'aller à Chanteloup, mais ce serait tomber de Charybde en Scylla.'

[7] In her letter of April 17 above quoted Mme du Deffand wrote : 'Ne sachant plus que lire, j'ai repris Corneille ; *Cinna* m'a enlevée, et *Polyeucte* m'a fait plaisir ; nos auteurs sont des mirmidons en comparaison, et je préfère Corneille, malgré ses défauts, à nos tragiques les plus corrects.'

[8] Plays of Racine.

[9] Plays of Voltaire.

[10] A comedy by Pierre Claude Nivelle de La Chaussée (1692–1754).

[11] A comedy, otherwise known as *Les Dehors Trompeurs*, by Louis de Boissy (1694–1758); it was subsequently adapted by Conway under the title of *False Appearances* (1789).

siècle outré peuvent faire faire aux hommes. Voltaire a plus de génie que d'art, mais me paraît moins original que Corneille, moins élégant que Racine. Shakespeare était également grand tragique et grand comique. Il envisageait tout ce que les grandes passions sont capables de faire, ou de sentir, et toutes les nuances des plus petites dans la vie privée.

1537*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Strawberry Hill, May 1, 1774.][1]

Pline[2] m'amuse beaucoup. Je n'en avais jamais lu que des morceaux, à cause de l'obligation de fouiller un dictionnaire. Il parle de tout, et au moins n'ennuie point. Le traducteur est bien commentateur. Pline m'a suggéré une idée bien folle, dont je veux vous faire part, faute d'autre matière. Vous savez, n'est-ce pas, que Jupiter planète a quatre satellites, ou lunes? Eh bien, je me figure un berger, qui, dans une pastorale, parle de ces quatre lunes-là. Je vais plus loin: je me suis imaginé que dans ce monde-là tout est dans une proportion quadruple; par conséquent, qu'une belle femme a quatre paires d'yeux, et ainsi du reste[3]. Vous voyez qu'un tel système fournit plus que les pygmées et les géants de Gulliver.

1537**. To the Rev. William Mason.

[May, 1774.]

[Numbered 2272 in T.—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 163.]

Letter 1537*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 607, n. 3.

[1] The date of this letter is supplied by Mme du Deffand in hers to Walpole of May 8 (No. 462).

[2] The *Natural History* of Pliny the elder.

[3] In her letter of May 8 above quoted Mme du Deffand wrote in reply: 'Je ne comprends pas bien le parti que vous pouvez tirer de ces quatre lunes dont les habitants ont quatre paires d'yeux. Mon imagination n'est pas encore assez exaltée pour s'amuser à s'occuper des idées extravagantes, subtiles et sublimes; je suis toujours terre à terre.'

1540*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Strawberry Hill, May, 1774.]

Je ne sais si on peut faire d'un Français tout ce qu'on veut, mais je sais très-bien qu'on peut arriver à changer le naturel d'un chat aussi facilement que celui d'un Anglais. Soyez donc sûre que d'un chat vous ne ferez jamais un chien. Demandez à Buffon: il vous dira que si vous contrariez un chat, il s'enfuira, que d'autres vous égratigneront, et c'est la plus mauvaise espèce, quoique peut-être pas la plus incorrigible [1].

1541. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, June 8, 1774.

[Correction in note; addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 144.]

1544*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Strawberry Hill, July, 1774.]

C'était l'histoire de Pline l'oncle que je vous ai dit qui m'amusait [1], mais médiocrement. Pardonnez si je n'aime pas les lettres du neveu; elles me paraissent plates, apprêtées, et ne contiennent ni anecdotes, ni nouvelles, ce qui m'amuse uniquement: n'excusez pas les vôtres, surtout quand elles sont longues [2].

Letter 1540*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 618, n. 2.

[1] In her letter of June 6 (No. 469) in reply Mme du Deffand wrote: 'Votre comparaison des Anglais aux chats est très-juste, excepté que les chats ne se glorifient pas d'être chats; je n'ai pas besoin de M. de Buffon pour connaître leur caractère et savoir qu'ils ont des griffes; je sais la différence qu'il y a d'eux aux petits chiens. Je compte pour toujours m'en tenir à ceux-ci.'

Letter 1544*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 623, n. 2.

[1] See letter of May 1, 1774 (No. 1537*).

[2] In her letter of June 26 (No. 473) Mme du Deffand had written: 'La lettre que j'ai reçue de M. de

1545*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Strawberry Hill, July, 1774.]

Le premier [ouvrage[1] que je vous demande], probablement, ne se trouvera pas; il excite ma curiosité, par égard à nos anciens châteaux: le second[2] pourrait me fournir des lumières par rapport à Richard III, dont la sœur était Duchesse de Bourgogne, et joua un grand rôle dans ces affaires-là. Ne vous donnez point de peine sur ces bagatelles, qui ne touchent que mon amusement, dont il est très-permis de vous moquer. Vous savez que mes études sont très-baroques; je ne les défends pas. Ne suffit-il pas d'être sans grands chagrins, quand on peut s'occuper de telles fariboles[3]?

1549*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[August, 1774.]

S'il était possible de donner sa façon de penser, je vous conseillerais de prendre la mienne. Il est difficile de mener

Richmond est parfaitement bien, et en vérité dans le goût de celles de Pline, qui est ma lecture du moment; ne m'en avez-vous pas dit, il y a quelque temps, beaucoup de bien? Il y a beaucoup à en dire, j'en suis charmée, c'est dommage qu'il y en ait si peu: . . . Cette lettre me paraît immense, vous m'en saurez le gré que vous voudrez, mais il n'y a que pour vous que j'en pourrais faire autant.' In her letter of July 9 (No. 475), in reply to the above, she said: 'J'ai donné dans un grand panneau, en pensant que c'étaient les lettres de Pline le jeune qui vous plaisaient; j'en étais étonnée, elles ne sont pas absolument de mon goût, mais je croyais avoir tort; j'y ai trouvé plusieurs belles pensées que j'ai même crayonnées; enfin je soumettais mon goût au vôtre, et dans cette idée, je leur ai donné des louanges.'

Letter 1545*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. p. 632, n. 3.

[1] This, according to Miss Berry, was *Description des principales Villes et Châteaux d'Angleterre*, by Jean Bernard (Paris, 1579).

[2] *État de la Maison des Ducs de Bourgogne*, printed in *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de France et de Bourgogne*, tome ii.

[3] In her reply of July 24 (No. 477) Mme du Deffand wrote: 'Je m'informerai des livres que vous désirez; il est vrai que je vous trouve des goûts un peu baroques, mais je vous porte bien envie. Quel bonheur de trouver son amusement dans de pareilles recherches!'

Letter 1549*.—Not in C.: extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. iii. p. 5, n. 1.

une vie plus monotone et insipide; cependant elle me plaît fort. Je fais un plaisir de négatifs. Par exemple, je suis charmé d'être en toute oisiveté ici, pendant que tout le monde trotte par la campagne, briguant les voix pour le nouveau parlement[1] de l'année qui vient. Je suis encore très-heureux d'être déchargé des affaires de mon neveu[2]. Non, je ne trouve pas qu'on peut être malheureux quand on n'a rien à faire[3].

1552. To the Rev. William Cole.

Matson, near Gloucester, Aug. 15, 1774.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 144.]

1573. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 7, 1774.

[Now first printed in full—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. pp. 144-146.]

1577. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 12, 1774.

[Substituted note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 146.]

[1] Parliament was dissolved a few weeks later, on September 30; the new Parliament met on November 29.

[2] Lord Orford, who had recently recovered from one of his periodical attacks of insanity, during which the care of his affairs devolved upon Walpole.

[3] In her reply of Aug. 14 (No. 481) Mme du Deffand wrote: 'Vous êtes un homme extraordinaire, un grand médecin des âmes, à qui on ne peut pas dire, "Médecin, guéris-toi toi-même." Vous vous êtes guéri parfaitement, en vous détachant de tout; mais ne vous flattez pas de faire beaucoup de cures: il y a bien des malades qui trouveraient le remède pire que le mal.'

1580*. To the Marquise du Deffand.

[Nov. 25, 1774.][1]

J'ai lu les deux *Éloges*[2]. Je préfère de beaucoup celui de Chamfort[3] à celui de La Harpe[4]. Le premier est naturel; c'est du français auquel je suis accoutumé. La comparaison, page 27, de la langue ancienne, qui s'enrichissait par de vieux mots, à un antiquaire est charmante. La Harpe est précieux, guindé, peiné. Il est impossible qu'un tel auteur ait goûté la naïveté de La Fontaine[5].

1581*. To ——.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 7, 1774.

I am going to London to-morrow for a few days, for I am sorry to say the atmosphere of the town agrees better with me than the air of the country.

Letter 1580*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from *Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. iii. p. 35, n. 7. This is the last of Walpole's letters to Mme du Deffand from which Miss Berry printed extracts. In a note to Mme du Deffand's letter of May 7, 1775 (No. 524 in Mrs. Toynbee's edition), she wrote: 'The Editor regrets not being able to give any further extracts from Mr. Walpole's letters. Mme du Deffand returned to him by General Conway all those which she had received up to February, 1775. These letters are still extant, but subsequent to this date they were all burned by Mme du Deffand at Mr: Walpole's earnest desire.' For the subsequent fate of Walpole's letters, stated by Miss Berry to be 'still extant' in 1810, and for the accidental preservation of the six printed in vol. ix of this edition, see Mrs. Toynbee's *Preface*, pp. xxiii–iv.

[1] The date of this letter is supplied by Mme du Deffand in hers to Walpole of Dec. 4 (No. 498).

[2] The *Éloges* of La Fontaine by La Harpe and Chamfort, which Mme du Deffand had sent to Walpole.

[3] Sébastien Roch Nicolas Chamfort (1741–1794).

[4] Jean François de La Harpe (1739–1803).

[5] In her reply of Dec. 4 Mme du Deffand said: 'J'espérais bien que vous préféreriez le discours de Chamfort à celui de La Harpe; c'est le jugement que j'en avais porté.'

Letter 1581*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from Messrs. Sotheby's sale catalogue (Dec. 14, 1901, Lot 154).

1591. To the Rev. William Cole.

Arlington Street, Jan. 9, 1775.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 146.]

1595. To the Marquise du Deffand.

De Londres, ce 18 Janvier, 1775.

[Correction in text and substituted note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 146.]

1604. To the Marquise du Deffand.

De Londres, ce 27 Janvier, 1775.

[Correction in note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 146.]

1608*. To Robert Jephson[1].

Arlington Street, Feb. 24, 1775.

After the very great and general applause given to *Braganza*[2], my admiration of it, Sir, can be of little value, though very precious to me, as it has procured me so very obliging, and, forgive my saying, far too flattering, a mark of attention from you. The pleasure I once had of being acquainted with you naturally attracted my expectation from your play. It is but true to say that it far exceeded it. I did not expect that a first production in a way in which I did not know you, would prove the work of a master-poet. Even on hearing the three first acts, I was struck, not only with the language, metaphors and similies, which are as new as noble and beautiful, but with the modulation of the numbers. Your ear, Sir, is as perfect as your images, and no poet we have excels you in harmony.

Letter 1608*.—Not in C.; reprinted from the *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. ii. pp. 305–7.

[1] See note 7 on letter to Lady Ossory of Jan. 21, 1775. In his *Short Notes of my Life*, under the year 1775, Walpole records: 'In February wrote the Epilogue to *Braganza*; and three letters to the author, Mr. Jephson, on tragedy.'

[2] It had been produced at Drury Lane on Feb. 17.

It enchanted me so much, that it had just the contrary effect from what it ought to have had; for, forgetting how bad a figure I should make by appearing in company with such verses, I could not refuse Mr. Tighe's request of writing an epilogue[3], though I never was a poet, and have done writing—but in excuse I must say I complied, only because an epilogue was immediately wanted. You have by this time, I fear, Sir, seen it in the newspapers: it was written in one evening; I knew it was not only bad, but most unworthy of such a play; and when I heard it spoken, though pronounced better than it deserved, I thought I never heard, to any play, a flatter epilogue. I beg your pardon, Sir; I am ashamed of it—the prologue[4] is really a very fine one—but you wanted no assistance, no props; the immense applause which you drew from the audience was owing to yourself alone. Mrs. Yates[5] and Mr. Smith played well, not quite equally to their parts. Two other principal parts were so indifferently performed, that your own merit appeared the greater[6]; and I will venture to say that *Braganza* will always charm more when read, than when seen; for I doubt there never will be found a whole set of actors together, who can do it full justice. For my own part, though so discontent with my epilogue, I shall always be proud of having facilitated and hastened *Braganza's* appearance on the stage, by the zeal with which I solicited the licence, and which I hope atones for my miscarriage in the other. I am indifferent to fame on my own account, but glory in having served yours.

My self-condemnation ought to deter me from obeying your further commands, however graciously laid on me. Can you want counsel, Sir, who have produced *Braganza*?

[3] Printed in *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv. pp. 400–1.

[4] By Arthur Murphy.

[5] See note 10 on letter to Conway of Nov. 27, 1774.

[6] For an account of the performance, see letter to Mason of Feb. 18, 1775.

Or am I fit to give counsel, who have written a tragedy[7] that never can appear on any stage? and who am not only sensible of the intrinsic fault in the choice of the subject, but of many others that happily will not come into question?

It is true, I have thought often on the subject, though not of late till I saw your tragedy. I was very attentive to that, and observed what parts made impression on the audience, and which did not; for every part even of so beautiful a composition, and so faultless in the poetry, could not have equal effect on a vast audience, where the greater part could not be judges but from the operation on their passions. My letter, Sir, is already too long, nor can I delay thanking you till I have time to recollect my thoughts. I shall certainly never pretend to give you instruction; but if either in the future choice of a subject, or in any observations which I have made on the construction of tragedies, I can furnish you with any hints (for I certainly do not mean to write a treatise, or even methodize my thoughts), I will so far obey you as to lay them before you—though I own I wish rather to see you perform what I am sure I can give no advice upon. As I hold a good comedy the chef-œuvre of human genius, I wish, I say, you would try comedy—though you will be unpardonable too if you neglect tragedy, for which you have so marked a vocation.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
With the greatest respect,
esteem and admiration,
Your most obedient humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

[7] *The Mysterious Mother*, the plot of which turns on incest between mother and son.

1608**. To Robert Jephson.

Sir, [February, 1775.][1]

In consequence of your orders and of my own promise, I will venture to lay before you, not advice, but some indigested thoughts on subjects for tragedy, and on the composition of one—rather for the sake of talking with you on a matter agreeable to us both, than to dictate on what I have but once attempted, and never sufficiently studied; indeed not at all till I had executed some part of my piece.

I am ill qualified, Sir, to recommend a subject to you; since, though I confess I thought I had found some talent in myself for tragedy (after having vainly tried at comedy, to which I was more inclined), I have never been able to find a second story that pleased me—at least, that touched me enough to pursue it. My wish was to work on that of Sir Thomas More—but the difficulties were various and too great. In the first place, it would not be painting him, to omit his characteristic pleasantry. Yet who but Shakespeare could render mirth pathetic? His exquisite scene of the grave-diggers is an instance of that magic and creative power—now so overwhelmed by the ignorance of French criticism, that it is acted no more!—And would not such barbarous blunders stifle genius itself? Not to miscarry in an imitation of Shakespeare, would be to be Shakespeare—it would be still meritorious to aim at it. But there are other difficulties: one must pass censure on Sir Thomas's bigotry; or draw him as a martyr to a ridiculous worship, without censuring that worship; for even an oblique censure on it out of the mouth of one of his *reformed* persecutors would flatten the glory of his martyrdom.—These two difficulties combined made me drop all thoughts of that story, though so fertile of great and

Letter 1608**.—Not in C.; reprinted from the *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. ii. pp. 307–10.

[1] See note 1 on previous letter.

bold situations. Anne Boleyn would please me; but Henry VIII is too perfectly drawn by Shakespeare to admit a second and much weaker edition.

There is one subject, a very favourite one with me, and yet which I alone was accidentally prevented from meddling with—Don Carlos. Otway, the next to Shakespeare in boldness, though only next but one in strokes of nature, in my opinion, as I prefer the tragic scenes in *The Fatal Marriage*[2] and *Oroonoko*[3] to *Venice Preserved*[4] and *The Orphan*[4], has miscarried wofully in *Don Carlos*. Sir Charles Williams[5], who had long intended to write a tragedy on that subject, and who I believe had no tragic powers, never set about it till he was mad—and madness did not assist him as it did Lee[6]; nor allowed him to finish it. Yet how many capital ingredients in that story! Tenderness, cruelty, heroism, policy, pity, terror! The impetuous passions of the Prince, the corrected and cooler fondness and virtue of the Queen, the King's dark and cruel vengeance, different shades of policy in Rui Gomez, policy and art with franker passions in the Duchess of Eboli—how many contrasts!—And what helps from the religion and history of the times, or even of the preceding reign!—In short, Sir, I see nothing against it but the notoriety of the story, which I think always disadvantageous, as it prevents surprise—though a known story saves the author some details—which if exhibited, as the French practice, by telling you all the preceding circumstances in the first scene, appear to me a greater crime than any of the improprieties that Shakespeare has crowded into *The Winter Evening's Tale*; for novelty, however badly

[2] By Thomas Southerne (1660–1746), founded on Mrs. Aphra Behn's novel of *The Nun*.

[3] By Southerne, based on Mrs. Behn's tale of the same name.

[4] By Otway.

[5] Sir Charles Hanbury Williams (1708–1759); he died by his own hand during a fit of insanity.

[6] Nathaniel Lee (c. 1653–1692); he became insane, and while in Bedlam is said to have written a tragedy in twenty-five acts.

introduced, can never be so insipid or more improbable than two courtiers telling one another what each must know more or less, though one of them may have been absent two or three years. Shakespeare's prologues are far more endurable.

Why I gave up this fruitful canvas, was merely because the passion is incestuous, as is most unfortunately that of my *Mysterious Mother*, though at different points of time, and that of Carlos a pardonable and not disquieting one. I shall rejoice at having left it, if you will adopt it.

For all other subjects, I have said not one pleased me exactly. I think it would not be unadvisable to take any you like, changing the names and the country of the persons; which would prevent the audience being forestalled—though this is less an inducement to you, Sir, who have rendered the last act of *Braganza* the most interesting, though half the audience expected the catastrophe—not indeed so strikingly as you have made it touch them. Still, as the *dénouement* is your own, and one of the finest *coups de théâtre* I ever met with, it proves that a known story wants some novelty; and I confess that, in your most tender scenes, I felt less than I should have done had I not foreknown the prosperous event.

Changing the persons and country is just the reverse of the bungling contrivance in *Le Comte de Warvic*[7], where the author has grossly perverted a known story, without amending it.

One art I think might be used, though a very difficult one; and yet I would not recommend it to you, Sir, if I did not think you capable of employing it; and that is, *a very new and peculiar style.* By fixing on some region of whose language we have little or no idea, as of the

[7] A tragedy (1763) by La Harpe; an English adaptation (by P. Hiffernan) was published in 1764, and a second (by T. Francklin) in 1766.

Peruvians in the story of Atabalipa[8], you might frame a new diction, even out of English, that would have amazing effect, and seem the only one the actors could properly use. It is much easier to conceive this than to give rules for it—but Milton certainly made a new English language; and Shakespeare, always greater than any man, has actually formed a style for Caliban that could suit no other kind of being. Dryden, vast as his genius was, tried the same thing more than once, but failed. He wanted to conceive how the Mexicans[9] must have felt the miracles of ships, and gunpowder, &c. imported by the Europeans—he wrote most harmoniously for them; and it might be poetry, but was not nature. He miscarried still more, when he wanted to forget all he had learned by eyesight, and to think for blind Emmeline[10]:—he makes her talk nonsense:—when she supposes her lover's face is of *soft black gold*, it conveys no idea at all. When blind professor Sanderson[11] said, he supposed scarlet was like the sound of a trumpet; it proved he had been told that scarlet was the most vivid of colours, but showed he had no otherwise an idea of it.

The religion of the Peruvians, their demons, which I would allow to be real existencies, oracles and prophecies foretelling their ruin and the arrival of strangers, would add great decoration. I love decorations whenever they produce unexpected *coups de théâtre*. In short, we want new channels for tragedy, and still more for poetry. You have the seeds, Sir; sow them where you will, they will grow. Had I your genius, I would hazard a *future* American story—suppose empires to be founded there—give them new customs, new manners.—But I grow visionary—and this

[8] That is, Atahualpa, the last of the Incas of Peru; executed by Pizarro, 1533.

[9] The reference is to Dryden's *Indian Emperor* (i.e. Montezuma).

[10] A character in Dryden's *King Arthur, or, the British Worthy*; it was one of Mrs. Bracegirdle's parts.

[11] Nicholas Saunderson (1682–1739), professor of mathematics at Cambridge, where Walpole attended his lectures.

letter is too long—I will try to have more common sense in the next, not having left room enough in this to tell you how much I am

Your obedient servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

1608***. To ROBERT JEPHSON.

[February, 1775.][1]

YOU have drawn more trouble on yourself, Sir, than you expected; and would probably excuse my not performing the rest of my promise: but though I look upon myself as engaged to send you my thoughts, you are neither bound to answer them, nor regard them. They very likely are not new, and it is presumption in me to send hints to a much abler writer than myself. I can only plead in apology, that I interest myself in your fame; and as you are the only man capable of restoring and improving our stage, I really mean no more than to exhort and lead you on to make use of your great talents.

I have told you, as is true, that I am no poet. It is as true that you are a genuine one; and therefore I shall not say one word on that head. For the construction of a drama—it is mechanic, though much depends on it. A bystander may be a good director at least; for mechanism certainly is independent of, though easily possessed by, a genius. Banks[2] never wrote six tolerable lines, yet disposed his fable with so much address, that I think three plays have been constructed on his plot of the Earl of Essex[3], not one of which is much better than the original. The disposition is the next step to the choice of a subject,

LETTER 1608***.—Not in C.; reprinted from the *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. ii. pp. 310–14.

[1] See note 1 on previous letter.

[2] John Banks (fl. 1696).

[3] In his play, *The Unhappy Favourite* (1682), to which Dryden wrote the prologue and epilogue.

on which I have said enough in a former letter. A genius can surmount defects in both. If there is art in *Othello* and *Macbeth*, it seems to have been by chance; for Shakespeare certainly took no pains to adjust a plan, and in his historic plays seems to have turned Hollinshed and Stowe into verse and scenes as fast as he could write—though every now and then his divine genius flashed upon particular scenes and made them immortal; as in his *King John*, where nature itself has stamped the scenes of Constance, Arthur, and Hubert with her own impression, though the rest is as defective as possible. He seems to recall the Mahometan idea of lunatics, who are sometimes inspired, oftener changelings. Yet what signifies all his rubbish? He has scenes, and even speeches, that are infinitely superior to all the correct elegance of Racine. I had rather have written the two speeches of Lady Percy, in the second part of *Henry IV*[4], than all Voltaire, though I admire the latter infinitely, especially in *Alzire*, *Mahomet*, and *Semiramis*. Indeed, when I think over all the great authors of the Greeks, Romans, Italians, French, and English (and I know no other languages), I set Shakespeare first and alone, and then begin anew.

Well, Sir, I give up Shakespeare's dramas; and yet prefer him to every man. Why? For his exquisite knowledge of the passions and nature; for his simplicity too, which he possesses too when most natural. Dr. Johnson says he is bombast whenever he attempts to be sublime: but this is never true but when he aims at sublimity in the expression; the glaring fault of Johnson himself.—But as simplicity is the grace of sublime, who possesses it like Shakespeare? Is not the

'Him, wondrous Him!'[5]

[4] Act II, Sc. 3.

[5] 'And him, O wondrous him!'

in Lady Percy's speech, exquisitely sublime and pathetic too? He has another kind of sublime which no man ever possessed but he; and this is, his art in dignifying a vulgar or trivial expression. Voltaire is so grossly ignorant and tasteless as to condemn this, as to condemn *the bare bodkin*[6].—But my enthusiasm for Shakespeare runs away with me.

I was speaking of the negligence of his construction. You have not that fault. I own I do not admire your choice of *Braganza*, because in reality it admits of but two acts, the conspiracy and the revolution. You have not only filled it out with the most beautiful dialogue, but made the interest rise, though the revolution has succeeded. I can never too much admire the appearance of the friar, which disarms Velasquez: and yet you will be shocked to hear, that, notwithstanding all I could say at the rehearsal, I could not prevail to have Velasquez drop the dagger instantly, the only artful way of getting it out of his hand; for as Lady P—— observed, if he kept it two moments, he would recollect that it was the only way of preserving himself. But actors are not always judges. They persisted, for show-sake, against my remonstrances, to exhibit the Duke and Duchess on a throne in the second act; which could not but make the audience conclude that the revolution had even then taken place.

If I could find a fault in your tragedy, Sir, it would be a want of more short speeches, of a sort of serious repartee, which gives great spirit. But I think the most of what I have to say may be comprised in a recommendation of keeping the audience in suspense, and of touching the passions by the pathetic familiar. By the latter, I mean the study of Shakespeare's strokes of nature, which, soberly

[6] *Hamlet*, Act III, Sc. 1: 'he himself might his quietus make, With a bare bodkin.'

used, are alone superior to poetry, and, with your ear, may easily be made harmonious.

If there is any merit in *my* play, I think it is in interrupting the spectator's fathoming the *whole* story till the last, and in making every scene tend to advance the catastrophe. These arts are mechanic, I confess; but at least they are as meritorious as the scrupulous delicacy of the French in observing, not only the unities, but a fantastic decorum, that does not exist in nature, and which consequently reduce all their tragedies, wherever the scene may lie, to the manners of modern Paris. Corneille could be Roman; Racine never but French, and consequently, though a better poet, less natural and less various. Both indeed have prodigious merit. *Phèdre*[7] is exquisite, *Britannicus*[7] admirable; and both excite pity and terror. Corneille is scarce ever tender, but always grand; yet never equal in a whole play to Racine. *Rodogune*[8], which I greatly admire, is very defective; for the two Princes are so equally good, and the two women so very bad, that they divide both our esteem and indignation. Yet I own, Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire ought to rank before all our tragedians, but Shakespeare. *Jane Shore*[9] is perhaps our best play after his. I admire *All for Love*[10] very much; and some scenes in *Don Sebastian*[11], and Young's *Revenge*[12]. *The Siege of Damascus*[13] is very pure—and *Phaedra and Hippolitus*[14] fine poetry, though wanting all the nature of the original. We have few other tragedies of signal merit, though the four first acts of *The Fair Penitent*[15] are very good. It is strange that Dryden, who showed such a knowledge of nature in *The Cock and Fox*, should have so very

[7] By Racine.
[8] By Corneille.
[9] By Nicholas Rowe (1714).
[10] By Dryden (1678).
[11] By Dryden (1690).
[12] By Edward Young (1721).
[13] By John Hughes (1720).
[14] By Edmund Smith (1707), based on Racine's *Phèdre*; the prologue was written by Addison, and the epilogue by Prior.
[15] By Rowe (1703).

little in his plays—he could rather describe it than put it into action. I have said all this, Sir, only to point out to you what a field is open for you—and though so many subjects, almost all the known, are exhausted, nature is inexhaustible, and genius can achieve anything. We have a language far more energic, and more sonorous too, than the French. Shakespeare could do what he would with it in its unpolished state. Milton gave it pomp from the Greek, and softness from the Italian; Waller now and then, here and there, gave it the elegance of the French. Dryden poured music into it; Prior gave it ease; and Gray used it masterly for either elegy or terror. Examine, Sir, the powers of a language you command, and let me again recommend to you a diction of your own[16], at least in some one play. The majesty of *Paradise Lost* would have been less imposing, if it had been written in the style of *The Essay on Man.* Pope pleases, but never surprises; and astonishment is one of the springs of tragedy. *Coups de théâtre,* like the sublime one in *Mahomet,* have infinite effect. The incantations in *Macbeth,* that almost border on the burlesque, are still terrible. What French criticism can wound the ghosts of Hamlet or Banquo? Scorn rules, Sir, that cramp genius, and substitute delicacy to imagination in a barren language. Shall we not soar, because the French dare not rise from the ground?

You seem to possess the *tender.* The *terrible* is still more easy, at least I know to me. In all my tragedy, Adeliza contents me the least. Contrasts, though mechanic too, are very striking; and though Molière was a comic writer, he might give lessons to a tragic. But I have passed all bounds; and yet shall be glad if you can cull one useful

[16] Mr. Jephson followed this advice in his *Law of Lombardy*—but was not happy in his attempt. *Walpole.* —The *Law of Lombardy* was performed at Drury Lane in Feb. 1779.

hint out of my rhapsodies. I here put an end to them; and wish, out of all I have said, that you may remember nothing, Sir, but my motives in writing, obedience to your commands, and a hearty eagerness for fixing on our stage so superior a writer.

I am, Sir,

With great esteem and truth,

Your most obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S.—I must beg you, Sir, not to let these letters go out of your hands; for they are full of indigested thoughts, some perhaps capricious, as those on novel diction—but I wish to tempt genius out of the beaten road; and originality is the most captivating evidence of it.

1618. TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Strawberry Hill, May 7, 1775.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 147.]

1629*. TO GEORGE AUGUSTUS SELWYN[1].

DEAR SIR, Strawberry Hill, July 15, 1775.

If it will suit you to dine at your brother Townshend's next Friday, and it will suit them, I will be in town on Thursday night, and go thither with you the next morning. Be so good as to send your answer to my house in Arlington Street on Wednesday morning.

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

LETTER 1629*.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy kindly supplied by Mr. George A. Gaskill, of Worcester, Mass., owner of the original.

[1] The letter is addressed, 'To George Augustus Selwyn, in Chesterfield Street, Mayfair, London.'

1637. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

From t'other side of the water, Aug. 17, 1775.

[Collated with original—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 147.]

1639. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Paris, Aug. 20, 1775.

[Collated with original—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 147.]

1643. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Paris, Sept. 8, 1775.

[Correction in note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 147.]

1647. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Paris, Oct. 3, 1775.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 147.]

1648. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Paris, Oct. 6, 1775.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 147.]

1652. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 23, 1775.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 147.]

1665. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Arlington Street, Dec. 12, 1775.

[Now first printed in full—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 148.]

1670. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Dec. 20, 1775.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 148.]

1682. To the Rev. William Mason.

Feb. 18, 1776.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. pp. 148-150.]

1688. To the Rev. William Mason.

April 8, 1776.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 150.]

1691*. To the Comtesse de Viry.

[April, 1776.]

[Numbered 1742 in T.; additions to notes—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 152.]

1703. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, June 5, 1776.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 150.]

1705. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Arlington Street, June 20, 1776.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 150.]

1707. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, June 25, 1776.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 151.]

1715. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 4, 1776.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 151.]

1719. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 20, 1776.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 151.]

1742. To the Comtesse de Viry.

[1776.]

[Renumbered 1691*—see above.]

1759. To the Rev. William Mason.

April 18, 1777.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 153.]

1759*. To Sir Edward Walpole [1].

Barton Mills [2],

Dear Brother, Monday night, April 21, 1777.

I got to Eriswell [3] between seven and eight; my Lord was in bed, and is very mad, though he has momentary intervals, and knows his servants, but it does not last, and then he takes them for other persons. The medicines have operated sufficiently, yet he is not better.

Mr. Bewley [4] was gone on his own affairs, but returned on having had my letter sent to him, soon after I arrived. I found Mr. Corry [5] and a neighbouring parson (not Mr. Ball [6] himself), who on my saying Dr. Monroe [7] desired my Lord might be brought immediately to town, exclaimed, as did

Letter 1759*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Messrs. J. Pearson & Co., 5 Pall Mall Place, S.W.

[1] The letter is endorsed by Sir Edward Walpole: 'My Brother, April 21 '77, from Eriswell.'

[2] Village near Mildenhall, in Suffolk.

[3] Three miles from Mildenhall, where Lord Orford was living in the parsonage-house.

[4] William Bewley, 'an obscure surgeon' of Massingham, near Houghton, Lord Orford's seat in Norfolk. He was a friend of Dr. Burney, and appears to have been a singular witty and well-informed person, but of very unattractive appearance. He found a generous patron in Lord Orford. He died in Dr. Burney's house in London in 1783. (See Dr. Burney's *Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. 105-7; vol. ii. pp. 347-53.) Bewley, who was a constant contributor to the *Monthly Review*, was the 'Mr. W. B.' (not William Barrett, as commonly supposed) to whom Walpole addressed his letter of May 23, 1778, on the subject of Chatterton, on whose account Walpole had been severely attacked in that journal. (See note on Letter 1862, in *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 157.)

[5] Lord Orford's steward.

[6] The parson of Eriswell (see note 2 on letter to Mann of April 28, 1777).

[7] Dr. John Monro, physician at Bethlehem Hospital.

Corry, that it would kill my Lord to remove him from Eriswell, in which he delighted. I own I was very angry, and said, I did not understand such language. That I had taken the best physical advice, Dr. Jebbe's[8] and Dr. Monroe's, and that having taken advice, I was come to execute it, not to ask other advice, and that though I would seek the best advice, when I had got it, I should be very peremptory in following it. That I had never heard of a madman being consulted on the place of his habitation; and that if he did not know his servants for two minutes, he probably did not know his house. I asked them if that wretched hovel[9] was a proper habitation for the Earl of Orford—or if it ever had been so? That I was determined to carry him to London, and would place him in the face of the whole town, where everybody might see or learn the care that was taken of him; and that in one word, I would not return to London without him. The parson had nothing to say and took his leave, to which I had no objection. Mrs. Turk[10] representing too that my Lord would not bear to quit Eriswell, I would not reprimand her then, but bade

[8] Dr., afterwards Sir Richard, Jebb; he had attended Lord Orford during his previous attack in 1773.

[9] For a description of the 'parsonage-hovel,' as Walpole called it, see letter to Mann of April 28, 1777.

[10] Lord Orford's mistress, otherwise known as 'Patty.' In his letter to Mann, above quoted, Walpole speaks of her as 'forty, red-faced, and with black teeth.' Dr. Burney gives the following account of her: 'At the head of Lord Orford's table was placed, for the reception of his visitors, a person whom he denominated simply "Patty"; and that so unceremoniously, that all the most intimate of his associates addressed her by the same free appellation. Those, however, if such there were, who might conclude from this degrading familiarity that the Patty of Lord Orford was "everybody's Patty," must soon have been undeceived, if tempted to make any experiment upon such a belief. The peer knew whom he trusted, though he rewarded not the fidelity in which he confided; but the fond, faulty Patty loved him with a blindness of passion, that hid alike from her weak perceptions, her own frailties and his seductions. In all, save that blot, which, on earth, must to a female be ever indelible, Patty was good, faithful, kind, friendly, and praise-worthy' (*Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. 101–2). According to Dr. Burney, it was the shock of the sudden death, in 1791, of 'Mrs. Turk, his erst lovely Patty, to whom he was more attached than ever, from her faithful and affectionate attendance upon him during the

Corry tell her, that if she tried to hinder his going to town, she should not accompany him, and I made her promise she would not oppose it. I told her that Dr. Jebbe had heard when my Lord was last in town, that he had betrayed symptoms of his disorder returning, which they will not allow—but Dr. Jebbe is not to be doubted; and these people have shown that they concealed the illness to the last moment they could.

Indeed Eriswell is in every light one of the most improper places upon earth, for besides being so out of the way of all help, it is built of lath and plaster, and if left a moment alone, he might escape with the greatest ease. It has not a decent lodging room, and there are ponds close to it. I would not answer for his safety a quarter of an hour there.

He has got the waistcoat on, Dr. Monroe's man is happily arrived, and since my letter arrived, three men have watched him constantly.

I asked Mr. Bewley if he had acted from himself, whether he would not have sent us an account immediately; he said, certainly yes.

Corry was in great agitation, shed tears, and begged to know how he had offended me. I answered, that I had nothing to say; that I thought it very extraordinary that he should send a message of such consequence by the coach, and that I should not enter then into any other particulars; it was not a proper time. He begged to know my commands. I said, I had none to give. That you and I had thought of nothing but my Lord's health and safety, and had no

long season of his insanity; though, at this time, she was become a fat and rather coarse old woman,' that brought on Lord Orford's last attack of insanity, which ended in his death in December of the same year (*Memoirs*, vol. iii. pp. 149–50). Walpole wrote to Mme du Deffand of Patty's devotion to Lord Orford during his illness in 1773 (see *Lettres de Mme du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee, vol. ii. pp. 563–4 569, 578).

time for other considerations. He asked if he must go on with my Lord's affairs as usual. I said, he knew best what he had to do. That when my Lord's safety was ascertained, it would be proper to wait and see whether this disorder went off, or whether his Lordship remained in his present melancholy state. If in the latter, I supposed the family would take legal advice about his affairs, as they had medical about his person. That I could not guess what would or could be done; and that all I knew was, who would not be the person that would undertake my Lord's affairs. He then begged leave to return home about his own business, which I very gladly advised him to do.

This is all I can tell you hitherto, and I hope you approve thus far. I dare to say every dirty artifice will be tried to prolong the stay at Eriswell, but I am not to be duped or terrified by such managements: and as the two first actors have thought proper to decamp, it will not encourage the others. I will not stir a step but with prudence and for Lord Orford's good, and in the most open and avowed manner. We have no view, no end to answer, but doing a melancholy duty to which we are called by necessity. Low mercenary people will suspect us from consciousness, but I defy them and will not swerve from what is right. I will write again to-morrow night.

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

1759**. To SIR EDWARD WALPOLE[1].

DEAR BROTHER, Eriswell, Tuesday morning, April 22, 1777.

Dr. Beevor, a physician of Norwich, is here, and thinks my Lord Orford has so considerable a degree of fever and

LETTER 1759**.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Messrs. J. Pearson & Co., 5 Pall Mall Place, S.W.

[1] The letter is endorsed by Sir Edward Walpole: 'By express, April 22, 1777—from Eriswell, from my Brother.'

flux upon him as not to be without danger. He consequently cannot be moved at present. Dr. Beevor wishes Dr. Jebbe would come down, though there is no immediate necessity—I wish it still more, and so will you, I know, that nothing possible may be neglected for my Lord's recovery. If Dr. Jebbe will be so good as to be here on Thursday evening, Dr. Beevor will meet him. The latter thinks that when the fever goes off, his Lordship will still for some time, though perhaps a short one, remain disordered. I have sent for Moone, because I wish to have as many of his own servants here as we can. My Lord is not constantly furious; at present he is only quite silent, though he has shown his tongue, which he would not do before to-day; and he is very weak. I will not leave him, but stay till I can bring him safely to town.

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

1759***. To SIR EDWARD WALPOLE[1].

DEAR BROTHER, Eriswell, Tuesday night, 22.

I have an opportunity of sending a line, and take it, to thank you for sending Moone[2], and to tell you how much I applaud your idea of carrying my Lord first to High Beech[3], as going to his own house will better reconcile him to being removed. If you should happen not to have yet taken a house, it will be prudent to defer it till he is at High Beech. He has been pretty quiet all day, except one effort to get to the window, which was open by the doctor's order, as the room smoked, and indeed in this hovel there

LETTER 1759***.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Messrs. J. Pearson & Co., 5 Pall Mall Place, S.W.

[1] The letter is endorsed by Sir Edward Walpole: 'My Brother, Tuesday eveng. April 22, 1777—from Eriswell.'

[2] Lord Orford's servant (see previous letter).

[3] Near Loughton, in Essex.

is not one that does not. My Lord has had some sleep too to-day, and is certainly not worse. My cousin Lord Walpole's[4] son[5] has been so kind as to come and dine here from Newmarket, which has been a great comfort to me. I have not time to say more now.

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

1759****. TO SIR EDWARD WALPOLE[1].

Barton Mills, Friday night, April 25, 1777.

MY Lord Orford has continued very quiet; though he has not got out of his chair all day, and his water came away in the night without his knowing it, which Dr. Beevor told me was the worst symptom remaining. He eat the leg and wing of a chicken to-day, and helped Mrs. Turk, who dined with him, and talks in a whisper to her. I came away at six o'clock, and since that, his footman has been here in the inn, and says he will dine below to-morrow, and talks of taking the air on Monday. I should think the physicians would not approve this, having ordered him to be kept perfectly quiet—but I have no power to hinder it, and Dr. Beevor cannot come again till Tuesday, and is above forty miles off[2]. In truth I shall not believe my Lord is rational, till he is unreasonable—at least the extravagant things he did last time as soon as he was pronounced sane, were just what the people about him declared

[4] Horatio, second Baron Walpole of Wolterton, nicknamed 'Pigwiggin' (see note 6 on letter to Mann of Oct. 8, 1742). He was subsequently (in 1806) created Earl of Orford, that title having become extinct in 1797 on the death of Horace Walpole, fourth Earl.

[5] Hon. Horatio Walpole, succeeded his father as Earl of Orford in 1809. He married in 1781 Walpole's niece, Sophia Churchill (see letter to Mann of Feb. 26, 1781).

LETTER 1759****.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Messrs. J. Pearson & Co., 5 Pall Mall Place, S.W.

[1] The letter is endorsed by Sir Edward Walpole: 'My Brother, April 25, 1777.'

[2] At Norwich.

were marks of his being as he had used to be. They and I differ a little in the denomination.

I have told Dr. Beevor I will stay here till I have seen him, the Doctor, on Tuesday. I think I shall be wished away sooner, and wish it myself much more, but it is proper the physical people should give me my dismission, especially as Dr. Jebbe was so clear last night that my Lord is not at all in his senses; and should any accident happen, they that were so sorry to see me arrive, would be the first to charge the neglect on me. I flatter myself I act exactly as you would have me, and I take such care to do everything of the little I do, with so many witnesses, all belonging to my Lord, that I trust not a motion of mine can with a shadow of truth or justice reflect on you; though if there is any fault, I give it you under my hand, that the fault is my own, not yours, who told me last Sunday, and frequently three years ago, that it would kill you, if the burthen of the estate should fall upon you. Neither of us have ever acted as interested men; and characters, I hope, do not change totally at seventy and sixty. We can say with the strongest truth that no man under Lord Orford's misfortune was ever treated with the tenderness, attention, and even respect that he has been—yet I see that the experience of thirteen months has not removed the jealousies. I could not bear the suspicion, if I did not see at the same time that those jealousies are founded on the dirtiest and most selfish grounds. It was that conviction, and the resentment I felt for being totally cast off, after the fatigues and anxiety I suffered in my Lord's service, and after the services I had rendered him, that made me, as I told you last Sunday, determined never to meddle with his affairs more, though I would always be ready to take care of his person; which now that it is clear that his madness is constitutional and not accidental,

I fear will often be my lot as long as I shall live, if my own health permits it.

I forgive my nephew, because I firmly believe that he has not been in his senses for many years: and as actions are the only evidence of forgiveness, my care of him is a proof. Sanity or insanity do not rest on any single man's opinion. The law is, and it is fit it should be, the only judge of that. I am sure we both showed our acquiescence, by setting him at full liberty the moment the physicians pronounced him in his senses; nay even before the month was near expired that Dr. Battie[3] had fixed as the term of test, though I believe you, no more than I, were of their opinion. The fortnight I passed with him at Houghton on his supposed recovery[4], would have made me think him distracted, if the idea had never entered my head before. This relapse with no evident cause, and in such remarkably cold weather, does not tend to make me think I judged rashly.

As there is no authority to control him in his best moments, his relapses will not be unfrequent. He will never be bloodied or take cooling medicines; on the contrary, he takes tar water much, a very hot one. He takes violent exercise, eats voraciously, drinks a good deal of wine, and goes to bed at nine, where he lies till eight the next day. I asked Dr. Jebbe if this must not breed too much blood in so strong a man? he said, yes; and that the horizontal posture must throw the blood to his head. I preached to him before on his drinking, and shall now tell him, when he is better, of his sleeping—I suppose with equal effect!

[3] Dr. William Battie (1704–1776), the proprietor of a large private lunatic asylum, and author of a 'Treatise on Madness' (1758); he had attended Lord Orford during his madness in 1773 (see letters to Lady Ossory of Dec. 30, 1773, and to Mann of the same date).

[4] See letter to Mann of April 28, 1777.

This is too long a letter, but you must allow me to vent myself, when I feel so much, and have nothing to divert my thoughts. I have ever wished to serve and save my nephew. I have wished to save and restore the family. Neither view will be accomplished! I had drowned all such thoughts before and since my Lord's last illness. The present moment revives them—but when I have done all here, that depends on me, I shall drive away these cares and think no more of them, till a new scene of the same nature returns. Indeed I little thought five years ago of passing ten days in the inn at Barton Mills! Adieu! dear Brother, give yourself no concern at anything I have said—four days will soon be passed; and then I assure you, I shall feel nothing but the joy of being released, and the air and journey will have done me good.

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

Saturday night.

The post did not go out this morning, so I can add another day's journal. The fever returned a little last night, but he came down into the garden this morning. However he would not stay there a moment, but said it was too cold and he was weak. He has since talked to himself, and though what he says to Mrs. Turk is rational, the apothecary thinks [it] only an interval, and even she believes he will have a return. I sat in the parlour under his bedchamber, from two to six, and he did not once stir out of his chair. Mrs. Turk told me he said, Both the physicians were good, but their medicines would signify nothing: that he did not know what was the matter with him, but he himself must struggle with it. This is very melancholy, and indicates his suspecting his disorder. I have not seen him, and dread it—yet he must know I am

there. He one day saw me come in and heard it was I, but took no notice. I shall go to-morrow and dine with an acquaintance[5] near Cambridge, and not go to Eriswell till Monday. You will hear from me no more, but see me on Wednesday night, unless he has any considerable relapse.

1760. To Sir Horace Mann.

Barton Mills, April 28, 1777.

[Additional notes—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 154.]

1783. To the Rev. William Mason.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 4, 1777.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 154.]

1784. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 8, 1777.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 155.]

1792. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Sept. 10, 1777.

[Correction in text; additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 155.]

1795. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 18, 1777.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 156.]

[5] William Cole (see letter to Mason of May 2, 1777).

1836*. To Lord North[1].

My Lord, Arlington Street, Feb. 11, 1778.

I received the honour of your Lordship's letter[2], with the notification of his Majesty's pleasure about the Deputy-Rangership of the two Parks[3], and immediately paid all the profound respect and submission to his Majesty's commands, that I ought and wish to show, as far as it depended on me, by troubling Lord William Gordon[4] with a letter to Lord Orford's servants, acquainting them with his Majesty's nomination of Lord William to be Deputy-Ranger, and that I was persuaded my Nephew, if in health, would expect them to show all proper obedience to Lord William.

I must intreat your Lordship to favour me with a moment's patience, while I explain the reasons of the limitation of my expressions, reasons that indeed are very unimportant to your Lordship, but which my unfortunate situation obliges me to weigh and state with precision as a future

Letter 1836*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Messrs. J. Pearson & Co., 5 Pall Mall Place, S.W.

[1] Sir Edward Walpole, to whom Horace Walpole sent these copies of Lord North's letter and of his reply (signed by him), has endorsed the packet: 'Ld North's Letter to my brother and my brother's answer upon the King's appointment of a Deputy Ranger to the Parks—Feb. 11, 1778.'

[2] This letter is as follows:

Downing Street, Feb. 9, 1778.

Sir,

Mr. Shirley having signified his desire to resign the Deputy Rangership of St. James's and Hyde Parks to Lord William Gordon, I was desired by the latter to mention this arrangement to the King, and to intreat his Majesty's consent and approbation. My application was successful, and I trouble you, in consequence, with this letter and the inclosure to Lord Orford; which, as Lord William informs me, is necessary to authorize you to put him in possession. You have, I understand, been already made acquainted with this agreement, and have given your consent thereto, so that nothing is now wanting, but the inclosed notification of his Majesty's pleasure.

I have the honour to be, with great respect,

Sir,
Your very faithful
humble servant,
North.

[3] Horace Walpole's nephew, Lord Orford, had been Ranger of St. James's and Hyde Parks since 1763.

[4] Second son (born in 1745) of third Duke of Gordon; he eloped in 1769 with Lady Sarah Bunbury; he married (in 1781) Frances Ingram, second daughter of ninth Viscount Irvine (see letter to Lady Ossory of Aug. 16, 1780).

vindication of my Brother and myself, and which if I did not specify, I might appear to be wanting in the duty and reverence I have for his Majesty's commands.

Many unhappy circumstances, too tedious to trouble your Lordship with, have obliged Sir Edward and me to decline the management of Lord Orford's affairs, or even the interfering in them at all. They, who have taken possession of them, have reduced us to declare on every application *that we neither assent nor dissent*, and as any act of concurrence on our part might preclude us from applying to the law, if necessary, for a remedy of the violent exclusion of us from the care of our Nephew's affairs, when Mr. Shirley[5] first acquainted me yesterday with the new arrangement, I expressed in the fullest manner I was able my dutiful submission to his Majesty's commands, but begged to be excused from saying anything that might imply Sir Edward's or my having anything to do with the management of the Parks; and therefore your Lordship will be so good as to understand, that though I had no dislike or disapprobation of the new arrangement, much less any thought of objecting to his Majesty's commands, it was not in my power to give any consent to what in no shape depended on my consent—and this I did very particularly state to Mr. Shirley, who acknowledged the necessity of the distinction.

I beg your Lordship a thousand pardons for troubling you with this impertinent detail, much more necessary for me to write than for your Lordship to read. The use of it is, that should I ever be so happy as to see my Nephew's recovery, and should be misrepresented to him by the bad people about him, as having taken on me to consent for him [to] a new arrangement of places under him, I flatter

[5] The outgoing Deputy Ranger; he was no doubt a connexion of Lord Orford's step-father, Hon. Sewallis Shirley (tenth son of first Earl Ferrers) (d. 1765), who had married the Countess Dowager of Orford in 1751.

myself that your Lordship's good nature will permit me to appeal to you for my innocence, and will bear me testimony, that I did nothing more than receive the notification of his Majesty's commands with the utmost reverence, and your Lordship's communication of his will with respect and gratitude.

I have the honour to be, with great regard,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

most obedient

humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1836**. TO SIR EDWARD WALPOLE.

DEAR BROTHER, Feb. 11, 1778.

Lord William Gordon was with me this morning, and brought me Lord North's letter[1], which being something different from what I expected, I have sent a different answer from that I showed you last night, almost as *civil* in expression, but more intimating my sense of the affront we have received, as his Lordship asserts being told I had *assented*. I suppose Mr. Shirley may have told him so; and yet that is only a possibility, for Shirley told me the letter was actually written; so they depended on my consent, which I took care not to give.

At Lord William's desire, I gave him a letter to Moone[2], in which I was as cautious to give *no* orders, but only said I concluded Lord Orford's servants *would* obey Lord William. The latter told me also that Shirley said Lord Orford had

LETTER 1836**.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Messrs. J. Pearson & Co., 5 Pall Mall Place, S.W.

[1] See note 2 on letter to Lord North of Feb. 11, 1778 (No. 1836*).

[2] A servant of Lord Orford; see note 2 on letter to Sir Edward Walpole of April 22, 1777 (No. 1759***).

formerly allowed him to treat with somebody else for the deputyship—I do not see how that allowed him to treat with everybody. That assertion may have imposed upon Lord North, who, if he gave himself the trouble he ought to do, should at least have asked the family if it was true. His precipitation has established a precedent against himself that he may live to rue, if the King has a mind to give the Auditor's place [3] from him.

I hope you will approve my answer, which you will keep if you please. Though I have never yet failed to specify my subordination to you, I have avoided it in this letter, that you may not be implicated in acquiescence; for as no notice has been taken of you, I think upon reflection that it would be below your dignity to involve you in any civility, where you are not called upon to show any.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. Lord William showed me the letter to Lord Orford (the first letter, I believe, ever written to a downright madman knowingly), but he took it away with him.

1839*. To GEORGE COLMAN [1].

Arlington Street, March 2, 1778.

I AM much ashamed, Sir, that you should think it necessary to make so much apology for doing me an honour, as your approbation certainly is. I do not guess how you discovered the author; but own I shall be glad to know. The thing was a hasty careless performance, and, as you

[3] The Auditorship of the Exchequer, a sinecure in the gift of the Prime Minister, said to have been worth £4,000 a year; it was held at that time by the Duke of Newcastle.

LETTER 1839*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Mr. F. T. Sabin, 172 New Bond St., W.

[1] George Colman, the elder (1732–1794), at this time manager of the Haymarket Theatre.

rightly judged, too short for the stage[2]—perhaps is only fit to be acted in a private society in the country, like the proverbs now so common in France. On reflection I am very far from thinking it worthy of being exhibited to the public—and of all men living I have the least courage to expose myself in that manner, especially at my age[3]. Conscious of having trespassed too much on the patience of the world, and sensible of my own deficiencies, I have long quitted the profession of author; and hope that consciousness of my want of talents will be some excuse for the follies of my younger years; and prove at least that I am not an impenitent offender. You, Sir, cannot want such feeble assistance as mine. The volumes you was so very kind as to bestow on me last winter[4], and for which I waited on you at Richmond in the summer to thank you (though I believe you did not hear it), confirm my opinion; and the success of the theatre in the Haymarket under your direction[5], proves the variety of your abilities.

As I am little able to walk, and seldom go out in a morning, I should take it as an honour if in your walks you would bestow a quarter of an hour on me at eleven or twelve, when I have rarely any company. I can expect this favour only when you are most at leisure, but shall always be with great regard and gratitude, Sir,

Your obliged and most obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[2] The piece in question was doubtless Walpole's *Nature will Prevail*, which is printed in vol. ii of his *Works* (1798). In his *Short Notes of my Life* for 1773 he records: 'Wrote *Nature will Prevail*, a moral entertainment in one act, which I sent anonymously to Mr. Colman, manager of Covent Garden. He was much pleased with it, but thinking it too short for a farce, pressed to have it enlarged, which I would not take the trouble to do for so slight and extempore a performance.'

[3] Nevertheless the piece was put on the stage soon after, for in *Short Notes* for this year Walpole notes: 'In June was acted *Nature will Prevail*, at the little theatre in the Haymarket, with success.'

[4] No doubt the four volumes of Colman's *Dramatic Works*, published in 1777.

[5] Colman's management at the Haymarket had commenced in the previous May; he retained it until 1789.

1852. To the Rev. William Mason.

[1778.]

[Now first printed in full—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 156.]

1859. To the Rev. William Mason.

May 12, 1778.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 157.]

1862. To William Bewley.

Strawberry Hill, May 23, 1778.

[Addressee given as William Barrett in T.; substituted note additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 157.]

1869. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Strawberry Hill, June 25, 1778.

[Now first printed in full—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 158.]

1894. To the Earl of Orford.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 5, 1778.

[Collated with original—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 159.]

1905. To the Rev. William Cole.

Arlington Street, Nov. 4, 1778.

[Correction in text, and substituted note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 159.]

1911. To the Earl of Buchan.

Arlington Street, Dec. 24, 1778.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 159.]

1932*. To Lady Browne (?).

[March, 1779.]

Your Ladyship's servant misunderstood me, for I said I could *not* wait on you to-night. Mr. Mason comes to me on a visit out of Yorkshire, and I believe for some days, so I certainly cannot leave him this evening. But my chaise is at your Ladyship's service, and unless you forbid it, shall be with you at seven o'clock. I am better, and had a better night, but my rheumatism is not gone.

1947. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, June 5, 1779.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 160.]

1953. To George Hardinge.

Strawberry Hill, July 4, 1779.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 160.]

1957. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

July 10, 1779.

[Now first printed in full—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 160.]

1960. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Strawberry Hill, Friday night [July 23, 1779].

[Collated with original—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 161.]

1986*. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Strawberry Hill, Thursday night [Oct. 28, 1779].

I have not written to your Ladyship for above a fortnight from that most sovereign of reasons, that I had nothing

Letter 1932*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Mr. James Tregaskis, 66 Great Russell Street, W.C.

Letter 1986*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection. The letter is addressed, 'To the Countess of Ailesbury at Park place, near Henley.'

to tell you. I was in town three days last week and so fortunate as to find both your daughters[1], and to see one or both every day. I returned hither on Monday, and for two days have been confined with the rheumatism in my arm, for I am grown to have such a regiment of disorders, that when one goes off duty, another *relieves* it—an excellent word I have chosen truly on the occasion! I was to have dined at Ditton[2] to-day, but could not get on my coat; so Lord and Lady Hertford called on me, and he told me that a sloop is ordered to bring Mr. Conway over whenever he pleases[3]—but I fear he will not send for it yet, for the combined fleets[4] are said to be at sea, as well as ours; and tho' the former will certainly not deign to stoop to pick up a minikin pin, Mr. Conway I am sure will stay till they are returned to their own pin-cushion. What horrible times, Madam! that is, how horrible they make one! The wind blustered and tempested this morning, and I instantly wished it might sink the whole hostile squadrons—that is, forty or fifty thousand men! One grows quite righteous, when one corrects oneself, and only wishes the authors of all these wars, whoever they are, at the bottom of the ocean. Ireland seems disposed to join in the grand ballet: they have forty thousand men in arms, which may keep the peace, for what forty thousand *ask*, it is not civil to refuse, tho' we were so ill-bred as to affront three millions[5].

Lord Stormont kissed hands yesterday for Lord Suffolk's seals[6]; there was to have been more kissing, but I have some idle notion that there is a little hitch somewhere or other.

After Sunday next, Berkeley Square will be my chief

[1] The Duchess of Richmond and Mrs. Damer.

[2] Thames Ditton, where Lord Hertford had a country house.

[3] Conway was in Jersey, of which he was Governor.

[4] Of France and Spain.

[5] In the American colonies.

[6] Lord Stormont kissed hands on Oct. 27 on appointment as Secretary of State for the Southern Province.

residence, tho' I shall probably come hither once a week as usual. Mrs. Damer is charmed with my new house[7]. It is so cheerful, that when I came back, I thought even Strawberry less brilliant than it was wont to be—am not I an old simpleton with a young wife!

Adieu! my dear Madam. I will not wish Pharaoh and all his host buried in the Red Sea; but I do hope November will make the ocean too *cold* to hold navies—and then, that the rest of the winter may restore peace—

Peace my supreme delight, not Fleury's more—[8]

and yet I am not so sore as ministers.

Your Ladyship's
most devoted
H. W.

1995*. To — Tilson.

Mr. Walpole presents his respects to Mr. Tilson; but doubts whether Monsr Duchesne would not be disappointed in Mr. W.'s intended sketch, which will be a slight summary of the rise of modern gardening. It has been written and printed in the last volume of the *Anecdotes of Painting*[1] for some time, but kept back from publication for some particular reasons. Mr. W. is very sorry it has been talked of enough to reach Monsr Duchesne, as it will certainly not answer anybody's expectation. It probably will be pub-

[7] Walpole took possession of his new house in Berkeley Square (which was his town house until his death) on Oct. 14 (see letter to Lady Ossory of that date).

[8] Pope, 2 *Sat.* i. 75: 'Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more.'

Letter 1995*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Messrs. Maggs Brothers, 109 Strand, W.C.

[1] The fourth and last volume of the *Anecdotes of Painting*, which contains the *History of the Modern Taste in Gardening*, bears the date 1771 on the title-page, but it was not published till October, 1780. In Walpole's MS. *Journal of the Printing-Office at Strawberry-Hill*, preserved in the Waller Collection, under the year 1780 is the entry: 'Oct. 9. Published the last vol. of the Anecdotes of Painting, which had been printed nine years, 600 copies.'

lished before next Christmas, and whenever it is, Mr. Tilson shall command a copy.

21 Nov. [1779].

1997. To Richard Stonhewer.

Nov. 27, 1779.

[Renumbered 1502**—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 161.]

2051. To the Rev. William Mason.

Strawberry Hill, May 28, 1780.

[Correction in text, and additional notes—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 161.]

2062. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

Strawberry Hill, Saturday night.

[Correction in note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 161.]

2078. To the Countess of Upper Ossory.

July 18, 1780.

[Correction in note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 161.]

2086. To the Rev. William Mason.

Berkeley Square, Aug. 31, 1780.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 161.]

2102. To Mrs. Hogarth.

Berkeley Square, Oct. 4, 1780.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 162.]

2149. To Lord Hailes.

Strawberry Hill, Feb. 10, 1781.

[Substituted note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 162.]

2156. To the Rev. William Mason.

March 9, 1781.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 162.]

2158*. To the Duc de Guines[1].

Londres, 23 Mars, 1781.

J'ai fait une perte irréparable. L'amitié dont me comblait Madame du Deffand était autant audessus de mon mérite qu'elle était chère à mon cœur[2].

Letter 2158*.—Not in C.; extract from letter, reprinted from Messrs. Sotheby's sale catalogue (March 17, 1875, Lot 181).

[1] Adrien Louis de Bonnières, Duc (formerly Comte) de Guines; he was French ambassador (as Comte de Guines) in London from 1770 to 1776, in which year he was created a Duke.

[2] According to the catalogue above quoted, Walpole proceeds to state that he has restored to their writers all private letters of living persons written to Mme du Deffand, which had come to him with her papers under her will, but has consented to the publication of her correspondence with Voltaire. The above letter was written in answer to the following (preserved in the Waller Collection) from the Duc de Guines, in which he mentions the subject of Mme du Deffand's bequest to Walpole (see letter to Thomas Walpole of March 25, 1781):

Versailles, le 12 fevrier.

Je me suis flatté, Monsieur, que vous me conserveriés encore assez de bontés, pour ne pas desaprouver la liberté que je vais prendre. M. l'abbé Pizzaná, chargé de faire executer une edition complette des œuvres de Metastase, a desiré d'etre recommandé en angleterre a quelques personnes assez distinguées par leur gout, pour que leur suffrage assura son succés. je ne pouvois lui rendre un meilleur service que de le mettre a portée de vous rendre ses hommages, et de vous suplier de vouloir bien lui etre favorable.

Vous avés perdu dans ce pais cy une excellente amie; j'avois la satisfaction de l'entendre souvent parler de vous avec le plus grand interest; ses derniers momens ont eté employés a vous donner des preuves de sa confiance, et elle ne pouvoit assurement la mieux placer. il y a cependant une chose bien facheuse; c'est qu'elle ne vous avoit legué que les papiers inventoriés, et qu'il en existoit un grand nombre qui ne l'etoient pas, et qui peutetre ne composoient pas ce qu'elle avoit de moins precieux. Cela est regretable, en ce que personne ne pouvoit mieux que vous en faire un excellent usage.

C'est avec infiniment d'empressement que j'ai saisi cette occasion de me rapeller a votre souvenir, et de vous renouveller l'hommage des sentimens de consideration et d'attachement avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'etre, Monsieur, votre trés humble et trés obeissant serviteur,

Le Duc de Guines.

2209*. To James Bindley[1].

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 7, 1781.

It is very true, Sir, that I am forced to confine the number of spectators of my house to four, as I have given such offence on one hand by exceptions, and have had such liberties taken on the other by some whom I have indulged, that I have often been on the point of declaring that I will on no account make any exception. I am very glad, Sir, not to have done so, as it is still in my power to oblige you, to whom I am so much obliged, and as your request is so very reasonable, I therefore enclose a card as you desire for *five*, but hope it will be used as soon as it can be conveniently; I mean, for the sake of your friends, that they may see my house in order, for this month is the time when I take down the small pictures and curiosities, and pack them up against damp weather, and as I am going further into the country, they will be removed this year sooner than ordinary. I will own to you, Sir, that I am glad to close the showing of my house at Michaelmas, for I am so near London, and so much nearer Hampton Court, that the resort of visitors is very inconvenient, and I can get a month's quiet by this regulation, though it is a real pleasure to me when my house can give any satisfaction to my friends, in which number I am proud to reckon you, and am with great regard,

Your grateful humble servant,

Hor. Walpole.

Letter 2209*.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy in possession of Mr. F. T. Sabin, 172 New Bond St., W.

[1] James Bindley (1737–1818), collector of rare books, medals, and engravings; he was Commissioner of Stamp Duties at Somerset House from 1765 to 1818. Walpole refers to his collection of medals in his letter to Pinkerton of Oct. 15, 1788.

2221*. To Miss Elizabeth Younge[1].

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 22, 1781.

It will, I fear, seem impertinent in an absolute stranger, Madam, to take the liberty of asking a favour of you, nor should I use so much freedom, if I were not persuaded that whoever contributes to calling forth your great powers for the stage, does at once serve your talents and the public. Mr. Jephson[2], who has long been my friend, and who has proved himself so by making a rational and interesting tragedy out of my wild *Castle of Otranto*, cannot bring it on the stage to advantage, unless you, Madam, will be pleased to appear in the character of Hortensia, the wife of the Count of Narbonne. Mr. Jephson has made her a very sublime character, and improved on my sketch by making her a more natural one in giving her jealousy, and thence forming a fine contrast between her piety and that disordering passion. The other female character is one very common in plays, and that admits of none of the violent transitions, which only such a capital actress as you, Madam, are capable of displaying. The daughter is a simple tender maid, bred up in ignorance and devotion, and demands nothing but plaintive innocent tones. Mrs. Crawford[3] declined the mother's part, but I believe from resentment on her husband's account, whom Mr. Jephson had undervalued. I will not suspect that she had the weakness of preferring the daughter's part for its youth, because she

Letter 2221*.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy kindly supplied by Messrs. Maggs Brothers, 109 Strand, W.C., owners of the original.

[1] The actress, Elizabeth Younge (c. 1744–1797); she married in 1785 Alexander Pope, the actor.

[2] See note 1 on letter to Robert Jephson of Feb. 24, 1775 (No. 1608*). The title of his play founded on the *Castle of Otranto* was *The Count of Narbonne*.

[3] Ann Street (1734–1801), married, as her second husband, in 1768, the actor, Spranger Barry; after whose death in 1777, she married an actor named Crawford, who was much her junior, and a very inferior performer.

must know the world too well, not to be sensible that nothing makes the middle age[4] so apparent, as appearing in too juvenile a light.

If I am not much mistaken, Madam, when you hear the play read, you will be struck with the opportunities that the Countess's part will give you of exerting the variety of your abilities. Devotion and jealousy contrasted are not all—there is conjugal and maternal tenderness too, very different shades, as you know, Madam; there is sovereign dignity, and the philosophic command of pride in wishing to waive that dignity—but unless I were as great a master of the stage as you are a mistress, Madam, I could not describe half that you will call out from the part; and I will trust to your good sense more than to my own rhetoric for the part's making an impression on you[5]. I am with great respect, Madam,

Your most obedient,
humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

2224*. To DR. LORT.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 2, 1781.

I AM much obliged to you, dear Sir, for the prints of Hogarth, but as I have them already, I shall not be such a miser as to keep them, and prevent you from obliging some other friend, and therefore will return them when I have the pleasure of seeing you in town.

The farther I look into Madame du Deffand's papers, the more I am amused—but there it will stop. There are

[4] She was at this time 47, some ten years older than Miss Younge.

[5] Miss Younge accepted the part and played it with great success (see letters to Jephson of Nov. 10 and Nov. 18, 1781).

LETTER 2224*.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in Waller Collection (see note on letter to Dr. Lort of March 16, 1762, No. 812*). The letter is addressed, 'To the Reverend Dr. Lort, at the palace, Lambeth.'

many reasons against printing them at present—and what blindness would it be in me to talk of *some time hence?* I am not only past sixty-four, but nervous and lame to a considerable degree; and this right hand with which I am writing to you is so full of chalk stones, that there are three joints of the fingers which I cannot move; and I live in dread of entirely losing the use of that hand. When the body grows so weak, would not it be vanity to suppose that the faculties are unhurt? Don't imagine that there is even vanity couched under this question, and that it implies a presumption that my faculties have been good. I will to you explain my meaning. I should not like to publish any of my dear old friend's papers without absolving some part of the great debt of gratitude that I owe to her. I have, I own, thought of something in the manner of the French éloges. Now it would mortify me to execute such a work worse than anything I have done—not to mention another difficulty. An English preface and English notes to a French book would be a strange patchwork[1]. I have not been in France these five years, have lost the habitude of the language, and have now no communication at all there, nor any one to consult for assistance. Indolence and diffidence of myself increase these objections. I may perhaps select the best papers and letters, and arrange them so, that they may be published hereafter; which I should also prefer, as I have a thorough aversion to hurt anybody living by making public anecdotes in which they are concerned. This motive has kept me from divulging the dirty behaviour of Voltaire to myself, as the person[2] is alive who revealed it to me, and gave me his own letter which proved

[1] It is evident from this remark that Walpole would not have approved of Miss Berry's edition of the letters of Mme du Deffand (published in 1810), in which both preface and notes are in English.

[2] The Duchesse de Choiseul (see note 4 on letter to Mme du Deffand of July 26–7, 1768, No. 1222*).

it—but that person, while the enthusiasm about him remains, would not care to have the transaction known. Known it ought to be, for he, whose envy and arrogance have attempted to depreciate the best authors of his own country, deserves to have his own immoderate self-love exposed. To decry the classics of one's own country is the vainest jealousy and the lowest too. I am, dear Sir,

Your much obliged
humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

2243. TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 1, 1781.

[Collated with copy of original—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 162.]

2255. TO JOHN FENN.

Berkeley Square, Dec. 31, 1781.

[Correction in note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 163.]

2265. TO EDMOND MANONE.

Berkeley Square, Feb. 4, 1782.

[Additional note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 163.]

2272. TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

[1782?]

[Renumbered 1537**—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 163.]

2324*. TO BENJAMIN IBBOT[1].

Sunday evening [June 30, 1782].

GENERAL CONWAY[2] has been so very busy, Sir, that though I gave him your letter and your son's[3] five days

LETTER 2324*.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy kindly supplied by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, owner of the original.

[1] The letter is addressed, 'To Benjamin Ibbott, Esq. in Dartmouth Street, Westminster.'

[2] Conway had been appointed Commander-in-chief on March 29 of this year.

[3] Henry Ibbot, second lieutenant (appointed, Jan. 20, 1780) in the Royal Regiment of Artillery, at this time stationed at Gibraltar; his name appears in the Army Lists of 1781 and 1782, but not in that of 1783.

ago, I could not see him again till to-day, when he told me how glad he should have been to have obliged you, and how concerned he is that he cannot; but that it is impossible for him to give leave for a person to leave Gibraltar just now on account of illness, as the Governor of Gibraltar[4] can only be the proper judge whether it is fit, and not the Commander-in-chief at this distance. I am truly sorry, Sir, that my application has been so fruitless, as I should have been very happy to have obliged you, had it been in the power of,

Sir,

Your obedient,

humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

2328*. TO BENJAMIN IBBOT[1].

Berkeley Square, July 3, 1782.

YOU are much too generous, Sir, in paying me so liberally for being an unsuccessful solicitor; and I should blush to receive your presents[2], if I had not satisfaction in them as marks of your good heart. I am therefore obliged to you for them, and for the notes that accompany them. I could only wish that your own portrait had more resemblance, and that you could give me a better account of yourself. If your health mends, I should be happy to see you at Strawberry Hill, and am, Sir,

Your much obliged,

humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[4] General George Augustus Elliot (1717–1790), afterwards (1787) first Baron Heathfield, Governor of Gibraltar, 1775–1787.

LETTER 2328*.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy kindly supplied by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, owner of the original.

[1] The letter is addressed, 'To Benjamin Ibbott, Esq. Dartmouth Street, Westminster.'

[2] In the *Description of Strawberry Hill* among the contents of 'The China Room' are 'An earthen-ware dish, with the heads of Charles II. and queen Catherine in blue and white; a present from Mr. Ibbot.'

2371*. To Benjamin Ibbot[1].

Berkeley Square, Nov. 19, 1782.

You will give me leave, Sir, to hope that you have now received by the fleet good news of your son[2], which I shall have great pleasure to hear. I was so hurt at not being able to obtain the leave that you desired for him[3], that it prevented my answering the favour of your last and the obliging offer of a visit to Strawberry Hill, which however I should have asked, if I had not gone thither very late, and been much out of order since. I shall be very glad of the favour of your dining there next summer, and am, Sir, with great regard,

Your most obedient,
humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

2371**. To Benjamin Ibbot[1].

Dear Sir, Berkeley Square, Nov. 22, 1782.

I spoke to General Conway last night, who will ask Captain Vallotton[2] when he sees him, about your son; but in the mean time I flatter myself that I can make you easy, as General Conway's aide-de-camp told me your son must be living, or there would be application to fill up the

Letter 2371*.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy kindly supplied by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, owner of the original.

[1] The letter is addressed, 'To Benjamin Ibbott, Esq. in Dartmouth Street, Westminster.'

[2] See note 3 on letter to Ibbot of June 30, 1782 (No. 2324*).

[3] See letter to Ibbot above quoted.

Letter 2371**.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy kindly supplied by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, owner of the original.

[1] The letter is addressed, 'To Benjamin Ibbott, Esq. in Dartmouth Street, Westminster.'

[2] Charles Vallotton, Captain in the 56th Foot (West Wessex Regiment), at this time stationed at Gibraltar.

vacancy. I am very glad to give you this satisfaction, and am, Sir,

Your obliged,
humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

2388. TO THE COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY.

Berkeley Square, Feb. 8, 1783.

[Addition to note—see *Additions and Corrections*, vol. ii. p. 163.]

2393*. TO BENJAMIN IBBOT[1].

SIR, Berkeley Square, March 8, 1783.

I SENT your application and the certificate to the Duke of Richmond[2], who thinks them very reasonable, and will speak to the Commanding Officer for further leave. As the time presses, I will put him in mind again to-day—but I was very glad to give you this notice.

Your obedient servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

2393**. TO BENJAMIN IBBOT[1].

Monday, past one [March 10, 1783].

I HAVE just had a message from the Duke of Richmond[2], Sir, to tell me that he has no doubt of obtaining farther leave of absence for your son, and that in the mean time you may stop his coming to town.

Yours, &c.,
H. WALPOLE.

LETTER 2393*.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy kindly supplied by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, owner of the original.

[1] The letter is addressed, 'To Benjamin Ibbott, Esq. Dartmouth Street, Westminster.'

[2] The Duke was Master-General of the Ordnance, an office which he held from March, 1782, to April, 1783, and from Dec. 1783 to Jan. 1795.

LETTER 2393**.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy kindly supplied by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan owner of the original.

[1] The letter is addressed, 'To Benjamin Ibbott, Esq. in Dartmouth Street, Westminster.'

[2] See note 2 on previous letter.

END OF VOL. I